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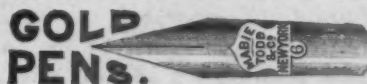
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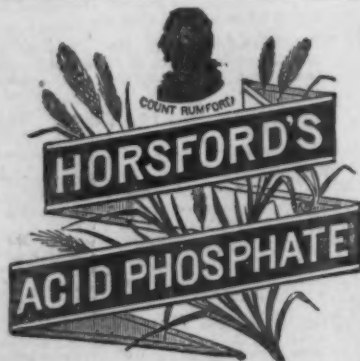
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OF

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New Series,  
Vol. XXXVIII., No. 4.

OCTOBER, 1883.

{ Old Series com-  
plete in 63 vols.

LUTHER.\*

BY JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

AT last we have a Life of Luther which deserves the name. Lives there have been many in various languages, and Collections of Letters, and the Table Talk, and details more or less accurate in Histories of the Reformation; but a biography which would show us Luther in all aspects—as a child, as a man, as the antagonist of Popes and Princes, and as a father and householder in his own home, as he appeared to the world, and as he appeared to his wife and children and his personal friends—for such a biography Europe has waited till the eve of the four hundredth anniversary of his birth. The greatest men, strange to say, are those of whom the world has been contented to know the least. The “lives” of the greatest saints of the

Church are little more than legends. A few pages will contain all that can be authentically learned of Raphael or Shakespeare.

Of Luther, at all events, this can no longer be said. The Herr Köstlin in a single well-composed volume has produced a picture which leaves little to be desired. A student who has read these 600 pages attentively will have no questions left to ask. He will have heard Luther speak in his own racy provincial German. He will have seen him in the pulpit. He will have seen him in Kings' Courts and Imperial Diets. He will have seen him at his own table, or working in his garden, or by his children's bedside. He will have seen, moreover—and it is a further merit of this most excellent book—a series of carefully engraved portraits from the best pictures, of Luther himself, of his wife and family,

\* “Luther's Leben.” Von Julius Köstlin. Leipzig, 1883.

and of all the most eminent men with whom his work forced him into friendship or collision.

Such a volume is singularly valuable to us, now especially, when the forces of the great spiritual deep are again broken up; when the intellect, dissatisfied with the answers which Luther furnished to the great problems of life, is claiming on one side to revise those answers, and his great Italian enemy, whom he and the Protestant world after him called Antichrist, is pretending on the other that he was right after all, and that we must believe in him or in nothing. The Evangelicals are faint-hearted. The men of science are indifferent. The Romanists see their opportunity of revenging themselves on the memory of one who in life wrought them so much woe and shame; and had no such effort been made, Luther's history would have been overgrown, like a neglected grave, with the briars and nettles of scandal. The philosophy of history undervalues the work of individual persons. It attributes political and spiritual changes to invisible forces operating in the heart of society, regarding the human actors as no more than ciphers. It is true that some great spiritual convulsion would certainly have shaken Europe in the sixteenth century, for the Papal domination was intellectually and morally undermined; but the movement, inevitable as it was, might have lasted a hundred years, and the results might have been utterly different. If it had been left to Erasmus and the humanists, the shell of Romanism might have survived for centuries, while a cultivated Epicureanism took the place of real belief and dissolved the morality of mankind. If the revolt had been led by fanatics like Carlstadt, or Zwingle, or Münzer, the princes of the Empire would have combined to drown an insurrection in blood which threatened the very existence of society. That the reformation was able to establish itself in the shape which it assumed was due to the one fact that there existed at the crisis a single person of commanding mind as the incarnation of the purest wisdom which then existed in Germany, in whose words the bravest, truest, and most honest men saw their own thoughts represented; and because they recognized

this man as the wisest among them, he was allowed to impress on the Reformation his own individuality. The traces of the one mind are to be seen to-day in the mind of the modern world. Had there been no Luther, the English, American, and German peoples would be thinking differently, would be acting differently, would be altogether different men and women from what they are at this moment.

The Luthers, Luthers—the name is the same as Lothair—were a family of peasants at Möhra or Möre, a village on the skirts of the Thuringian forest, in the Electorate of Saxony. "I am a peasant's son," Luther wrote; "father, grandfather, greatgrandfather, were all peasants." The father, Hans or John, was a miner. He learned his trade in a copper mine at Möhra, but removed in early manhood to Eisleben, where business was more active; and there, being a tough, thrifty, industrious man, he did well for himself. The Möhra people were a hard race—what the Scotch call "dour"—and Hans Luther was one of them. He married a peasant woman like himself, and from this marriage, now just 400 years ago, on the 10th of November, 1483, came into the world at Eisleben his first-born son Martin.

Six months later, still following his mining work, Hans moved his family to Mansfeld, a few miles distant, in a valley on the slopes of the Hartz Mountains. He continued to prosper. He worked himself with his pick in the mine shafts. The wife cut and carried the wood for the cottage. Hans, steadily rising, became the proprietor of a couple of smelting furnaces; in 1491 he became one of the four Church elders—what we should call churchwardens. He drew the attention of Count Mansfeld himself, whose castle overhung the village, and was held in high esteem by him. Melancthon, who knew both Hans and his wife, admired and honored both of them. Their portraits were taken afterward by Cranach—the features of both expressing honesty, piety, and clear intelligence. Martin was the eldest of seven children; he was brought up kindly, of course, but without special tenderness. He honored and loved his parents, as he was bound to do, but he thought in his own later life that they

had been overharsh with him. He remembered that he had been beaten more than once for trifles, worse than his fault deserved.

Of the village school to which he was early sent his recollections were only painful. He was taught to read and write, and there was what pretended to be an elementary Latin class. But the schoolmasters of his childhood, he said, were jailers and tyrants; and the schools were little hells. A sense of continued wretchedness and injustice weighed on him as long as he remained there, and made his childhood miserable. But he must have shown talents which encouraged his father to spare no cost on his son's education that his own scanty means would allow. When he was fourteen he was sent to a more expensive school at Magdeburg, and thence, after a year, to a still better school at Eisenach, where he was taught thoroughly well, and his mind began to open. Religion, as with all superior lads, became the first thought with him. He asked himself what God was, what he was, and what God required him to do; and here the impressions of his home experiences began to weave themselves into what he learned from books.

The old Hans was a God-fearing man, who prayed habitually at his children's bedside; but he was one of those straightforward people who hated arguments about such things, who believed what he had been told by his priest, but considered that, essentially, religion meant the leading a good life. The Hartz Mountains were the home of gnomes and demons, or at least of the popular belief in such things. Such stories Father Luther regarded as lies or tricks of the devil; but the devil himself was a grave reality to him; while the mother believed in witches, and was terribly afraid of them. Hans himself could see straight into a good many things. He was very ill once. The parish priest came to prepare him for death, and suggested that he should leave a legacy to the Church. Hans answered, "I have many children, I will give what I have to them, they need it more." He had something of his son's imagination. Looking one day over a harvest field, Martin heard him say, "How strange to think of the millions

of men and women eating and drinking all over the earth—and all to be gathered into bundles like those cornstalks." Many such speeches young Martin must have remembered and meditated on. He had a happy life on the whole at this school at Eisenach. He is described as having been a merry quick young fellow, fond of German proverbs and popular songs and stories. He had a passion for music, and helped out the cost of his education by singing carols at night from door to door with three or four companions. A Frau von Cotta, the wife of a rich Eisenach burgher, took notice of him on these occasions, made acquaintance with him, and invited him to her house.

His promise was still great. His father, who had no leanings for priestcraft, designed him rather for the law than the Church, and when he was eighteen sent him to Erfurt, which was then the best university in Germany. It was the period of the revival of learning; scholastic pedantry was deposed from the throne where it reigned so long, and young men were beginning to breathe freely, in the fresh atmosphere of Ovid and Virgil and Cicero. Luther rose rapidly by the ordinary steps, became Baccalaureus, and Magister, and covered himself on the way with distinction. He attended law lectures and waded into the *Corpus Juris*; but desires were growing in him which these studies failed to satisfy. In the University library he found, by accident, a Latin Bible which opened other views of what God required of him. He desired to be good, and he knew that he was not good. He was conscious of ambition, pride, vanity, and other young men's passions, of which the Bible told him to cure himself. He was not a man in whom impressions could be lightly formed, and lightly lost; what he felt he felt intensely. His life had been innocent of any grave faults, but he was conscious every moment of many little ones. "Alas," he said one day when he was washing his hands, "the more I wash them, the fouler they grow." The loss of an intimate friend brought vividly before him the meaning of death and judgment. The popular story of the young Alexius, said to have been killed at his side by lightning, is, in itself, a

legend; but the essence of it is true. Returning to Erfurt, in the summer of 1505, from a visit to his family at Mansfeld, he was overtaken by a storm. The lightning struck the ground before his feet; he fell from his horse. "Holy Anne," he cried to the mother of the Virgin, "help me; I will become a monk." Next day at Erfurt, he repented of his vow, for he knew how it would grieve his father; but his life had been spared; he believed that the vow had been heard and registered in heaven; and without waiting for his resolution to be shaken, he sought and found admittance in the Augustinian Monastery in the town. His career hitherto had been so brilliant that the old Hans had formed the brightest hopes for him. He was bitterly disappointed, knowing, perhaps, more of monks and monkdom than his son. He consented with a sore heart perhaps hoping that a year's experience and the discipline of the novitiate would cure a momentary folly. The Augustinians owned no property; they lived on alms, and the young Martin, to break his pride, was set to the lowest drudgery in the house, and was sent about the town to beg. Luther, however, flung himself with enthusiasm into the severest penances. He fasted, he prayed, he lay on the stones, he distracted his spiritual adviser with the refinements of his confessions. The common austerities failing, he took to hair shirts and whips, and the brethren supposed that they had a growing saint among them. To himself, these recourses availed nothing. The temper which he hoped to drive out of himself clung to him in spite of all prescribed remedies. But still he persevered; the novitiate ended, and he took the vows and became full monk and priest. His father attended the ceremony, though in no pleasant humor. "You learned men," he said at the convent dinner, "have you never read that a man should obey his father and mother?" They told him his son had received a call from heaven. "Pray God," the old man answered, "it be not a trick of the devil. I must eat and drink with you, but I would gladly be gone."

Two years passed away. Luther occupied himself with eagerly studying the Bible, but his reading would not pacify

his restless conscientiousness. The Vicar General of the Order, Father Staupitz, a wise, open-minded man, saw him, heard his confessions, and understood them. He perceived that his mind was preying upon itself, and that he required to be taken out of himself by active employment.

The Elector Frederick, Frederick the Wise, as distinguished from his brother and his nephew, had lately founded a university at Wittenberg, a considerable town on the Elbe. The Augustinians had an affiliated house in Wittenberg, and Staupitz transferred Luther thither, to teach theology and philosophy.

Luther was now twenty-five, and there is a gap of two years in his history. He must have observed and thought much in these years, or the tinder would scarcely have been kindled by the sparks which fell upon it at the end of them. The air of Germany was growing thick with symptoms of storm. After long sleep men were beginning to think for themselves, and electric flashes were playing about—sheet lightning, still but strange and menacing. Religion as it professed to be, and religion as it was embodied in the lives of church dignitaries and priests and friars, were in startling contrast, and the silence with which the difference had been long observed was being broken by malicious mockeries in the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*.

In 1511, business of the Augustinian Order requiring that two of the brethren from the Electorate should be sent to Rome, Luther was chosen, with another monk, for the commission. There were no carriages in those days, or at least none for humble monks. He walked, and was six weeks upon the journey, being fed and lodged at religious houses upon the way. He went full of hope that in Rome, at least, in the heart of Christendom, and under the eye of the vicegerent of Christ, he would find the living faith, which far off had grown cold and mildewed. When he came in sight of the sacred city, consecrated as it had been by the blood of saints and martyrs, he flung himself on his knees in a burst of emotion. His emotion made him exaggerate his disappointment. He found a splendid city, a splendid court, good outward order, and careful political



administration. He found art on its highest pinnacle of glory. But it was Pagan Rome, not Christian. The talk of society was of Alexander the Sixth and the Borgia infamies. Julius, the reigning Pontiff, was just returning from the Venetian wars, where he had led a storming party in person into the breach of a besieged city. The morals of the Cardinals were a public jest. Luther himself heard an officiating priest at the altar say scornfully, "Bread thou art, and bread thou remainest." The very name "Christian" was a synonym of a fool. He was perhaps an imperfect judge of what he observed, and he remained in the city only a month. But the impression left upon him was indelible. "I would not," he said afterward, "for a hundred thousand gulden have missed the sight of Rome. I might have thought else, that I did the Pope injustice."

He returned to Wittenberg convinced probably that Popes and Cardinals were no indispensable parts of the Church of Christ, but still with nothing of the spirit of a rebel in him, and he flung himself into his work with enthusiasm. His sermons became famous. He preached with an energy of conviction upon sin and atonement; on human worthlessness, and the mercy and grace of the Almighty; his impassioned words drawn fresh, through his own heart, from the Epistles of St. Paul. His look, his manner, his "demonic eyes," brilliant black with a yellow rim round the iris like a lion's, were startling and impressive. People said "this monk had strange ideas." The Elector heard him once and took notice. The Elector's chaplain and secretary, Spalatin, became his intimate friend.

The incidents of his life are all related with clear brevity by Herr Köstlin. In this article I must confine myself to the critical epochs. From 1512 to 1517 he remained busy at Wittenberg, little dreaming that he was to be the leader of a spiritual revolution. It was enough for him if he could walk uprightly along the line of his own private duty. The impulse with him, as with all great men, came from without.

Pope Julius was gone. Leo the Tenth succeeded him; and the cultivated Pontiff desired to signalize his reign by

building the grandest church in the world. Money was needed, and he opened his spiritual treasury. He had no belief himself in the specific value of his treasures; but others had, and were willing to pay for them. "Christianity," he observed, "was a profitable fable." His subjects throughout the world were daily committing sins which involved penance before they could be pardoned. Penances in this life were rarely adequate, and had to be compensated by indefinite ages of purgatory. Purgatory was an unpleasant prospect. The Pope had at his disposal the superfluous merits of extraordinary saints, which could be applied to the payment of the average sinners' debts, if the average sinners chose to purchase them; and commissioners were appointed for a general sale of Indulgences (as they were called) throughout Catholic Europe. The commissioner for Germany was Albert, Archbishop of Mayence, Cardinal and Prince of the Empire, a youth of twenty-seven, a patron of the fine arts like his Holiness—loose, luxurious, and sensual—a rather worse specimen than usual of the average great churchman of the age. Köstlin gives a picture of him, a thick-lipped heavy face, with dull eyes, a long drooping nose, and the corners of the mouth turned contemptuously up. The Pope had made him pay lavishly for the Pallium when he was admitted to the archbishopric. He had borrowed 30,000 gulden from the Fuggers at Augsburg, the Rothschilds of the sixteenth century. Leo in return had granted him the contract for the Indulgences on favorable terms. The Cardinal was to collect the money; half of it was to be remitted to Rome; half was to go to the repayment of the loan. It was a business transaction, conducted with the most innocent frankness. Cardinal Albert could not wholly be relied upon. An agent of the Fuggers accompanied each of the sub-commissioners, who carried round the wares, to receive their share of the profit.

A Dominican monk named Tetzel was appointed to collect in Saxony, and he was as accomplished as a modern auctioneer. He entered the towns in procession, companies of priests bearing candles and banners, choristers chanting and ringing bells. At the churches a red

cross was set upon the altars, a silk banner floating from it with the Papal arms, and a great iron dish at the foot to receive the equivalents for the myriads of years of the penal fire of Tartarus. Eloquent preachers invited all offenders, the worst especially, robbers, murderers, and adulterers, to avail themselves of the opportunity; insisted on the efficacy of the remedy; and threatened with excommunication any wretch who dared to question it.

In a world where printed books were beginning to circulate, in a generation which had been reading Erasmus and the *Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*, this proceeding was a high flight of insolence. Superstition had ceased to be a delusion, and had passed into conscious hypocrisy. The Elector Frederick remonstrated. Among the laity there was a general murmur of scorn or anger; Luther wrote privately to several bishops to entreat their interference; but none would move, and Tetzl was coming near to Wittenberg. Luther determined to force the question before public opinion. It was common in universities, when there were points unsettled in morals or theology, for any member who pleased to set up propositions for open disputation, to propound an opinion, and offer to maintain it against all comers. The challenger did not commit himself to the adoption of the opinion in his own person. He undertook to defend it in argument, that the opposite side might be heard. Availing himself of the ordinary practice, on October 31st, 1517, the most memorable day in modern European history, Luther, being then thirty-four years old, fixed ninety-five theses on the door of Wittenberg church, calling in question the Papal theory of Indulgences, and the Pope's right to sell them. In itself there was nothing unusual in such a step. No council of the Church had defined or ratified the doctrine of Indulgences. The subject was matter of general conversation, and if the sale of Indulgences could be defended, an opportunity was made for setting uneasy minds at rest. The question, however, was one which could not be set at rest. In a fortnight the theses were flying everywhere, translated into vernacular German.

Tetzl condescended only to answer that the Pope was infallible. John Eck, a professor at Ingolstadt, to whom Luther had sent a copy in expectation of sympathy, thundered against him as a Hussite and a heretic. Louder and louder the controversy raged. The witches' caldron had boiled, and the foul lees of popular superstition and priestly abuses came rushing to the surface. Luther himself was frightened at the storm which he had raised. He wrote humbly to Pope Leo, trusting his cause in his hands. Leo was at first amused: "Brother Martin," he said, "has a fair wit; it is only a quarrel of envious monks." When the theses were in his hands, and he saw that the matter was serious, he said more impatiently: "a drunken German has written them—when he is sober he will be of another mind." But the agitation only grew the wilder. Almost a year passed, and Leo found that he must despatch a Legate (Cardinal Caietan) into Germany to quiet matters. Along with him he wrote an anxious letter to the Emperor Maximilian, with another to the Elector requiring him to deliver "the child of iniquity" into the Legate's hands, and threatening an interdict if he was disobeyed. A Diet of the Empire was summoned to meet at Augsburg, in August, 1518. Caietan was present, and Luther was required to attend.

The Elector Frederick was a prudent, experienced prince, who had no desire to quarrel with the See of Rome; but he had seen into the infamy of the Indulgences, and did not mean to hand over one of his subjects to the summary process with which the Pope would have closed the controversy. The old Emperor Maximilian was a wise man too. He was German to the heart, and the Germans had no love for Italian supremacy. Pregnant sayings are reported by Luther of Maximilian: "There are three kings in Europe," he once observed, "the Emperor, the King of France, and the King of England. I am a king of kings. If I give an order to the princes of the empire, they obey if they please; if they do not please, they disobey. The King of France is a king of asses. He orders what he pleases, and they obey like asses. The King of

England is king of a loyal nation. They obey him with heart and mind as faithful subjects."

A secretary had embezzled 3000 gulden. Maximilian sent for him, and asked what should be done to a confidential servant who had robbed his master. The secretary recommended the gallows. "Nay, nay," the Emperor said, and tapped him on the shoulder, "I cannot spare you yet."

Luther was told that he must appear. He looked for nothing but death, and he thought of the shame which he would bring upon his parents. He had to walk from Wittenberg, and he had no money. At Nuremberg he borrowed a coat of a friend that he might present himself in such high company with decency. He arrived at Augsburg on the 7th of October. The Legate would have seized him at once; but Maximilian had sent a safe-conduct for him, and Germany was not prepared to allow a second treachery like that which had sent Huss to the stake. The princes of the Diet were out of humor too, for Caietan had been demanding money from them, and they had replied with a list of grievances—complaints of Annates, first fruits, and Provisions, familiar to the students of English Reformation history. The Legate saw that he must temporize with the troublesome monk. Luther was told that if he would retract he would be recommended to the Pope, and might look for high promotion. Caietan himself then sent for him. Had the Cardinal been moderate, Luther said afterward that he was prepared to yield in much. He was still young, and diffident, and modest; and it was a great thing for a peasant's son to stand alone against the ruling powers. But the Legate was scornful. He could not realize that this insignificant object before him was a spark of living fire, which might set the world blazing. He told Luther briefly that he must retract his theses. Luther said he could not without some answer to them. Caietan would not hear of argument. "Think you," he said, "that the Pope cares for the opinions of Germany? Think you, that the princes will take up arms for you? No indeed. And where will you be then?" "Un-

der heaven," Luther answered. He wrote to the Legate afterward that perhaps he had been too violent. If the sale of Indulgences was stopped he promised to be silent. Caietan replied only with a scheme for laying hold on him in spite of his safe-conduct. Being warned of his danger, he escaped at night through a postern, and rode off with a guide, "in a monk's gown and unbreeched," home to Wittenberg.

The Legate wrote fiercely to the Elector. Luther offered to leave Saxony and seek an asylum in Paris. But Frederick replied that the monk had done right in refusing to retract till the theses had been argued. He was uneasy; he was no theologian; but he had a sound instinct that the Indulgences were no better than scandalous robbery. Luther for the present should remain where he was.

Luther did remain, and was not idle. He published an account of his interview with the Legate. He wrote a tract on the Papal supremacy and appealed to a general council. The Pope found that he must still negotiate. He had for a chamberlain a Saxon noble, Carl Von Miltitz, a born subject of the Elector. He sent Miltitz to Frederick with "the Golden Rose," the highest compliment which the Court of Rome could pay, with the politest of letters. He had heard with surprise, he said, that a child of perdition was preaching heresy in his dominions. He had the utmost confidence that his beloved son and the magistrates of the electorate would put this offspring of Satan to silence. Miltitz arrived in the middle of the winter 1518-19. He discovered, to his astonishment, that three-fourths of Germany was on Luther's side. So fast the flame had spread, that an army of 25,000 men would not be able to carry him off by force. He sought an interview with Luther, at which Spalatin, the Elector's chaplain, was present. He sobbed and implored; kisses, tears—crocodile's tears—were tried in profusion. Luther was ready to submit his case to a synod of German bishops, and wrote again respectfully to the Pope declining to retract, but hoping that the Holy See would no longer persist in a course which was creating scandal through Germany.

Perhaps if Maximilian had lived the Pope would have seen his way to some concession, for Maximilian, it was certain, would never sanction violent courses; but, in January, 1519, Maximilian died, and Charles the Fifth succeeded him. Charles was then but twenty years old; the Elector Frederick's influence had turned the scale in favor of Maximilian's grandson. There were hopes then that a young prince, coming fresh to the throne in the bitter throes of a new era, might set himself at the head of a national German reformation, and regrets since have been wasted on the disappointment. Regrets for "what might have been" are proverbially idle. Great movements which are unresisted flow violently on, and waste themselves in extravagance and destruction; and revolutions which are to mark a step in the advance of mankind, need always the discipline of opposition, till the baser parts are beaten out of them. Like the two horses which in Plato's fable draw the chariot of the soul through the vaults of heaven, two principles work side by side in evolving the progress of humanity—the principle of liberty and the principle of authority. Liberty unchecked rushes into anarchy and license; authority, if it has no antagonism to fear, stagnates into torpor, or degenerates into tyranny. Luther represented the new life which was beginning; Charles the Fifth represented the institutions of 1500 years, which, if corrupt in some parts of Europe, in others had not lost their old vitality, and were bearing fruit still in brave and noble forms of human nature. Charles was Emperor of the Germany of Luther, but he was also the King of the Spain of St. Ignatius. The Spaniards were as earnestly and piously Catholic, as the Germans were about to become Evangelicals. Charles was in his religion Spanish. Simple, brave, devout, unaffected, and wise beyond his years, he believed in the faith which he had inherited. Some minds are so constructed as to fly eagerly after new ideas, and the latest born appears the truest; other minds look on speculative novelties as the ephemeral productions of vanity or restlessness, and hold to the creeds which have been tested by experience, and to the profession in which their fathers have lived and died. Both of

these modes of thought are good and honorable in themselves, both are essential to the development of truth; yet they rarely coexist in any single person. By nature and instinct Charles the Fifth belonged to the side of authority; and interest, and indeed necessity, combined to hold him to it. In Germany he was king of kings, but of kings over whom, unless he was supported by the Diet, his authority was a shadow. In Spain he was absolute sovereign; and if he had gone with the Reformers against the Pope, he would have lost the hearts of his hereditary subjects. Luther was not to find a friend in Charles; but he was to find a noble enemy, whose lofty qualities he always honored and admired.

After the failure of Miltitz, the Princes of the empire had to decide upon their course. In the summer of 1519, there was an intellectual tournament at Leipzig, before Duke George of Saxony. Luther was the champion on one side, John Eck, of Ingolstadt, on the other. We have a description of Luther by a friend who saw him on this occasion: he was of middle height, so lean from study and anxiety that his bones could be counted. He had vast knowledge, command of Scripture, fair acquaintance with Greek and Hebrew; his manner was good; his speech pregnant with matter; in society he was lively, pleasant, and amusing. On his feet, he stood remarkably firm, body bent rather back than forward, the face thrown up, and the eyes flashing like a lion's.

Eck was less favorably drawn: with a face like a butcher's, and a voice like a town crier's; a hesitation in speech which provoked a play upon his name, as being like the eck, eck, eck of a jackdaw. Eck called Luther a disciple of John Huss; and Luther defended Huss. Luther had appealed to a general council. Eck reminded him that the Council of Constance had condemned Huss, and so forced him to say that councils might make mistakes. Papal supremacy was next fought over. Did Christ found it? Could it be proved from the New Testament? Duke George thought Eck had the best of the encounter. Leipzig Catholic gossip had a story that Luther's mother had confessed that Martin's father had been



the devil. But Luther remained the favorite of Germany. His tracts circulated in hundreds of thousands. Ulrich von Hutten and Franz von Sickingen offered him an asylum if he had to leave the electorate. He published an address to the German nation, denouncing the Papacy as a usurpation, which rang like the blast of a trumpet. He sent a copy to the Elector, who replied with a basket of game.

Eck, meanwhile, who thought the victory had been his, was despatched by Duke George to Rome, to urge the Pope to action. Charles had signified his own intended attitude by ordering Luther's writings to be burned in the Low Countries. Pope Leo thus encouraged, on the 16th of June, 1520, issued his famous Bull, against "the wild boar who had broken into the Lord's vineyard." Forty-one of Luther's propositions were selected and specially condemned; and Eck was sent back with it to Germany, with orders if the wild boar was still impenitent, to call in the secular arm. Erasmus, who had been watching the storm from a distance, ill contented, but not without clear knowledge where the right lay, sent word that no good was to be looked for from the young Emperor. Luther, who had made up his mind to death as the immediate outlook for him, was perfectly fearless. The Pope could but kill his body, and he cared only for his soul and for the truth. The Pope had now condemned formally what Luther conceived to be written in the plainest words in Scripture. The Papal chair, therefore, was "Satan's seat," and the occupant of it was plainly Antichrist. At the Elector's request he wrote to Leo once more, but he told him, in not conciliatory language, that the See of Rome was worse than Sodom and Gomorrah. When Eck arrived in December, on his commission, Luther ventured the last step, from which there could be no retreat. The Pope had condemned Luther's writings to the fire. On the 10th of December, Luther solemnly burned at Wittenberg a copy of the Papal Decretals. "Because," he said, "thou hast troubled the Lord's saints, let eternal fire consume thee." The students of the university sang the *Te Deum* round the pile, and completed the sacrifice with flinging into the flames

the Bull which had been brought by Eck. Luther trembled, he said, before the daring deed was accomplished, but when it was done he was better pleased than with any act of his life. A storm had now burst, he said, which would not end till the day of judgment.

The prophecy was true in a sense deeper than Luther intended. The intellectual conflict which is still raging is the yet uncompleted outcome of that defiance of established authority. Far and wide the news flew. Pamphlets, poems, satires, showered from the printing-presses. As in the dawn of Christianity, house was set against house, and fathers against their sons and daughters. At Rome the frightened courtiers told each other that the monk of Wittenberg was coming with 70,000 barbarians to sack the Holy City, like another Attila.

The Pope replied with excommunicating Luther and all his adherents, and laying the country which harbored him under the threatened interdict. The Elector gave no sign; all eyes were looking to the young Emperor. An Imperial Diet was called, to meet at Worms in 1521, at which Charles was to be present in person, and there Luther was to come and answer for himself. The Elector remembered the fate of John Huss at Constance. Charles undertook for Luther's safety; but a safe-conduct had not saved Huss, and Popes could dispense with promises. Luther himself had little hope, but also no fear. "I will go," he said, "if I am to be carried sick in my bed. I am called of the Lord when the Kaiser calls me. I trust only that the Emperor of Germany will not begin his reign with shedding innocent blood. I would rather be murdered by the Romans."

The Diet met on the 21st of January. The Princes assembled. The young Emperor came for the first time face to face with them, with a fixed purpose to support the insulted majesty of the spiritual sovereign of Christendom. His first demand was that Luther should be arrested at Wittenberg, and that his patrons should be declared traitors. Seven days followed of sharp debate. The Elector Frederick dared to say that "he found nothing in the Creed about the Roman Church, but only the Catholic Christian Church." "This

monk makes work," said another; "some of us would crucify him, and I think he will hardly escape; but what if he rises again the third day?" The princes of the empire naturally enough did not like rebels against lawful authority; but the Elector was resolute, and it was decided that Luther should not be condemned without a hearing. The Pope as such had few friends among them—even Duke George himself insisted that many things needed mending.

Kaspar Sturm, the Imperial herald, was sent to Wittenberg to command Luther's attendance, under pain of being declared a heretic. The Emperor granted a safe-conduct, and twenty-one days were allowed. On the 2d of April, the Tuesday after Easter, Luther set out on his momentous journey. He travelled in a cart with three of his friends, the herald riding in front in his coat of arms. If he had been anxious about his fate he would have avoided displays upon the road, which would be construed into defiance. But Luther let things take their chance, as if it had been a mere ordinary occasion. The Emperor had not waited for his appearance to order his books to be burned. When he reached Erfurt on the way, the sentence had just been proclaimed. The herald asked him if he still meant to go on. "I will go," he said, "if there are as many devils in Worms as there are tiles upon the house-tops. Though they burnt Huss, they could not burn the truth." The Erfurt students, in retaliation, had thrown the Bull into the water. The Rector and the heads of the University gave Luther a formal reception as an old and honored member; he preached at his old convent, and he preached again at Gotha and at Eisenach. Caietan had protested against the appearance in the Diet of an excommunicated heretic. The Pope himself had desired that the safe-conduct should not be respected, and the bishops had said that it was unnecessary. Manœuvres were used to delay him on the road till the time allowed had expired. But there was a fierce sense of fairness in the lay members of the Diet, which it was dangerous to outrage. Franz von Sickingen hinted that if there was foul play it might go hard with Cardinal Caietan—and Von

Sickingen was a man of his word in such matters. On the 16th of April, at ten in the morning, the cart entered Worms, bringing Luther in his monk's dress, followed and attended by a crowd of cavaliers. The town's people were all out to see the person with whose name Germany was ringing. As the cart passed through the gates the warder on the walls blew a blast upon his trumpet. The Elector had provided a residence. As he alighted, one who bore him no good-will, noted the "demonic eyes" with which he glanced about him. That evening a few nobles called to see him who had been loud in their complaints of churchmen's exactions at the Diet. Of the princes, one only came, an ardent, noble-minded youth, of small influence as yet, but of high-spirited purpose, Philip, Landgrave of Hesse. Instinct, more than knowledge, drew him to Luther's side. "Dear Doctor," he said, "if you are right, the Lord God stand by you."

Luther needed God to stand by him, for in all that great gathering he could count on few assured friends. The princes of the empire were resolved that he should have fair play, but they were little inclined so far to favor a disturber of the public peace. The Diet sate in the Bishop's palace, and the next evening Luther appeared. The presence in which he found himself would have tried the nerves of the bravest of men; the Emperor, sternly hostile, with his retinue of Spanish priests and nobles; the archbishops and bishops, all of opinion that the stake was the only fitting place for so insolent a heretic; the dukes, and barons, whose stern eyes were little likely to reveal their sympathy, if sympathy any of them felt. One of them only, George of Freundsberg, had touched Luther on the shoulder as he passed through the ante-room. "Little monk, little monk," he said, "thou hast work before thee, that I, and many a man whose trade is war, never faced the like of. If thy heart is right, and thy cause good, go on in God's name. He will not forsake thee."

A pile of books stood on a table when he was brought forward. An officer of the court read the titles, asked if he acknowledged them, and whether he was ready to retract them.

Luther was nervous, not without cause. He answered in a low voice that the books were his. To the other question he could not reply at once. He demanded time. His first appearance had not left a favorable impression; he was allowed a night to consider.

The next morning, April 18th, he had recovered himself; he came in fresh, courageous, and collected. His old enemy, Eck, was this time the spokesman against him, and asked what he was prepared to do.

He said firmly that his writings were of three kinds; some on simple Gospel truth, which all admitted, and which, of course, he could not retract; some against Papal laws and customs, which had tried the consciences of Christians, and had been used as excuses to oppress and spoil the German people. If he retracted these he would cover himself with shame. In a third sort he had attacked particular persons, and perhaps had been too violent. Even here he declined to retract simply, but would admit his fault if fault could be proved.

He gave his answers in a clear, strong voice, in Latin first, and then in German. There was a pause, and then Eck said that he had spoken disrespectfully; his heresies had been already condemned at the Council of Constance; let him retract on these special points, and he should have consideration for the rest. He required a plain Yes or No from him, "without horns." The taunt roused his blood. His full, brave self was in his reply. "I will give you an answer," he said, "which has neither horns nor teeth. Popes have erred, and councils have erred. Prove to me out of Scripture that I am wrong, and I submit. Till then my conscience binds me. Here I stand. I can do no more. God help me. Amen."

All day long the storm raged. Night had fallen, and torches were lighted in the hall before the sitting closed. Luther was dismissed at last; it was supposed, and perhaps intended, that he was to be taken to a dungeon. But the hearts of the lay members of the Diet had been touched by the courage which he had shown. They would not permit a hand to be laid on him. Duke Eric of Brunswick handed to him a tankard

of beer which he had himself half drained. When he had reached his lodging again, he flung up his hands. "I am through!" he cried, "I am through! If I had a thousand heads, they should be struck off one by one before I would retract." The same evening the Elector Frederick sent for him, and told him he had done well and bravely.

But though he had escaped so far, he was not acquitted. Charles conceived that he could be now dealt with as an obstinate heretic. At the next session (the day following), he informed the Diet that he would send Luther home to Wittenberg, there to be punished as the Church required. The utmost that his friends could obtain was that further efforts should be made. The Archbishop of Treves was allowed to tell him that if he would acknowledge the infallibility of councils, he might be permitted to doubt the infallibility of the Pope. But Luther stood simply upon Scripture. There, and there only, was infallibility. The Elector ordered him home at once, till the Diet should decide upon his fate; and he was directed to be silent on the way, with significant reference to his Erfurt sermon. A majority in the Diet, it was now clear, would pronounce for his death. If he was sentenced by the Great Council of the Empire, the Elector would be no longer able openly to protect him. It was decided that he should disappear, and disappear so completely that no trace of him should be discernible. On his way back through the Thuringian Forest, three or four miles from Altenstein, a party of armed men started out of the wood, set upon his carriage, seized and carried him off to Wartburg Castle. There he remained, passing by the name of the Ritter George, and supposed to be some captive knight. The secret was so well kept, that even the Elector's brother was ignorant of his hiding place. Luther was as completely lost as if the earth had swallowed him. Some said that he was with Von Sickingen; others that he had been murdered. Authentic tidings of him there were none. On the 8th of May the Edict of Worms was issued, placing him under the ban of the empire; but he had become "as the air invulnerable," and

the face of the world had changed before he came back to it.

The appearance of Luther before the Diet on this occasion, is one of the finest, perhaps it is the very finest, scene in human history. Many a man has encountered death bravely for a cause which he knows to be just, when he is sustained by the sympathy of thousands, of whom he is at the moment the champion and the representative. But it is one thing to suffer and another to encounter face to face and single handed, the array of spiritual and temporal authorities which are ruling supreme. Luther's very cause was yet unshaped and undetermined, and the minds of those who had admired and followed him, were hanging in suspense for the issue of his trial. High-placed men of noble birth are sustained by pride of blood and ancestry, and the sense that they are the equals of those whom they defy. At Worms there was on one side a solitary low-born peasant monk, and on the other the Legate of the dreaded power which had broken the spirit of Kings and Emperors—sustained and personally supported by the Imperial Majesty itself and the assembled princes of Germany, before whom the poor peasantry had been taught to tremble as beings of another nature from themselves. Well might George of Frendsburg say that no knight among them all had ever faced a peril which could equal this.

The victory was won. The wavering hearts took courage. The Evangelical revolt spread like an epidemic. The Papacy was like an idol, powerful only as long as it was feared. Luther had thrown his spear at it, and the enchantment was broken. The idol was but painted wood, which men and boys might now mock and jibe at. Never again had Charles another chance of crushing the Reformation. France fell out with him on one side, and for the rest of his life gave him but brief intervals of breathing time. The Turks hung over Austria like a thunder cloud, terrified Ferdinand in Vienna, and swarmed over the Mediterranean in their pirate galleys. Charles was an earnest Catholic; but he was a statesman also, too wise to add to his difficulties by making war on heresy. What some

called Providence and others accident had so ordered Europe, that the tree which Luther had planted was allowed to grow till it was too strongly rooted to be overthrown.

Luther's abduction and residence at Wartburg is the most picturesque incident in his life. He dropped his monk's gown, and was dressed like a gentleman; he let his beard grow and wore a sword. In the castle he was treated as a distinguished guest. Within the walls he was free to go where he liked. He rode in the forest with an attendant, and as the summer came on, walked about and gathered strawberries. In August there was a two days' hunt, at which, as Ritter George, he attended, and made his reflections on it. "We caught a few hares and partridges," he said, "a worthy occupation for idle people." In the "nets and dogs" he saw the devil entangling or pursuing human souls. A hunted hare ran to his feet; he sheltered it for a moment, but the hounds tore it in pieces. "So," he said, "rages the Pope and Satan to destroy those whom I would save." The devil, he believed, haunted his own rooms. That he threw his ink-bottle at the devil, is unauthentic; but there were noises in his boxes and closets which, he never doubted, came from his great enemy. When he heard the sounds, he made jokes at them, and they ceased. "The devil," he said, "will bear anything better than to be laughed at."

The revolution, deprived of its leader, ran wild meanwhile. An account of the scene at Worms, with Luther's speeches, and woodcut illustrations, was printed on broadsheets and circulated in hundreds of thousands of copies. The people were like schoolboys left without a master. Convents and monasteries dissolved by themselves; monks and nuns began to marry; there was nothing else for the nuns to do, turned, as they were, adrift without provision. The Mass in most of the churches in Saxony was changed into a Communion. But without Luther it was all chaos, and no order could be taken. So great was the need of him, that in December he went to Wittenberg in disguise; but it was not yet safe for him to remain there. He had to retreat to his castle again, and in that compelled retreat he bestowed on



Germany the greatest of all the gifts which he was able to offer. He began to translate the Bible into clear vernacular German. The Bible to him was the sole infallible authority, where every Christian for himself could find the truth and the road to salvation, if he faithfully and piously looked for it. He had probably commenced the work at the beginning of his stay at the castle. In the spring of 1522, the New Testament was completed. In the middle of March, the Emperor's hands now being fully occupied, the Elector sent him word that he need not conceal himself any longer; and he returned finally to his home and his friends.

The New Testament was printed in November of that year, and became at once a household book in Germany. The contrast visible to the simplest eyes between the tawdry splendid Papacy and Christ and the Apostles, settled forever the determination of the German people to have done with the old idolatry. The Old Testament was taken in hand at once, and in two years half of it was roughly finished. Luther himself, confident now that a special Providence was with him, showered out controversial pamphlets, not caring any longer to measure his words. Adrian VI., Clement VII., clamored for the execution of the Edict of Worms. The Emperor, from a distance, denounced the new Mahomet. But they spoke to deaf ears. The Diet answered only with lists of grievances, and a demand for a free Council, to be held in Germany itself.

The Reformation had risen out of the people; and it is the nature of popular movements, when the bonds of authority are once broken, to burst into anarchy. Luther no longer believed in an apostolically ordained priesthood; but he retained a pious awe for the Sacraments, which he regarded really and truly as mysterious sources of grace. Zwingle in Switzerland, Carlstadt and others in Saxony, looked on the sacraments as remnants of idolatrous superstition. Carlstadt himself, "Archdeacon of Orlamund," as he was called, had sprung before his age into notions of universal equality and brotherhood. Luther found him one day metamorphosed into "Neighbor Andrew," on a dunghheap loading a cart. A more dangerous

fanatic was Münzer, the parson of Allstadt, near Weimar. It was not the Church only which needed reform. The nobles had taken to luxury and amusement. Toll and tax lay heavy on their peasant tenants; as the life in the castle had grown splendid, the life in the cabin had become hard and bitter. Luther had confined himself to spiritual matters, but the spiritual and the secular were too closely bound together to be separated. The Allstadt parson, after much "conversing with God," discovered that he had a mission to establish the Kingdom of the Saints, where tyrants were to be killed, and all men were to live as brothers, and all property was to be in common. Property, like all else which man may possess, is a trust which he holds, not for his own indulgence, but for the general good. This is a universal principle. Nature is satisfied with a very imperfect recognition of it, but if there is no recognition, if the upper classes, as they are called, live only for pleasure, and only for themselves, the conditions are broken under which human beings can live together, and society rushes into chaos. The rising spread, 1524-25. The demands actually set forward fell short of the Anabaptist ideal, and were not in themselves unreasonable. The people required to be allowed to choose their own pastors; an equitable adjustment of tithes, emancipation from serfdom, and lastly, liberty to kill game—a right for a poor man to feed his starving children with a stray hare or rabbit. Luther himself saw nothing in this petition which might not be wisely conceded. But Münzer himself made concession impossible. He raised an "Army of the Lord." He marched through the country, burning castles and convents, towns and villages, and executing savage vengeance on the persons of the "Lord's enemies." It was the heaviest blow which Luther had received. His enemies could say, and say with a certain truth: "Here was the visible fruit of his own action." He knew that he was partly responsible, and that without him these scenes would not have been. The Elector unfortunately was ill—mortally so. He died while the insurrection was still blazing. His brother John succeeded, very like him

in purpose and character, and proceeded instantly to deal with the emergency. Luther hurried up and down the country, preaching to the people, rebuking the tyrannous Counts and Barons, and urging the Protestant Princes to exert themselves to keep the peace. Philip of Hesse, the Duke of Brunswick, and Count Mansfeldt collected a force. The peasants were defeated and scattered. Münzer was taken and hanged, and the fire was extinguished. It was well for Luther that the troops which had been employed were exclusively Protestant. The Catholics said scornfully of him: "He kindled the flame, and he washes his hands like Pilate." Had the army raised to quell the peasants belonged to Ferdinand, the Edict of Worms would have been made a reality.

The Landgrave and the new Elector, John, allowed no severe retaliation when armed resistance was over. They set themselves to cure, as far as possible, the causes of discontent. They trusted, as Luther did, to the return of a better order of things from "a revival of religion."

The peasant war had been the first scandal to the Reformation. The second, which created scarcely less disturbance, was Luther's own immediate work. As a priest he had taken a vow of celibacy. As a monk he had again bound himself by a vow of chastity.

In priesthood and monkery he had ceased to believe. If the orders themselves were unreal, the vows to respect the rules of those orders might fairly be held to be nugatory. Luther not only held that the clergy, as a rule, might be married, but he thought it far better that they should be married; and the poor men and women, who were turned adrift on the breaking up of the religious houses, he had freely advised to marry without fear or scruple. But still around a vow a certain imagined sanctity persisted in adhering; and when he was recommended to set an example to others who were hesitating, he considered, and his friend, Melancthon, considered, that, in his position, and with so many indignant eyes turned upon him, he ought not to give occasion to the enemy. Once, indeed, impatiently, he said that marry he would, to spite the Devil. But he had scarcely a home to

offer to any woman, and no leisure and no certainty of companionship. He was for some years after the Edict of Worms in constant expectation of being executed as a heretic. He still lived in the Augustinian convent at Wittenberg; but the monks had gone, and there were no revenues. He had no income of his own; one suit of clothes served him for two years; the Elector at the end of them gave him a piece of cloth for another. The publishers made fortunes out of his writings, but he never received a florin for them. So ill-attended he was that for a whole year his bed was never made, and was mildewed with perspiration. "I was tired out with each day's work," he said, "and lay down and knew no more."

But things were getting into order again in the Electorate. The parishes were provided with pastors, and the pastors with modest wages. Luther was professor at the University, and the Elector allowed him a salary of 200 gulden a year. Presents came from other quarters, and he began to think that it was not well for him to be alone. In Wittenberg there was a certain Catherine von Bora, sixteen years younger than he, who had been a nun in a distant convent. Her family were noble, but poor; they had provided for their daughter by placing her in the cloister when she was a child of nine; at sixteen she had taken the vows; but she detested the life into which she had been forced, and when the movement began she had applied to her friends to take her out of it. The friends would do nothing; but in April, 1523, she and nine others were released by the people. As they were starving, Luther collected money to provide for them, and Catherine von Bora, being then twenty-four years old, came to Wittenberg to reside with the burgomaster, Philip Reichenbach. Luther did not at first like her; she was not beautiful, and he thought that she was proud of her birth and blood; but she was a simple, sensible, shrewd, active woman; she, in the sense in which Luther was, might consider herself dedicated to God, and a fit wife for a religious reformer. Luther's own father was most anxious that he should marry, and in a short time they came to understand each other. So on the 13th of

June, 1525, a month after Münzer had been stamped out at Frankenhäusen, a little party was collected in the Wittenberg Cloister—Bugenhagen, the town pastor, Professor Jonas, Lucas Cranach (the painter), with his wife, and Professor Apel, of Bamberg, who had himself married a nun; and in this presence Martin Luther and Catherine von Bora became man and wife. It was a nine days' wonder. Philip Melancthon thought his friend was undone; Luther himself was uneasy for a day or two. But the wonder passed off; in the town there was hearty satisfaction and congratulation. The new Elector, John, was not displeased. The conversion of Germany was not arrested. Prussia and Denmark broke with Rome and accepted Luther's catechism. In 1526, at Torgau, the Elector John, the Landgrave, the Dukes of Brunswick, Lüneberg, Anhalt, Mecklenburg, and Magdeburg, formed themselves into an Evangelical Confederacy. It was a measure of self-defence, for it had appeared for the moment as if the Emperor might again be free for a Papal crusade. The French had been defeated at Pavia; Francis was a prisoner, and Christendom was at Charles's feet. But Francis was soon loose again. In the cross purposes of politics, France and the Pope became allies, and the Pope was the Emperor's enemy. Rome was stormed by a German-Spanish army; and the Emperor, in spite of himself, was doing Luther's work in breaking the power of the great enemy. Then England came into the fray, with the divorce of Catherine and the assertion of spiritual independence; and the Protestant States were left in peace till calmer times and the meeting of the promised Council. In the midst of the confusion, Luther was able to work calmly on, ordering the churches, appointing visitors, or crossing swords with Erasmus, who looked on Luther much as the Pope did—as a wild boar who had broken into the vineyard. Luther, however violent in his polemics, was leading meanwhile the quietest of lives. He had taken his garden in hand; he had built a fountain; planted fruit trees and roots and seeds. He had a little farm; he bought threshing instruments, and learned to use the flail. If the worst came to the worst, he found

that he could support his family with his hands.

Again, in 1530, it seemed as if the Emperor would find leisure to interfere. In the year before, he had made a peace with the Pope and the French which, for the sake of Christendom and the faith, he hoped might be observed. The Turks had been under the walls of Vienna, but they had retreated with enormous loss, and seemed inclined at least to a truce. The Evangelicals began to consider seriously how far they might go in resistance should Charles attempt to coerce them into obedience. Luther, fiery as he was in the defence of the faith, refused to sanction civil war. A Christian must suffer all extremities rather than deny his God; but he might not fight in the field against his lawful sovereign. In worldly things the ruler was supreme, and the Emperor was the ruler of Germany. The Emperor, he said, had been chosen by the electors, and by their unanimous vote might be deposed; but he would not encourage either the Landgrave or his own Elector to meet force by force in separate action. The question never rose in Luther's lifetime, but the escape was a near one. A Diet at Speyer, in 1526, had decided that each prince should rule his own dominions in his own way, pending the expected Council. Charles's conscience would not allow him to tolerate a Lutheran communion if he could prevent it; but he, too, dreaded a war of religion, of which no one could foresee any issue save the ruin of Germany. He knew and respected Luther's moderation, and summoned the Diet to meet him again at Augsburg, in the spring of 1530, to discover, if possible, some terms of reconciliation. The religious order which had been established in Saxony was recognized even at Rome with agreeable surprise, and the Legate who attended was said to be prepared with certain concessions. The Elector John intended to have taken Luther to the Diet with him, but at Coburg a letter met him from the Emperor, intimating that Luther, being under the ban of the Empire, could not be admitted into his presence. The Elector went forward with Melancthon and Jonas; Luther stayed behind in Coburg Castle, to work at his translation of the Bible, and to

compare the rooks and jackdaws, when they woke him in the morning, to gatherings of learned Doctors wrangling over their sophistries.

We have seen him hitherto as a spiritual athlete. We here catch a glimpse of him in a softer character. His eldest boy, Hans, had been born four years before. From Coburg he wrote him perhaps the prettiest letter ever addressed by a father to a child :

"Grace and peace in Christ, my dear little boy. I am pleased to see that thou learnest thy lessons well, and prayest well. Go on thus, my dear boy, and when I come home I will bring you a fine 'faring.' I know of a pretty garden, where are merry children that have gold frocks, and gather nice apples and plums and cherries under the trees, and sing and dance, and ride on pretty horses with gold bridles and silver saddles. I asked the man of the place whose the garden was, and who the children were. He said, 'These are the children who pray and learn and are good.' Then I answered, 'I also have a son who is called Hans Luther. May he come to this garden and eat pears and apples and ride a little horse and play with the others?' The man said, 'If he says his prayers, and learns, and is good, he may come; and Lippus and Jost may come,\* and they shall have pipes and drums and lutes and fiddles, and they shall dance and shoot with little crossbows.' Then he showed me a smooth lawn in the garden laid out for dancing, and there the pipes and drums and crossbows hung. But it was still early, and the children had not dined; and I could not wait for the dance. So I said, 'Dear sir, I will go straight home and write all this to my little boy; but he has an aunt, Lene,† that he must bring with him.' And the man answered, 'So it shall be; go and write as you say.' Therefore, dear little boy, learn and pray with a good heart, and tell Lippus and Jost to do the same, and then you will all come to the garden together. Almighty God guard you. Give my love to Aunt Lene, and give her a kiss for me. Your loving father,

"MARTIN LUTHER."

The Emperor meanwhile arrived at Augsburg on the 15th of June. Melancthon, who was eager for peace, had prepared a Confession of Faith, softening as far as possible the points of difference between the Evangelicals and the Catholics. It was laid before the Diet, and was received with more favor than Melancthon looked for even by Charles himself. Melancthon believed that spiritual agreement might be possible;

Luther knew that it was impossible; but he did think that a political agreement might be arrived at; that the two creeds, which in so many essentials were the same, might be allowed to live side by side.

"Do not let us fall out," he wrote to Cardinal Albert. "Do not let us ruin Germany. Let there be liberty of conscience, and let us save our fatherland." Melancthon was frightened, and would have yielded much. Luther would not yield an inch. When no progress was made, he advised his friends to leave the Diet and come away. "Threats do not kill," he said. "There will be no war."

Luther understood the signs of the times. With the Turks in Hungary, and Henry VIII. and Francis in alliance, it was in vain that the Pope urged violent measures. The Evangelical Confession was not accepted, and the Emperor demanded submission. The Landgrave replied that if this was to be the way, he would go home and take measures to defend himself. Charles, taking leave of the Elector, said sadly he had expected better of him; the Elector's eyes filled with tears; but he answered nothing. The end, however, was as Luther expected. Ferdinand of Austria and the Duke of Bavaria agreed to prohibit the advance of the new doctrines in their own dominions. It was decided, on the other hand, among the Protestant Princes, that the Emperor's authority was limited, that resistance to unconstitutional interference was not unlawful, an opinion to which Luther himself unwillingly assented. The famous league of Schmalkald was formed for the general defence of spiritual liberty. Denmark held out a hand from a distance, and France and England courted an alliance, which would hold Charles in check at home. The Emperor and even Ferdinand, who was the more bigoted of the two brothers, admitted the necessity to which they were compelled to yield. The united strength of Germany was barely sufficient to bear back the Turkish invasion, and the political peace which Luther anticipated was allowed to stand for an indefinite period.

Luther was present at Schmalkald, where he preached to the assembled

\* Melancthon's son Philip, and Jonas's son Jodocus.

† Great-aunt, Magdalen.



representatives. On the day of the sermon he became suddenly and dangerously ill. His health had been for some time uncertain. He was subject to violent headaches and giddiness; he was now prostrated by an attack of "the stone," so severe that he thought he was dying. He had finished his translation of the Bible. It was now printed; a complete possession which he was able to bequeath to his countrymen. He conceived that his work was done, and life for its own sake had long ceased to have much interest for him. "At his age," he said, "with strength failing, he felt so weary, that he had no will to protract his days any longer in such an accursed world." At Schmalkald the end seemed to have come. Such remedies as then were known for the disease under which he was suffering were tried. Luther hated doctors; but he submitted to all their prescriptions. His body swelled. "They made me drink water," he said, "as if I was a great ox." Mechanical contrivances were employed, equally ineffectual, and he prepared to die. "I depart," he cried to his Maker, "a foe of Thy foes, cursed and banned by Thy enemy, the Pope. May he, too, die under Thy ban, and we both stand at Thy judgment bar on that day." The Elector, the young John Frederick—the Elector John, his father, was by this time gone—stood by his bed, and promised to care for his wife and children. Melancthon was weeping. Even at that supreme moment Luther could not resist his humor. "Have we not received good at the hand of the Lord," he said, "and shall we not receive evil? The Jews stoned Stephen; my stone, the villain, is stoning me."

But he had some years of precious life yet waiting for him. He became restless, and insisted on being carried home. He took leave of His friends. "The Lord fill you with His blessing," he said, "and with hatred of the Pope." The first day he reached Tambach. The movement of the cart tortured him; but it effected for him what the doctors could not. He had been forbidden to touch wine. He drank a goblet notwithstanding. He was relieved, and recovered.

We need not specially concern ourselves with the events of the next few years. They were spent in correcting

and giving final form to the translation of the Bible, in organizing the churches, in correspondence with the princes, and in discussing the conditions of the long-talked-of Council, and of the terms on which the Evangelicals would consent to take part in it. The peace of Nuremberg seemed an admission that no further efforts would be made to crush the Reformation by violence, and Luther was left to a peaceful, industrious life in his quiet home at Wittenberg. A very beautiful home it was. If Luther's marriage was a scandal, it was a scandal that was singularly happy in its consequences. The house in which he lived, as has been already said, was the old cloister to which he had first been brought from Erfurt. It was a pleasant, roomy building on the banks of the Elbe, and close to the town wall. His wife and he when they married were both penniless, but his salary as professor was raised to 300 gulden, and some small payments in kind were added from the University. The Elector sent him presents. Denmark, the Free Towns, great men from all parts of Europe, paid honor to the Deliverer of Germany with offerings of plate or money. The money, even the plate, too, he gave away, for he was profusely generous; and any fugitive nun or brother suffering for the faith never appealed in vain while Luther had a kreutzer. But in his later years his own modest wants were more than amply supplied. He bought a farm, with a house upon it, where his family lived after his death. Katie, as he called his wife, managed everything; she attended to the farm, she kept many pigs, and doubtless poultry also. She had a fish pond. She brewed beer. She had a strong ruling, administering talent. She was as great in her way as her husband was in his.

"Next to God's Word," he said, "the world has no more precious treasure than holy matrimony. God's best gift is a pious, cheerful, God-fearing, home-keeping wife, to whom you can trust your goods, and body, and life. There are couples who neither care for their families, nor love each other. People like these are not human beings. They make their homes a hell."

The household was considerable. Five children were born in all. Hans,

the eldest, to whom the letter from Erfurt was written, died early. Elizabeth, the next daughter, died also very young. There were three others; Magdalen, Martin, and Paul. Magdalen von Bora, Katie's aunt, the "Lene" of the letter from Coburg, lived with the family. She had been a nun in the same convent with her niece. For her Luther had a most affectionate regard. When she was dying, he said to her, "You will not die; you will sleep away as in a cradle, and morning will dawn, and you will rise and live forever."

Two nieces seemed to have formed part of the establishment, and two nephews also. There was a tutor for the boys, and a secretary. A certain number of University students boarded in the house—lads perhaps of promise, in whom Luther had a special interest. To his children he was passionately devoted. He had no sentimental weakness; but the simple lightheartedness, the unquestioning confidence and trustfulness of children, was in itself peculiarly charming to him. Life when they came to maturity would bring its own sorrows with it. A few bright and happy years to look back upon would be something which could not afterward be taken away. He refused boys and girls no kind of innocent enjoyment, and in all the anecdotes of his relations with them, there is an exquisite tenderness and playfulness. His Katie he was not above teasing and occasionally mocking. She was a "Martha" more than a "Mary," always busy, always managing and directing with an eye to business. He was very fond of her. He never seriously found fault with those worldly ways of hers, for he knew her sterling worth; but he told her once he would give her fifty gulden if she would read the Bible through. He called her his Herr Katie, and his Gnädige Frau. The farm which he had bought for her was called Zulsdorf. One of his last letters is addressed to "my heartily beloved house-wife, Katherin Lady Luther, Lady Doctor, Lady Zulsdorf, Lady of the Pigmarket, and whatever else she may be."

The religious education of his children he conducted himself. His daughter Magdalen was an unusually interesting girl. A picture of her remains, by

Cranach, with large imaginative eyes. Luther saw in her the promise of a beautiful character; she died when she was fourteen, and he was almost heart-broken. When she was carried to her grave he said to the bearers: "I have sent a saint to heaven; could mine be such a death as hers, I would die at this moment." To his friend Jonas he wrote: "You will have heard that my dearest child is born again in the eternal kingdom of God. We ought to be glad at her departure, for she is taken away from the world, the flesh, and the devil; but so strong is natural love that we cannot bear it without anguish of heart, without the sense of death in ourselves. When I think of her words, her gestures, when she was with us and in her departing, even Christ's death cannot relieve my agony." On her tomb he wrote these lines:

"Hier schlaf Ich, Lenchen, Luther's Töchterlein,  
Ruh' mit all'n Heiligen in meine Bettlein.  
Die Ich in Sünden war geboren  
Hatt' ewig müssen seyn verlorn,  
Aber Ich leb nu und habs gut  
Herr Christe erlöst mit deinem Blut."

Here do I Lena, Luther's daughter, rest,  
Sleep in my little bed with all the Blest.  
In sin and trespass was I born,  
For ever was I thus forlorn;\*  
But yet I live, and all is good—  
Thou Christ redeem'st me with thy blood."

There is yet another side to Luther, and it is the most wonderful of all. We have seen him as a theologian; we have seen him standing up alone, before principalities and powers, to protest against spiritual lies; we have seen him at home in the quiet circle of his household. But there is nothing in any of this to show that his thoughts had travelled beyond the limits of a special set of subjects. But Luther's mind was literally world wide; his eyes were forever observant of what was round him; at a time when science was scarcely out of its shell, Luther had observed nature with the liveliest curiosity; he had anticipated by mere genius the generative functions of flowers. Human nature he had studied like a dramatist. His memory was a museum of historical information,

\* *Verlorn*.—The word has travelled away from its original meaning.

of anecdotes of great men, of old German literature and songs and proverbs. Scarce a subject could be spoken of on which he had not thought, and on which he had not something remarkable to say. His table was always open, and amply furnished. Melancthon, Jonas, Lucas, Cranach, and other Wittenberg friends, were constant guests. Great people, great lords, great ladies, great learned men, came from all parts of Europe. He received them freely at dinner, and being one of the most copious of talkers, he enabled his friends to preserve the most extraordinary monument of his acquirements and of his intellectual vigor. On reading the *Tischreden*, or Table-talk of Luther, one ceases to wonder how this single man could change the face of Europe.

Where the language is itself beautiful, it necessarily loses in translation; I will endeavor, however, to convey some notion of Luther's mind as it appears in these conversations.

First, for his thoughts about nature.

A tree in his garden was covered with ripe fruit. "Ah," he said, "if Adam had not fallen, we should have seen the beauty of these things—every bush and shrub would have seemed more lovely than if it was made of gold and silver. It is really more lovely; but since Adam's fall men see nothing, and are stupider than beasts. God's power and wisdom are shown in the smallest flowers. Painters cannot rival their color, nor perfumers their sweetness; green and yellow, crimson, blue, and purple, all growing out of the earth. And we do not know how to use them to God's honor. We only misuse them; and we trample on lilies as if we were so many cows."

Katie had provided some fish out of her pond. Luther spoke of the breeding of fish, and what an extraordinary thing it was; he then turned to the breeding of other creatures. "Look at a pair of birds," he said. "They build a neat little nest, and drop their eggs in it, and sit on them. Then come the chicks. There is the creature rolled up inside the shell. If we had never seen such a thing before, and an egg was brought from Calicut, we should be all wondering and crying out. Philosophers cannot explain how the chick is made. God

spake, and it was done; He commanded, and so it was. But He acts in all His works rather comically. If He had consulted me, I should have advised Him to make His men out of lumps of clay, and to have set the sun like a lamp, on the earth's surface, that it might be always day."

Looking at a rose, he said, "Could a man make a single rose, we should give him an empire; but these beautiful gifts of God come freely to us, and we think nothing of them. We admire what is worthless, if it be only rare. The most precious of things is nothing if it be common." In the spring, when the buds were swelling and the flowers opening, he exclaimed: "Praise be to God the Creator, that now in this time of Lent out of dead wood makes all alive again. Look at that bough, as if it was with child and full of young things coming to the birth. It is a figure of our faith—winter is death, summer is the resurrection."

He was sitting one night late out of doors. A bird flew into a tree to roost. "That bird," he said, "has had its supper, and will now sleep safe as the bough, and leave God to care for him. If Adam's fall had not spoiled us, we should have had no care either. We should have lived without pain, in possession of all kinds of knowledge, and have passed from time into eternity without feeling of death." The old question was asked why God made man at all if He knew that he would fall? Luther answered, that a great Lord must have vessels of dishonor in his house as well as vessels of honor. There were fellows who thought when they had heard a sermon or two, that they knew everything, and had swallowed the Holy Ghost feathers and all. Such wretches had no right to criticise the actions of God. Man cannot measure structures of God's building, he sees only the scaffolding. In the next life he will see it all; and then happy those who have resisted temptation.

Little Martin had been busy dressing a doll.

"In Paradise," Luther said, "we shall be as simple as this child who talks of God and has no doubts to trouble him. Natural merriment is the best food for children—and they are themselves the best of playthings. They

speak and act from the heart. They believe in God without disputing, and in another life beyond the present. They have small intellect, but they have faith, and are wiser than old fools like us. They think of heaven as a place where there will be eating and dancing, and rivers running with milk. Happy they! for they have no earthly cares, or fears of death or hell. They have only pure thoughts and bright dreams. Abraham must have had a bad time when he was told to kill Isaac. If he had given me such an order, I should have disputed the point with him."

"I never will believe," said the downright Katie, "that God ordered any man to kill his child."

Luther answered: "God had nothing dearer to Him than His own Son. Yet He gave Him to be hanged on the cross. In man's judgment, He was more like a father to Caiaphas and Pilate than He was to Christ."

The religious houses were falling all round Germany. Bishops losing their functions were losing their lands; and the nobles and burghers who had professed the Gospel were clutching at the spoils. Luther could see that ill had come with the change as well as good.

"Look," he said sadly, "at the time when the truth was unknown, and men were lost in idolatry, and trusted in their own works. Then was charity without end or measure. Then it snowed with gifts. Cloisters were founded, and there were endowments for Mass priests. Churches were splendidly decorated; how blind is the world become." Drunkenness, too, seemed to spread, and usury and a thousand other vices. It tried his faith. Yet he said, "Never do we act better than when we know not what we are doing, or than when we think we are foolish and imprudent, for strength is perfected in weakness, and the best we do is what comes straight from the heart."

The Protestants were not the only spoilers of the Church lands. Some one told a story of a dog at Lintz, which used to go every day with a basket to the market to fetch meat. One day some other dogs set upon him. He fought for his basket as long as he could; but when he could fight no longer he snatched a piece of meat for himself and ran away with it. "There is Kaiser Karl," said Luther. "He defended the estates of the Church while it was possible. But when the princes

all began to plunder, he seized a few bishoprics as his own share."

He had a high respect generally for princes and nobles, and had many curious anecdotes of such great persons. He did not think them much to be envied.

Sovereigns and magistrates, he said, have weighty things to handle, and have a sore time with them. The peasant is happy; he has no cares. He never troubles himself as to how the world is going. If a peasant knew what the prince has to bear, he would thank God that made him what he was. But he sees only the outside splendor, the fine clothes, the gold chains, the castles and palaces. He never dreams of the perils and anxieties that beset the great while he is stewing his pears at his stove. The Elector Frederick used to say that the peasant's life was the best of all; and that happiness grew less at each step of the scale. The Emperor had most to trouble him, the princes next; the nobles had endless vexations, and the burghers, though better off than the nobles, had their trade losses and other worries. The peasant could watch his crops grow by the grace of God; he sold what was needed to pay his tithes and taxes, and lived in peace and quiet. The servants in a family are easier than their masters. They do their work, and eat and drink and sing. My people, Wolf and Dorothy (the cook), are better off than I and Katie. The higher you stand, the more your danger. Yet no one is content with his position. When the ass is well off, he begins to caper, and breaks his leg.

He loved and honored his own Electors, but he thought they were over gentle. "The Elector Frederick," he said, "was unwilling to punish evil doers. 'Yes,' he would say, 'it is easy to take a man's life; but can you give it him back?' The Elector John would say, 'Ah! he will be a good fellow yet.' God is merciful, but He is also just. Yet Doctor Schurf, one of our best judges, and a Christian man, cannot hang a felon. The proverb says: 'A thief for the gallows, a monk for the cloister, and a fish for the water.'"

He had a respect for Pilate, and said some curious things about him. Pilate, he declared, was a better man than many



Popish princes; he stood by the law, and would not have a prisoner condemned unheard. He tried many ways to release Christ; he yielded at last when he was threatened with Cæsar's anger. "After all," thought Pilate, "it is but one poor wretch who has no one to take His part; better He should die than the whole people become His enemies." "Why," it was asked, "did Pilate scourge Christ?" "Pilate," Luther said, "was a man of the world; he scourged Him in the hope that the Jews would then be satisfied." When he asked Christ what truth was, he meant, "what is the use of speaking truth in such a scene as this? Truth won't help you; look for some trick of law, and so you may escape." It was asked again what object the devil could have had in moving Pilate's wife to interfere. Luther seemed to admit that it was the devil. "The devil," he answered, "said to himself, I have strangled ever so many prophets and have gained nothing by it; Christ is not afraid of death; better He should live, and I shall perhaps be able to tempt Him to do something wrong. The devil has fine notions in him; he is no fool."

He had a high opinion of the Landgrave of Hesse, whom he called another Arminius. He has a wild country, he said, but he keeps fine order in it, and his subjects can go about their business in peace. He listens to advice; and when he has made up his mind he acts promptly, and has taught his enemies to fear him. If he would give up the Gospel he might ask the Emperor for what he pleased, and have it. At Augsburg he said to the bishops, "We desire peace. If you will not have peace and I must fall, be it so, I shall not fall alone." The Bishop of Saltzburg asked Archbishop Albert why he was so afraid of the Landgrave, who was but a poor prince—"My dear friend," the Archbishop replied, "if you lived as near him as I do, you would feel as I do."

Singular things were spoken at Augsburg. A member of the Diet—his name is not preserved—said, "If I was the Emperor I would gather together the best of the Popish and Lutheran divines, shut them up in a house, and keep them there till they had agreed. I would then ask them if they believed what they had

concluded upon and would die for it; if they said yes, I would set the house on fire and burn them there and then to prove their sincerity. Then I should be satisfied that they were right."

Luther always spoke well of Charles, in spite of the Edict of Worms.

"Strange," he said, "to see two brothers like him and Ferdinand so unlike in their fortunes. Ferdinand always fails. Charles generally succeeds. Ferdinand calculates every detail, and will manage everything his own way. The Emperor does plainly and simply the best that he can, and knows that in many things he must look through his fingers. The Pope sent him into Germany to root us out and make an end of us. He came, and by the grace of God he has left us where we are. He is not bloody. He has true imperial gentleness and goodness—and fortune comes to him in his sleep. He must have some good angel."

"When the Emperor was once in France in time of peace, he was entertained by the king at a certain castle. One night after supper a young lady of noble birth was, by the king's order, introduced into his room. The Emperor asked her who she was and how she came there. She burst into tears and told him. He sent her to her parents uninjured, with an escort and handsome presents. In the war which followed he levelled that castle to the ground."

"The Antwerp manufacturers presented him with a tapestry once, on which was wrought for a design the battle of Pavia and the capture of the French king. Charles would not take it. He had no pleasure, he said, in the miseries of others."

Had Luther been a prophet he could have added another story still more to Charles's honor. Years after, when Luther was in his grave, and Charles, after the battle of Muhlberg, entered Wittenberg as a conqueror, some bishop pressed him to tear the body out of the ground and consign it to the flames. He replied: "I war not with the dead."

Much as Luther admired Charles, however, his own sovereigns had his especial honor.

"The Elector Frederick," he said, "was a wise, good man, who hated all display and lies, and falsity. He was never married. His life was pure and modest, and his motto, 'Tantum quantum possim,' was a sign of his sense. Such a prince is a blessing from God. He was a fine manager and economist. He collected his own taxes, and kept his accounts strictly. If he visited one of his castles, he was lodged as an ordinary guest and paid his own bills, that his stewards might not be able to add charges for his entertainment. He gathered in with shovels and gave out with spoons. He listened patiently in his counsel, shut his eyes, and took notes

of each opinion. Then he formed his own conclusion ; this and that advice will not answer, for this and that will come of it.

"Elector John consulted me how far he should agree to the Peasants' Articles at the time of the rebellion. He said : 'God has made me a prince and given me many horses. If there is to be a change I can be happy with eight horses or with four. I can be another man. He had six young pages to wait on him. They read the Bible to him for six hours every day. He often went to sleep, but when he woke he had always some good text in his mouth. At sermon he took notes in a pocket-book. Church government and wordly government were well administered. The Emperor had only good to say of him. If his brother and he could have been cast into a single man, they would have made a wonder between them. The Elector John had a strong frame and a hard death. He roared like a lion.'

"John Frederick (reigning elector in the latter part of Luther's life), though he hates untruth and loose living, is too indulgent. He fears God and has his five wits about him. God long preserve him. You never hear an unchaste or dishonorable word come out of his lips. One fault he has ; he eats and drinks too much. Perhaps so big a body requires more than a small one. Otherwise he works like a donkey ; and, drink what he will, he always reads the Bible before he sleeps."

Luther hated lies as heartily as the Elector. "Lies," he said, "are always crooked like a snake, which is never straight whether still or moving—never till it is dead—then it hangs out straight enough." But he was against violence, even to destroy falsehood. "Popery," he said, "can neither be destroyed by the sword, nor sustained by the sword ; it is built on lies, it stands on lies, and can only be overthrown by truth. I like not those who go hotly to work. It is written, Preach and I will give thee power. We forget the preaching, and would fly to force alone."

He much admired soldiers, especially if besides winning battles they knew how to rule afterward, like Augustus and Julius Cæsar.

"When a country has a good prince over it, all goes well. Without a good prince things go backward like a crab, and councillors, however many, will not mend them. A great soldier is the man ; he has not many words ; he knows what men are, and holds his tongue ; but when he does speak, he acts also. A real hero does not go about his work with vain imaginations. He is moved by God Almighty, and does what he undertakes to do. So Alexander conquered Persia, and Julius Cæsar established the Roman Empire. The Book of Judges shows what God can do by a single man, and what happens when God does not pro-

vide a man. Certain ages seem more fruitful in great men than others. When I was a boy there were many. The Emperor Maximilian in Germany, Sigismund in Poland, Ladislaus in Hungary, Ferdinand, Emperor Charles's grandfather, in Spain—pious, wise, noble princes. There were good bishops, too, who would have been with us had they been alive now. There was a Bishop of Wurzburg who used to say, when he saw a rogue, 'To the cloister with you. Thou art useless to God or man.' He meant that in the cloister were only hogs and gluttons, who did nothing but eat, and drink, and sleep, and were of no more profit than as many rags."

Luther knew that his life would be a short one. In his later days he compared himself to a knife from which the steel has been ground away, and only the soft iron left. The Princess Elector said one evening to him : "I trust you have many days before you. You may live forty years yet, if God wills." "God forbid," Luther answered. "If God offered me Paradise in this world for forty years I would not have it. I would rather my head was struck off. I never send for doctors. I will not have my life made miserable, that doctors may lengthen it by a twelve month."

The world itself, too, he conceived to be near its end. The last day he thought would be in some approach in Lent, on a ruddy morning when day and night were equal.

"The thread is ravelled out, and we are now visibly at the fringe. The present age is like the last withered apple hanging on the tree. Daniel's four Rmpires—Babylon, Persia, Greece, and Rome—are gone. The Roman Reichlingers ; but it is the 'St. John's drink' (the stirrup cup) and is fast departing. Signs in heaven foretell the end. On earth there is building and planting and gathering of money. The arts are growing as if there was to be a new start, and the world was to become young again. I hope God will finish with it. We have come already to the White Horse. Another hundred years and all will be over. The Gospel is despised. God's word will disappear for want of any to preach it. Mankind will turn into Epicureans and care for nothing. They will not believe that God exists. Then the voice will be heard 'Behold the Bridegroom cometh.'"

Some one observed that when Christ came there would be no faith at all on the earth, and the Gospel was still believed in that part of Germany.

"Tush," he said, "it is but a corner. Asia and Africa have no Gospel. In Europe, Greeks, Italians, Spaniards,

Hungarians, French, English, Poles, have no Gospel. The small Electorate of Saxony will not hinder the end."

I can but gather specimens here and there out of the four closely printed volumes of these conversations. There is no such table-talk in literature, and it ought to be completely translated. I must take room for a few more illustrations. Luther was passionately fond of music. He said of it :

"Music is one of the fairest of God's gifts to man ; Satan hates music because it drives away temptation and evil thoughts. The notes make the words alive. It is the best refreshment to a troubled soul ; the heart as you listen recovers its peace. It is a discipline, too ; for it softens us and makes us temperate and reasonable. I would allow no man to be a school-master who cannot sing, nor would I let him preach either."

And again :

"I have no pleasure in any man who, like the fanatics, despises music. It is no invention of ours. It is a gift from God to drive away the devil and make us forget our anger and impurity and pride and evil tempers. I place music next to theology. I can see why David and all the saints put their divinest thoughts into song."

Luther's own hymns are not many ; but the few which he composed are jewels of purest water. One of them, the well-known—

"Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott"

remains even in these days of Rationalism the National Psalm of Germany. In the last great war the Prussian regiments went into battle chanting it.

Though no one ever believed more intensely in the inspiration of the Bible, he was no worshipper of the mere letter—for he knew that over a large part of Scripture the original text was uncertain. In translating he trusted more to instinctive perception than to minute scholarship. He said :

"I am no Hebraist according to grammar and rules. I do not let myself be tied, but go freely through. Translation is a special gift and grace. A man may know many languages yet be unable to render one into another. The authors of the Septuagint were not good Hebrew scholars ; St. Jerome was better ; but indeed after the Babylonish captivity the language itself was corrupted. If Moses and the prophets rose again they would not understand the words which are given as theirs.

When we were translating I gave my assistants these rules :

"1. Attend to the grammar, but remember  
"2. Holy Scripture speaks of the words and acts of God.

"3. Prefer always in translating the Old Testament a meaning consistent with the New."

He could be critical, too, in his way. His objections to the Epistle of St. James are well-known. He says of another book : "The story of Jonah is more incredible than any poet's fable. If it were not in the Bible I should laugh at it. He was three days in the belly of a great fish ; why, the fish would have digested him in three hours, and converted him into its own flesh and blood. The miracle of the Red Sea was nothing to this. The sequel, too, is so foolish—when he is released he begins to rave and expostulate, and make himself miserable about a gourd. It is a great mystery."

He shared in many of the popular superstitions. He believed in the reality of witchcraft, for instance. The devil he was convinced was personally present—perhaps omnipresent, doing every kind of mischief, and had many times assaulted himself. Many things might thus happen of a strange kind through the devil's agency. Nor was he quick to recognize new scientific discoveries.

"Modern astronomers," he said, "pretend that the earth moves, and not the sun and the firmament—as in a carriage or a boat we seem to be motionless ourselves, while the trees and banks sweep past us. These clever fellows will believe nothing old, and must have their own ideas. The Holy Scripture says, Joshua bade the sun stand still, not the earth."

But his powerful sense and detestation of falsehood gave him an instinctive insight into the tricks of charlatans. He regarded magic as unmixed imposture. He told a story of a Duke Albert of Saxony, to whom a Jew once offered a wonderful gem engraved with strange characters, alleging that it would make the wearer proof against cold steel and gunshot. "I will try it first on thee," the Duke said. He took the Jew out of doors with the gem on his neck, and ran his sword through him. "So it would have been with me," he said, "if I had trusted thee."

Astrology, the calculation of a man's fortunes from the place of the planets among the stars, was an accepted science. Erasmus might doubt, but Erasmus was almost alone in a world of believers. One other doubter was Luther, much to the scandal of his friend Melancthon, with whom it was an article of faith. Melancthon showed him the nativity of Cicero.

"I have no patience with such stuff," he said. "Let any man answer this argument. Esau and Jacob were born of the same father and mother, at the same time, and under the same planets, but their nature was wholly different. You would persuade me that astrology is a true science. I shall not change my opinion. I am bachelor, master, and have been a monk. But the stars did not make me either one or the other. It was my own shame that I was a monk, and grieved and angered my father. I caught the Pope by his hair, and he caught me by mine. I married a runaway nun, and begat children with her. Who saw that in the stars? Who foretold that? It is like dice-throwing. You say you have a pair of dice that always throw thrice six—you throw two, three, four, five, six, and you take no notice. When twice six turns up, you think it proves your case. The astrologer is right once or twice, and boasts of his art. He overlooks his mistakes. Astronomy is very well—astrology is nought. The example of Esau and Jacob proves it.

"They prophesied a flood—another deluge in 1524. No deluge came, though Burgermaster Hohndorf brought a quarter-cask of beer into his house to prepare for it. In 1525 was the peasant's insurrection; but no astrologer prophesied this. In the time of God's anger there was a conjunction of sin and wrath, which had more in it than conjunctions of the planets."

I must leave these recorded sayings, pregnant as they are, and full of character as they are.

I will add but one more. Luther said: "If I die in my bed, it will be a grievous shame to the Pope. Popes, devils, kings, and princes have done their worst to hurt me; yet here I am. The world for these two hundred years has hated no one as it hates me. I in turn have no love for the world. I know not that in all my life I have ever felt real enjoyment. I am well tired of it. God come soon and take me away."

I return to what remains to be told of Luther's earthly life. The storm which threatened Germany hung off till he was gone. The House of Saxony was divided into the Ducal or Albertine line and the Electoral or Ernestine line.

Duke Henry dying was succeeded by the young Maurice, so famous afterward. Maurice was a Protestant like the Elector; but he was intriguing, ambitious, and unscrupulous. Quarrels broke out between them, which a few years later brought the Elector to ruin. But Luther, as long as he lived, was able to keep the peace.

The Council of Trent drew near. After the peace with France, in 1544, the Pope began again to urge the Emperor to make an end of toleration. The free Council once promised, at which the Evangelical Doctors were to be represented, had been changed into a Council of Bishops, to be called and controlled by the Pope, before which the Evangelicals could be admitted only to plead as criminals. How such a Council would decide was not doubtful. The Protestant princes and theologians declined the position which was to be assigned to them, and refused to appear. It was but too likely that, if the peace continued, the combined force of the Empire and of France would be directed against the League of Schmalkald, and that the League would be crushed after all in the unequal struggle.

Luther saw what was coming, and poured out his indignation in the fiercest of his pamphlets. The "aller heiligst," "most holy" Pope, became "aller höllisch," most hellish. The pretended "free council" meant death and hell, and Germany was to be bathed in blood. "That devilish Popery," he said, "is the last worst curse of the earth, the very worst that all the devils, with all their might, can generate. God help us all. Amen." Very dreadful and unbecoming language the modern reader thinks, who has only known the wolf disguised in an innocent sheepskin. The wolf is the same that he was; and if ever he recovers his power, he will show himself unchanged in his old nature. In Luther's time there was no sheepskin; there was not the smallest affectation of sheepskin. The one passionate desire of the See of Rome, and the army of faithful prelates and priests, was to carry fire and sword through every country which had dared to be spiritually free.

In the midst of these prospects Luther reached his last birthday. He was tired and sick at heart, and sick in body. In



the summer of 1545 he had wished to retire to his farm, but Wittenberg could not spare him, and he continued regularly to preach. His sight began to fail. In January, 1546, he began a letter to a friend, calling himself "old, spent, worn, weary, cold, and with but one eye to see with." On the 28th of that month, he undertook a journey to Eisleben, where he had been born, to compose a difference between the Counts Mansfeldt. He caught a chill on the road, but he seemed to shake it off, and was able to attend to business. He had fallen into the hands of lawyers, and the affair went on but slowly. On the 14th of February he preached, and, as it turned out, for the last time, in Eisleben Church. An issue in the leg, artificially kept open to relieve his system, had been allowed to heal for want of proper attendance. He was weak and exhausted after the sermon. He felt the end near, and wished to be with his family again. "I will get home," he said, "and get into my coffin, and give the worms a fat doctor."

But wife and home he was never to see again, and he was to pass from off the earth at the same spot where his eyes were first opened to the light. On the 17th he had a sharp pain in his chest. It went off, however; he was at supper in the public room, and talked with his usual energy. He retired, went to bed, slept, woke, prayed, slept again; then at midnight called his servant. "I feel strangely," he said; "I shall stay here; I shall never leave Eisleben." He grew restless, rose, moved into an adjoining room, and lay upon a sofa. His two sons were with him, with his friend Jonas. "It is death," he said; "I am going: 'Father, into Thy hands I commend my spirit.'"

Jonas asked him if he would still stand by Christ and the doctrine which he had preached. He said, "Yes." He slept once more, breathing quietly, but his feet grew cold. Between two and three in the morning he died.

The body lay in state for a day; a likeness was taken of him before the features changed. A cast from the face was taken afterward; the athlete expression gone, the essential nature of him—grave, tender, majestic—taking the place of it, as his own disturbed life

appears now when it is calmed down into a memory. The Elector, John Frederick, hurried to see him; the Counts Mansfeldt ended beside his body the controversies which he had come to compose. On the 20th he was set on a car to be carried back to Wittenberg, with an armed escort of cavalry. The people of Eisleben attended him to the gates. The church bells tolled in the villages along the road. Two days later he reached his last resting place at Wittenberg. Melancthon cried after him as they laid him in the grave: "My Father, my Father. The chariot of Israel and the horseman thereof."

His will, which is extremely characteristic, had been drawn by himself four years before. He left his wife well provided for, and because legal proceedings might be raised upon his marriage, he committed her to the special protection of the Elector. Children, friends, servants, were all remembered.

"Finally," he said, "seeing I do not use legal forms, I desire all men to take these words as mine. I am known openly in Heaven, on Earth, and in Hell also; and I may be believed and trusted better than any notary. To me a poor, unworthy, miserable sinner, God, the Father of mercy, has intrusted the Gospel of His dear Son, and has made me therein true and faithful. Through my means many in this world have received the Gospel, and hold me as a true teacher, despite of popes, emperors, kings, princes, priests, and all the Devil's wrath. Let them believe me also in the small matter of my last will and testimony, this being written in my own hand, which otherwise is not unknown. Let it be understood that here is the earnest, deliberate meaning of Doctor Martin Luther, God's notary and witness in his Gospel, confirmed by his own hand and seal.—January 6, 1542."

Nothing remains to be said. Philosophic historians tell us that Luther succeeded because he came in the fulness of time, because the age was ripe for him, because forces were at work which would have brought about the same changes if he had never been born. Some changes there might have been, but not the same. The forces computable by philosophy can destroy, but they cannot create. The false spiritual despotism which dominated Europe would have fallen from its own hollowness. But a lie may perish, and no living belief may rise again out of the ruins. A living belief can rise only out of a be-

lieving human soul, and that any faith, any piety, is alive now in Europe, even in the Roman Church itself, whose insolent hypocrisy he humbled into shame,

is due in large measure to the poor miner's son who was born in a Saxon village 400 years ago.—*Contemporary Review*.

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FRANCE AND ENGLAND IN EGYPT.

BY LÉON SAY.

THE Suez Canal question presents so many different aspects that the treatment of it might easily assume encyclopædic proportions. The political and geographical chronicles of the Isthmus, and the attempts made in ancient times to open a passage through it, constitute the history of civilization itself. The Isthmus of Suez is the best standpoint for the observation of humanity in its childhood. The scientific and economic records of the nineteenth century find their most interesting chapters in the works of the canal, in the modifications in the construction of vessels brought about by its navigation, as well as in the changes consequently effected in the great currents of commerce. The waters of the world, in their distribution over the surface of the globe and their movements in the basins which confine and direct them, have been the cause of human civilization, and have determined, by conditions which we can examine, the march of its commerce and its industry. The great valleys of the globe have been the main routes of human genius; and the basins of the great rivers, the offspring of nature, saw the birth of that commerce which has enriched the world. It has been reserved for our age to behold man in his turn creating, as it were, a new basin of a mighty stream, and thus completing the system of river routes which has ever strongly influenced the civilized societies of mankind.

It would be a mistake to see in the construction of a maritime canal by an illustrious Frenchman the only cause, or even the chief cause, of the interest taken by France in all that touches the waterway. M. Ferdinand de Lesseps is one of the glories of France; the country knows that the total value of the nation is augmented by the fact that she counts him among her sons. He has shared his personal renown with his

fatherland, and every one in France feels that whatever happens to him attains the proportions of a national event. In thinking of him, men spontaneously repeat the saying of Terrence concerning mankind: "Naught" that affects him is indifferent to us. Now it is certain that, if M. de Lesseps had applied his spirit of perseverance, his clear foresight, his power of unravelling the future of international relations—in a word, his genius, toward the conception and execution of any other idea, of whatsoever nature, in any other quarter of the globe, he would not have reaped the popular fame and national affection which in his green old age reward the efforts of his earlier years. In Panama M. de Lesseps would never have achieved the national grandeur which none now deny him, and of which he laid the foundations between the Mediterranean and the Red Sea. And the reason is that Egypt has always filled, and still fills, every imagination in France, and that the traditions of France, ever revived by new events, incessantly carry her thoughts back to the banks of the Nile. Thus, when M. de Lesseps was seen planting upon this spot the banner of his noble enterprise, he was deemed to be France herself in one phase of her natural evolution. The idea of the Suez Canal is a French idea, carried out in a land where France has played a great and glorious part; and nothing could efface from the French mind the conviction that there is a national dignity to be upheld in all that affects the great work to which M. de Lesseps has bound his name.

There is, moreover, a particular virtue which adds to the nobility of the idea as it is conceived in France—that the scheme of piercing the Isthmus of Suez has been considered a grand peace-bearing conception. In the eyes of those who from a distance followed M. de

Lesseps in his career, it seemed like another link added to the blessed and beneficent chain which binds peoples together in order to make them associates, allies, and friends. A grand idea of peace, that was at the same time a French idea, of which the nation felt proud—such was the conception which prevailed in France concerning the communication to be established between the two seas. It has sometimes been said that the French make war for an idea, and they have often seemed to welcome the reproach with a certain satisfaction. Not every one, they think, is capable of having so robust a faith in his ideas, and they were proud to think that they were deemed capable of forgetting their interests for the sake of a noble passion. Horace has said :

" O cives, cives, quærenda pecunia primum  
est :  
Virtus post nummos."

In France men were ready to believe that the world reversed the phrase when applying it to them, and said of them, *nummi post virtutem*. But it is equally true to say that France makes peace for an idea. Peace it was that she sought to make by the Suez Canal. This water in the midst of the lands, this inner sea of the ancient civilization, she converted into an ocean which reached out to, and with a new arm touched, the Indian Ocean. Is that idea of peace which was to be caught as in a fisherman's net and brought up from the depths of the Suez Canal, is that now changed for an idea of war? Will that cause which was to bring the nations together result in estranging them from each other? It is impossible, I will not say to desire, but even to suppose, for a single moment, that it can be so.

The mistakes of French policy in Egypt have obscured minds upon both sides of the Channel; but what ever those errors may have been, the fact remains established as firm as ever that the Anglo-French alliance, in the Mediterranean as elsewhere, is the surest pledge of the world's peace, and can best give unlimited scope to the economic progress of the two countries. The idea of an Egypt developing all its natural riches under the benevolent eye of France and England in close alliance

is a political conception of the highest rank, which by the extension of its results should produce the most salutary effects upon the whole body-politic of Europe. It has often been sought to give a form to this idea, and the policy which has been called the policy of the *condominium* has been, whatever may have been said of it, a happy phase of the Anglo-French alliance. I do not mean to say that the *condominium* was a necessary form of it, and one can easily understand that the alliance in Egypt might take another shape. It is indubitable that improvements would have been made in the methods by which the Anglo-French influence worked, if the policy of the two countries had been directed in some other way during the mournful period of Arabi's attempt at revolution. Common action on the part of France and England would have led to a more speedy result, and one better for both the two powers, than that which was produced by the isolated action of England. But two faults were committed, both of which lie heavy upon the two nations. The policy of England was uncertain; it oscillated between a Turkish intervention, an intervention of the two powers, and an isolated intervention. The policy of France was timid; it made pretence of being European, instead of being and remaining Anglo-French alone; and at the end it committed the error of abdicating, at the moment when it ought to have acted. These two faults produced their consequences; England has undertaken a task which will give her very great anxieties, and she has not, from the point of view of Anglo-Indian interests, more security or more tranquillity, for a short or long term, than if her power had been shared at the same time as her difficulties. France, in drawing back, has been unable to explain the reasons, and, so to speak, the conditions of her withdrawal; and at the present time she seems to be in danger of losing that moral influence which she never meant to abandon, when she thought that she was only holding aloof, for her ally's advantage, from a political movement in which she believed she could leave the initiative to England. The political idea which has guided the conduct of France was wrong, but it

was honest ; it contained nothing adverse to the policy of the intimate alliance, the *entente cordiale*, between France and England. Thus it is with profound astonishment that we in France have seen the English Press use toward us most outrageous expressions. Wounds have been inflicted which attempts must be made to heal. Those who have caused them are without excuse ; and it is as true to say that they have failed in patriotism toward their own country as in decency toward a great nation.

There is but one means of repairing the evil which the two countries did by the faultiness of their foreign policy in Egypt. England suffers, and will suffer, from the indecision which she showed at the beginning, and the disadvantages of her isolated position imposing on her an excessive responsibility. France suffers, and will suffer, from its impolitic resolve not to interfere, and from what has been considered an abandonment of its natural ally. It is on the soil of the Isthmus of Suez, in the settlement of the question of the Canal, that the basis of a harmonious policy must be found. France only expects this, that her name and moral influence should still serve the cause of civilization in Egypt, without hurting England, but without being hurt by her. Whether France in Egypt be the guest of the Khedive or of the Empress of India she has a right to be treated with the consideration due to an ally and friend. In return for this respect, England will find in France a support which she will certainly need some day, to prevent her influence from giving way before those eclipses which should always be looked for in oriental politics. But how is this maintenance of the name of France at its due moral height to be achieved, concurrently with the increased political harmony of the two nations ? By respecting the name of France in the Suez Canal, by showing that England has in view only the claims of justice, and is not pursuing a policy of ill-conceived egotism in all that concerns that international and pacific road which is the creation of a great Frenchman, in spite of the strenuous opposition of a great Englishman. The Suez Canal is the highway to India ; it is an open route which England has the

greatest interest in seeing frequented by all Europe, and especially by France. Has England ever dreamt of shutting India within its own confines, of closing Bombay or Calcutta against the industry and commerce of the world ? Is not her colonial policy the policy of the greatest possible amount of liberty ? England cannot dream of cutting off India at Port Said. The grand highway of civilization ought to be traversed with equal liberty, and in equal security, by all the nations of the universe ; and if this be true when speaking of all peoples, is it not still more true of France than of any other country ?

In the future of the commercial relations of England and India, there is one problem which concerns much that is unknown ; that is, the financial problem. If the coinage of the United States of America is the same as that of Great Britain, that is not true of the coinage of India. India is a country with a silver currency, and the adjustment of Anglo-Indian commerce is extremely difficult now, and may become still more so, by reason of the difference of money. Unless care be taken, the movement of Anglo-American business will tend more and more to the detriment of Anglo-Indian business, and the United States will take the place of India as the intermediaries of English commerce with China. It is in the power of France to re-establish the equilibrium ; having the same currency as India, she can bring back, *via* Suez, to Europe all that might escape by way of America and California. France, then, has a like interest with England in the development, possibly boundless, of the relations of India with England and the continent of Europe. Even now Burmah sends her rice to Italy ; even now the culture of wheat is making considerable progress in India. England and the continent of Europe will always have need of foreign corn ; and in the same way as the ancient world had its granaries beyond Europe, in Africa, so do we modern peoples have ours also beyond Europe, in America, at the present time, but we can have them in India. It is perhaps, we might even say certainly, an unpleasant fact for European agriculture ; and the duty of the governments and peoples of Old Europe is to deliver



agriculture from the fetters of a legislation which in many countries is out of date. But whatever opinion may be held upon the extent and effects of the agricultural conflict raging between ancient Europe and the rest of the universe, whatever ideas of legislative reforms on behalf of agriculture and landed property may prevail in the different nations of Europe, it is an incontestable truth that Europe will more and more have its granaries beyond its boundaries. Where shall we place them? With the help of France, and by means of the highway of the Suez Canal, England can place them in India.

It is not possible to foresee the extent of the extraordinarily favorable changes in the current of business in England, in the position of the banks, in the abundance of capital, and in the rate of interest, which would be the consequence of an importation of wheat arriving in Europe from India instead of America. If in the course of one year—an epoch of which a glimpse may be caught before the end of the century—we witnessed a change running through the currents of trade which should bring about a displacement of twenty millions sterling, only transferred from the commerce of America to that of India, we should see the happiest consequences issue from it, to the profit of England and the advantage of France. France, with its habit of using, and liking for silver—identical with the habit and liking of India—having a monetary currency which can form the reservoir of the Indian currency, is reciprocally in the best situation, thanks to the Suez Canal, to develop Anglo-Indian or Indo-European commerce in rice or in corn. The Suez Canal has created a community of interests between France and England—interests moral, commercial, and social—which must always be considered and appreciated at their full value, which ought to be extended, and which must never be sacrificed to a paroxysm of egotism, or speculation, or even simply of bad temper.

The phases of the discussion between the English Government and M. de Lesseps are very instructive. They possess a degree of animation that has surprised public opinion in France. The question is asked, whether the name

of France, which casts so brilliant a light over the Canal Company, was not in some respects aimed at by the short-sighted adversaries of the grand doctrine of the Anglo-French alliance. Why should so much frenzy be displayed in a question where frenzy is unnecessary, save to secure the triumph of right and justice? A great Frenchman, M. Thiers, said that interests are ferocious; and another great statesman, a great Englishman, said that public opinion was sometimes like a wild beast, which the Government should keep an eye on to escape being devoured. In France we have seen interests fall upon the railways, and under pretence of getting their produce carried cheaply, try to destroy all that France had spent so many years in establishing, viz., the administration of a network of railways, which has been little by little organized and extended, without causing any crisis in the circulation of capital, but giving a considerable impulse to the industry and commerce of the nation. Those very persons who did the most to excite the cupidity of private interests have been brought to acknowledge that they had let loose a wild beast without keeping further watch on it. Frenchmen ask whether the excitement which has arisen in the matter of the Suez Canal, extraordinary as it seems to simple spectators, had not some analogy with the movement and agitation about the question of the French railways which filled five sterile years with their useless fury and impolitic distrust. The comparison has not failed to suggest to men's minds the probable issue of a discussion which will pass through many phases, but which, no one doubts, will end as the dispute between the assailants and the defenders of the railway companies ended in France. Is it intended to oust M. de Lesseps from the legitimate fruits of his labors, in order to give English commerce the advantage of taxing itself at a low rate in the transit of its vessels through the Suez Canal? That is exactly the question that was asked in France. Were the railway companies to be pillaged of the legitimate fruits of their efforts, and to be ejected in order to give to those who gained the power of transporting their produce the right to fix the tariff. If the question had continued to be stated

in these terms, the result would have been to tie with our own hands a Gordian knot which could not be unravelled except by the sword. Could it be supposed that the sword, that violence, that the English sword—that is to say, English violence—would cut an intricacy of right and commerce, at the risk of simultaneously wounding with that blade not only France, but that which is greater than France, eternal justice?

It has often been observed that men do for others what they would not care to do for themselves, and that they act as intermediaries or agents with less scruple than on their own account. England cannot present such a spectacle. That which she would not do herself she cannot do under an assumed name; and if she has the right to dispose of the Khedive's signature, she will not put it to any acts by procuration, save upon the same terms upon which she would have given her own signature. There is but one way out of the entanglement; namely, to follow the paths of justice and reason. England is the most important of M. de Lesseps's partners in the enterprise of the Canal; she ought to seek out and determine equitably the share which legitimately belongs to her in the administration of the business. A share in the joint control cannot be refused to a government who is a shareholder to such an extent. But we know that the power of the members in general council is not measured by the number of votes; there is a moral influence which depends upon the weight of the speaker. There are always two influential voices at the councils of the Suez Canal Company; first, that of M. de Lesseps, a French voice, which France is pleased to know is listened to, and which cannot be stifled without wronging and wounding the country which saw his birth. But there is also the voice of England, represented by eminent men, who not only are always heard with deference, but whose counsels meet with attention, because they are the representatives of a great government, and because they exercise their rights with an authority that no one contests. The legitimate influence of England in the administration of the Suez Canal will consequently always receive due consideration.

But if England is the most important of the partners, she is also the most important of the clients, as she makes use of the canal in a much greater proportion than all the rest of the world together. That is a reason for her watching over the company in order to be sure that it treats its clients with moderation; but it certainly is not one for obtaining from the company special treatment for her own countrymen. France, whose vessels are much less numerous, does not attach any less importance than England to the point that the conditions of transit should be easy, and that the tariffs should be as low as possible. From this point of view there cannot be any divergence between English and French interests. It is a general question, and if it fall to the French Government to solve it, it will do so with as much independence, and with as much regard for maritime commerce, as would the English Government itself. France, quite as much as England, is interested in the traffic being satisfied. She demands, like England, the doubling of the canal, if the traffic render it necessary; just as she required the French railway companies to double their lines when it became necessary, in order to satisfy the demands of commerce.

It is true that in France, and even in the Parliament, certain persons demanded that the doubling the lines should be effected by competition, and even by competition on the part of the State, and that a new railway should be constructed and worked by the side of the existing road; but this idea was very quickly abandoned; first, because it was not equitable, and, secondly, because it could not possibly be profitable. It has been found more practicable, much more in conformity with general interests, and at the same time more respectful toward vested rights, to come to an agreement with the railway companies, in order to oblige them to give the traffic that satisfaction which its development demanded.

In the Isthmus of Suez, the question is much more simple. There may not be a monopoly in writing, but there is, nevertheless, a natural monopoly. How can it be imagined that the object of the concession was any other than to put

the two seas in communication? The founders could not be expected to run the risks of such an enterprise without yielding them a right to take tolls from those who pass from one sea to the other. To deprive them subsequently of the product of these tolls by supporting a rival scheme, and by joining the two seas in some other way, would be to withdraw with one hand what has been given with the other. Perhaps several canals may be possible; but the idea of establishing communication between the two seas is a simple one, and it is exactly that which M. de Lesseps has maintained from the first, notwithstanding the doubts of the English engineers, and which he has at last realized at the cost of a considerable outlay of capital.

It is this idea alone that was the object of the enterprise, and the tolls, the charge on passengers, and the transit tariff conceded to M. de Lesseps, were its price. Without violating the laws of justice, it is impossible to hand over to others the profits which would not have existed if M. de Lesseps had not formulated his idea, if after conceiving it he had not given it a body—profits which belong to it, profits of which it certainly can be despoiled by force because force can do everything, but which cannot be taken away save by the commission of deeds absolutely contrary to that high sense of right which England has had the glory to spread throughout the world. Only a few days ago, a French orator, speaking from the senatorial tribune of the French Republic, quoted these memorable words of the English historian and philosopher, David Hume: "Our fleets, our budget, our army, parliament, all these are only to assure a single end—the liberty of the twelve great judges of England."

I will add, that if England holds in the world the dominant position which legitimately belongs to her on the surface of the globe, if she is respected and feared, if she is dreaded and honored, if she has allies willing to advance with her in the path of civilization, and to give her their support without fear as without jealousy, but with a noble feeling of confidence, it is because England, freely governed by a conscientious public opinion, knows how to place right above

might, and has learned to provide herself with institutions which are a mixture of monarchism and republicanism, whereof the mainspring, according to Montesquieu, should be honor and virtue.

The respect for contracts is the foundation of parliamentary governments, and the English parliament can do everything but make an injustice legitimate. If the English Government, as a partner in and as a patron of the most numerous clients of the enterprise, can demand that every extension rendered necessary by the traffic should be given to the means of communication between the two seas, it is its duty equally to introduce into the tariffs every amendment compatible with the maintenance of the financial position of the company. It is also quite right in demanding a revision of tariffs which were established in view of an infinitely smaller traffic than that which has been attained during the last few years. The most simple method which has been found of proportioning the tariffs to the business, is the participation by the clients in the profits of which they are themselves the source. Assurance companies and co-operative societies have largely adopted this course, and we might follow them. Nothing is more natural than to make a scale of reductions of tariffs so as to apply a portion of the profits realized to the benefit of the vessels which traverse the canal. Arrangements of this nature are very simple, and quite legitimate, and provided that they are established with moderation they cannot be otherwise than acceptable. For England especially there is another method, indirect it is true, but not less real, of lightening the charges which weigh upon its maritime commerce in consequence of the dues of the Suez Canal, and that is to take and to apply to its budget a portion of the net profits of the company. The English Government already makes a profit in interest on the capital invested in the purchase of the 176,000 shares of which it has become the holder; it receives 5 per cent interest on a capital for which it only pays 3 per cent, every year gaining the difference. That is, in reality, a sort of reduction of the transit dues in favor of the English people. When the deferred coupons of the shares which it holds are available,

its profit will be much increased. If it sees fit, it will be able, by means of that profit, to reduce those imposts which press upon commerce.

But all these questions are matters of detail in which France and England have an equal interest; they may give rise to discussions more or less prolonged, but they have nothing to do with politics. There is but one political aspect of the matter; it is the maintenance of a company which, French by origin, is English as much as French in its interests, and which has the right to be treated conformably with justice. A day will come when it will be possible on both sides of the Channel to judge with greater calmness the political situation of the two nations, as regards the affairs of Egypt. When that day arrives, whatever direction events may meanwhile have taken, there will without doubt be perfect accord as to the inconveniences consequent upon the suppression of Anglo-French action in Egypt. History never remakes what it has once destroyed; certainly we shall never again see the *condominium*, the Dual Control, nor any of those combinations which have had their use, but which are condemned to-day, and which it is difficult to defend, because they have one great defect—that is, that they are dead and cannot be revived. But what we shall see again is an accord be-

tween the views of France and those of England as to the affairs of Egypt, and in the arrangement of all questions concerning the Suez Canal. England has need of the moral support of France. There is more sympathy possible between the Egyptian people and the French than between the former and the Anglo-Saxon race.

This moral influence the French can exercise in the civil administration, in industry, and in commerce, and exercise it to the advantage of all Europe. The influence of the English Government will lose nothing thereby; and if some day England finds it useful to modify her action, she will be happy to find at her side France with her perpetual influence in Egypt, by reason of the traditions of her history and the devotion of the colony of that nation to the interests of Egypt, so as to be able to seek in common the solution most favorable to the maintenance of Western influence in the East, and to the development of the amicable relations between two great Powers, who sometimes in the Press utter very hard words of each other, but who speedily return to sentiments of cordial friendship and sincere alliance as soon as they have regained together, with their *sang-froid*, a clear view of their moral, political, and commercial interests.—*Fortnightly Review*.

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#### KING MTÉSA.

A TELEGRAM from Zanzibar has announced the death of the most remarkable of African potentates—a king who has never ceased to interest Europeans since he was introduced to them more than twenty years ago by Captain Speke. The figure of Mtésa, King of Uganda, with his barbaric court, hedged in by even more formality and ceremoniousness than the *aula* of the Holy Roman Empire; his teeming harem; his summary and often indiscriminate justice; and his curious mixture of shrewd cunning and childishness—stood forth in such bold relief on Speke's brilliant pages, that it has never since failed to claim an attention denied to any other African prince, with the ex-

ception of those like Cetewayo and King Coffee, with whom we have been brought into actual hostility. Of Speke's and Grant's discoveries, Mtésa was not the least interesting item; and to the accounts given of him by these distinguished travellers is due the notice which his death has attracted. Since the time of Speke and Grant other explorers and missionaries have visited the court of Uganda, and each of them has added his testimony to the striking character of its ruler. The most prominent was Mr Stanley, whose account of the king's later years offers many notable points of contrast to the experience of the first Europeans who visited Mtésa.



From the attractions of its court and its geographical position on Victoria Nyanza, Uganda has been a magnet drawing people of many tribes and nations; and Mtésa was brought more into contact with external civilization than any of his fellow-potentates in the equatorial region. How accessible he was to outside influence may readily be inferred from a comparison of Stanley's observations with those of Speke and Grant. The illustrations to Speke's "Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile" show the king and his court in the costume and manners of primitive African barbarism, but invested with a rude dignity that was imposing from its very simplicity.

"A more theatrical sight I never saw," says Speke. "The king, a good-looking, well-figured, tall young man of twenty-five, was sitting on a red blanket spread upon a square platform of royal grass, encased in tiger-grass reeds, scrupulously well dressed in a new *mbúgá*. The hair of his head was cut short, excepting on the top, where it was combed up into a high ridge, running from stem to stern like a cockscorn. On his neck was a very neat ornament—a large ring, of beautifully worked small beads, forming elegant patterns by their various colors. On one arm was another bead ornament, prettily devised; and on the other a wooden charm, tied by a string covered with snake-skin. On every finger and every toe he had alternate brass and copper rings; and above the ankles, half way up to the calf, a stocking of very pretty beads. Everything was light, neat, and elegant in its way; not a fault could be found with the taste of his 'getting up.' For a handkerchief he held a well-folded piece of bark, and a piece of gold-embroidered silk, which he constantly employed to hide his large mouth when laughing, or to wipe it after a drink of plantain-wine, of which he took constant and copious draughts from neat little gourd-cups, administered by his ladies-in-waiting, who were at once his sisters and wives. A white dog, spear, shield, and woman—the Uganda cognizance—were by his side, as also a knot of staff officers, with whom he kept up a brisk conversation on one side; and on the other was a band of *Wich-wézi*, or lady-sorcerers."

The plates which illustrate the more recent works of travel are significant of the enlarged ideas which, in the course of twenty years, intercourse with explorers, and a more free communication with the Mohammedans of the coast, had opened up in the king's mind. The king appears in a semi-Moslem attire. The bark-clothes and beautiful skins of the country, worn down to the ankles,

had given place to the tawdry muslins of the Arabs, and taken away the primitive and national appearance which the king and his courtiers wore when girt in their simple robes of *mbúgá*, without shoes, stockings, or hats. The change which came over Mtésa seems to have corresponded with the alteration in his outward appearance. He was young, brave, handsome, and fearless, full of dignity and dash, when seen at the early age of twenty-five—viz., in 1862—by Captains Speke and Grant. He had not then been long on the throne. He had been chosen by the chiefs of Uganda from among forty or fifty brothers, the sons of King Sunna, and his career fully justified the wisdom of his selection. In the "Journal" we have a most amusing account of the struggles made by the young monarch to safeguard his dignity, and at the same time gratify his curiosity during Speke's visit. The efforts made by the explorer to have himself recognized as standing on a footing of equality with the king, and the skilful persistency with which Mtésa evaded his demands, and also succeeded in retaining Speke at his court, is a comical proof of the success with which the arts of diplomacy may be cultivated among even the most primitive peoples. The talents which Mtésa unfolded in his intercourse with Speke appear to have become fully developed in succeeding years. Though apparently a despotic and frequently cruel ruler, he acted under the control of his ministry, and exerted, by diplomacy or force, a paramount influence over all the States on his borders and around the shores of his Lake. He had a large army at his command—a hundred and twenty-five thousand fighting men, according to Stanley; and he appears to have found constant occupation for these outside his own territories, for almost every traveller who has visited Uganda has found Mtésa's forces engaged in expeditionary operations against some of his rival neighbors or recalcitrant feudatories. Like most African monarchs, he placed little or no value on human life. Speke declared that during his residence in Mtésa's palace, he witnessed almost every day one, two, or three of the wretched palace-women led past with heartrending cries to instant death; and

the executioner was one of the great officers of state, as seems usual in African courts. On the other hand, Mtésa appeared to be easily accessible to appeals for mercy, and readily granted to Captain Speke the life of one of his courtiers who had been ordered for execution, thinking that the matter was so trivial a one as not to be worth disobliging a distinguished stranger for. A free exercise of his power to inflict death was, in Mtésa's estimation, necessary to the maintenance of his dignity; besides, it was the traditional custom of his country; and, by way of impressing his importance on Colonel Long, he had some thirty of his subjects killed on the occasion of that traveller's first visit to his palace, while a smaller number was sacrificed at each of his successive receptions.

At the time of Speke's visit, Mtésa's religion was the ordinary paganism of the country; and he had a profound belief in witchcraft and magic. Every article presented to the king had previously to be touched by some of the witch-doctors of his court, in order that all possible harm from poison or magic might be removed from it; but by the time that Stanley visited Uganda, the king and his court had adopted a corrupt species of Mohammedanism which had been picked up from the Arab traders of the east coast. King Mtésa, however, certainly never possessed more than the merest smattering of the faith of Islam, which supplemented rather than superseded his former beliefs; and down to his latest days the witch-doctors and witch-priestesses played an important part in all court ceremonials. Mr. Stanley claims credit for having made a convert to Christianity of Mtésa. He took some pains to explain its leading doctrines to the king, who listened attentively, and received its truths in an unquestioning spirit, according to his teacher; but though he made a formal profession of his belief in the superiority of Christianity to Islamism, he cannot be said in practice to have shown any grasp or appreciation of the doctrines of the Gospel, or to have abandoned his belief in his early paganism. When we contrast the accounts which Stanley gives of his conversations on religious matters with Mtésa, with

the unvarnished but striking narrative of Speke, we cannot forbear the suspicion that the former has allowed his prepossessions and imagination to give, perhaps unconsciously, a color to his facts; and even Stanley himself was forced to admit that when the chances of war placed his enemies in Mtésa's hands, the precepts of Christianity had little influence in restraining him from exercising the natural barbarity of the African conquerer. Yet Mtésa personally was not cruel: his dignity as King of Uganda, and the maintenance of his prestige among his neighbors of the Lake country, required such manifestations of his power as would strike terror into the hearts of his enemies and subjects.

All travellers who have made Mtésa's acquaintance agree in assuring us that he was a great ruler, and possessed of personal qualities which raised him far above the level of the ordinary African despot. He had none of the fierce brutality of Theodore, the late *Negus* of Abyssinia; and no one who knew his character would for a moment compare him with such bloated tyrants as Cetewayo, or with the savage kings with whom we have been brought into contact in western Africa. Considering his isolated position, he exercised greater power and showed higher administrative qualities than any of these; and all over the wide Nyanza country the tribes feared his name and power quite as much as the name and power of the first Napoleon were feared, eighty years ago, throughout the European States. He was an African Louis XIV. in his observance of all those formalities and minutiae which fence in the person of a king, and keep him clearly separated from the common herd. He upheld his popularity, and the rigorous etiquette of the court of Uganda—accounted a most brilliant one throughout equatorial Africa—with the firmness and decorum which in the early days of his reign so greatly impressed Captain Speke. It was an every-day occurrence that from one to two hundred generals, with little armies of their followers, attended his receptions at the palace in levee costume; and several hundred women, the pick of equatorial African beauty, daily waited at the "drawing-room" parties held by

the king. Each and every one present, from the commander-in-chief to the page of ten years old, was dressed with scrupulous neatness on these occasions; and though the alterations in court costume which were carried out in Mtésa's later years deprived these ceremonials of the primitive dignity which characterized them in the days of Speke and Grant, the innovations appear to have been accepted by the people as great marks of progress and evidences of the increased wisdom and power of the monarch. Explorers are all agreed as to the element of personal dignity which Mtésa threw into the discharge of his duties, which, to those who had as keen a sense of the ludicrous as Captain Speke was possessed of, was sometimes very amusing.

"The king's gait in retiring," says Captain Speke, "was intended to be very majestic, but did not succeed in conveying to me that impression. It was the traditional walk of his race, founded on the step of the lion; but the outward sweep of the legs, intended to represent the stride of the noble beast, appeared to me only to realize a very ludicrous kind of waddle, which made me ask Bombay if anything serious was the matter with the royal person."

Stanley found him to be "a tall, clean-faced, large-eyed, nervous-looking man, clad in a tarbush black robe, with a white shirt belted with gold;" and greater familiarity with Europeans had rendered him less exacting in insisting upon homage from them than he had been with Speke—the first white man whom he had ever seen. His imperiousness, however, with regard to his own power, remained undiminished. A comparison of the accounts given of the kingdom of Uganda by Speke with those of Stanley, lead to the conclusion that the twelve or thirteen years that had intervened between their two visits had been actively employed by Mtésa in consolidating his power and extending his dominion. In addition to his 125,000 soldiers the king was able to put upon the Victoria Nyanza a fleet of 500 war-canoes, capable of floating a force of from sixteen to twenty thousand men. If we roughly multiply these figures by ten, we may estimate the population over which Mtésa had supreme power at a million of souls. His territory extended twenty to fifty miles inland from the lake; and he levied tribute and acknowl-

edgments of supremacy far beyond these limits. So that this king, at whom the world has only been able to obtain infrequent though interesting glances, was no insignificant chieftain, when we reflect that he reigned over so large a proportion of the population of the globe.

The name of Mtésa will be remembered more in connection with the history of African exploration than with reference to his wars and conquests; although, rather by accident than intentionally, he has done more service to the cause of African exploration than any other prince of the interior. He, like his father, had *invited* strangers from the south to enter his country, provided they had sufficient property to barter with; but from the Egyptian side of Uganda the route was closed, and trade there was none, till, after much persuasion from Speke, he opened the way between Zanzibar and Egypt—for Mtésa held the golden key of this line—and we thus have learned the source and course of the Nile through him and him alone. After he had made the acquaintance of Speke and Grant, he never ceased to render assistance to white travellers—most notably to Baker and Stanley, who have frankly acknowledged his services in their works; and throughout the tribes of his Lake country Europeans have never had to invoke the name and influence of Mtésa in vain. Not a single European has been killed in his kingdom before or since 1862, when he first had the acuteness to make friends with the English. He tolerated and befriended missionaries of all sects; he sent an embassy to Queen Victoria; and, above all, he trained his people by rigid discipline to respect his guests, and to obey his government. A remarkable man, whose natural abilities, though of the most primitive and barbaric order, were sufficiently striking and strong enough to attract the regard of nineteenth-century civilization!

We have yet to learn how Mtésa's death befell. Was he murdered? Did he die in battle? We think neither. It is more probable that he died from a malady which has afflicted him for the past ten years—a malady which Mr. Felkin, the physician who attended him a few years ago, has told us he might have cured without danger had the

chieftains permitted him to make an operation. Africans are known to submit to amputations and incisions when performed by one of their own race; yet in this case the chiefs did not accept Mr. Felkin's advice, and preferred to allow their king to linger in pain, lose his nerve, and die from a malady which European skill would in all probability have overcome. The chiefs, however, must be absolved from blame; they knew no better, and they loved their king dearly.

With the disappearance of the most interesting of African monarchs, the

question arises upon whose shoulders the royal mantle of Uganda is to fall. As to his successor we have no information; and can only hope that the chiefs will show as much discrimination as when they chose Mtésa for their ruler. The future of the interesting country of the African lakes, the prosecution of further exploration, the opening up of Central Africa to commerce, the establishment of civilized institutions, and it may be of colonial enterprise, are all largely bound up in the character of the ruler who is to come after King Mtésa.  
—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

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POETS, PHILOSOPHERS, AND POLITICS.

THE question has recently been raised whether men of high intelligence are, on the whole, upon the Conservative or the Liberal side in politics. The problem is one of those which may be strongly commended to debating societies. It gives an admirable opportunity for mutual denunciation and for one-sided self exaltation. But, as generally discussed, it implies an assumption which collapses in the outside world. A youthful enthusiast may hold that in politics, as in science, all the truth is on one side; that Whig and Tory accept opposite and incompatible alternatives. So that it would be as impossible to discover any common ground as to hold with the too tolerant youth that the sun sometimes goes round the earth and the earth sometimes round the sun. It does not take much experience to discover that political parties do not thus represent light and darkness, truth and falsehood. The wheat and the tares are not so clearly separated in this world. A writer of a startling article or the orator at a popular meeting may be pardoned for occasionally assuming that his antagonists are necessarily fools or knaves. He will agree in his calmer moments that his adversaries are often very good fellows with a good deal to say for themselves; he is often inclined to admit that his greatest stumbling-block is the stupidity of those who agree with him, and feels that while it is a political necessity to belong to a party it is a philosophical absurdity to suppose that any party can have a monopoly of truth.

It would be a misfortune if all men of intellect were on one side; for it is eminently desirable that the higher principles of every party should be adequately represented. Till we know what a man of genius can say for any theory we do not know its real principle of vitality; and most certainly it would be idle to expect any such one-sided distribution of talent. Men of genius are even more liable than others to some of the irrational prejudices which go to decide a man's judgment of immediate party issues. A man of strong imagination is fascinated, like Scott, by the charms of imposing historical association. A sanguine temperament predisposes the man of genius to the belief in a speedy millennium; or a morbid sensibility makes him shrink from the coarser elements of political agitation. Place a poet or philosopher in the slums of a great city; force upon him at every turn the misery and vice of a degraded population; and he is not less, but more, likely than his obtuser neighbors to plunge into some extravagant form of revolutionary Nihilism. Let him live, on the contrary, like M. Renan, in some wholesome stratum of society, living morally and happily in the light of its antiquated remains, and it is probable enough that he will be unable to follow M. Renan in abandoning doctrines which are associated with such beneficent conditions simply because they are false; that he will shrink even from needed reform, and show his genius by discovering arguments for the indefensible.



But besides this, the man of genius is apt, by reason of his originality, to let his mind work upon lines which will not fit into any party platform. To him, the ordinary man seems to be blundering into inconsistent theories, to be fussy about mere externals which have nothing to do with the essence of the matter, and to be blindly aiming at results which defeat his own desires. To the ordinary man, on the contrary, the man of genius seems to be losing himself in subtleties of theory, and very probably to be a deserter in practice. Take two or three of the men of genius who have addressed themselves most powerfully to political questions. Swift, according to the vulgar opinion, was a "rat," guilty of selfish tergiversation for personal motives. Others have thought—and, as we hold, more justly—that, though biassed by personal motives, he was thoroughly consistent. Was he Whig or Tory? asks the average politician. The answer is, Neither. He was a pessimist; a man too thoroughly convinced of the vice and misery of his species to care for their superficial party distinctions. Whigs and Tories, according to him, were equally corrupt and contemptible. He was a Tory in Church matters, because he thought that men were too great fools to be allowed to have religious opinions. They should take what was given them by authority. He was a Whig, or rather a Radical, of the bitterest kind, in so far as he held that kings and rulers generally were corrupt, selfish, and oppressive, and the source of most of the gravest evils from which mankind suffered. The party shibboleths meant for him superficial cant designed to catch fools, and persuade them to put Walpole in the place of Bolingbroke or *vice versâ*, but of no real bearing upon the essential evils. Carlyle, who in some ways has a certain resemblance to Swift, took an equally ambiguous ground. "The man they call Dizzy" was, he thought as much a charlatan as his great rival, but not more so. Carlyle was the most thorough-going of Radicals, in so far as he thought that the one great question of the day was the degradation of the lower social strata, and was prepared to welcome the most drastic remedies. But he was clearly an "anti-Radical," if not a normal Conservative, in so far as he held that all such remedies as ballot and

suffrage were puerile absurdities, and that the only road to salvation lay through the advent of some Cromwell or Frederick. Or to take a very different case, Burke is the very ideal of the political philosopher applying his doctrines to practice. No man, again, could be more consistent in his theories, or appear more unfaithful to the ordinary mind. Seen from Tom Paine's point of view, he was a Tory, because he utterly repudiated the abstract doctrines of Rousseau and the evolutionists. Seen from the point of view of George III. and the good old Tories, he was a Whig, because he was diametrically opposed to the tyrannical methods in Ireland, America, India, or England. Clear as it is to any one who will read his works that the principles which guided him were throughout identical, few people will even now take the trouble to raise themselves sufficiently above the mere party questions of the time to appreciate his teaching. The man of genius, in Carlyle's favorite phrase, is the man who "swallows formulas;" who therefore cannot answer by a direct yes or no to the doctrines of party managers, but raises a previous question, and declares that the whole problem requires restatement. It is no wonder if it is difficult to classify him. He belongs rightfully to a different sphere, and we do not know what to make of him on common ground. In one sense, undoubtedly, men of intellect are on the Liberal side by natural affinity; for strength of intellect and width of sympathy predispose a man to movement and to progress. But when these generalities have to be interpreted in terms of particular measures, so many opposing considerations come in that we can no longer speak with confidence. Every great man helps on the general intellectual movement, even in spite of himself; but we cannot argue from the mere fact of his genius to the view which he will take of a proposal for extending the suffrage or allowing the marriage of a deceased wife's sister. And, in a sense, we may admit that a man of genius has a tendency to some Conservative beliefs in so far as his wider range of thought is likely to increase his perception of the importance of historical continuity and of the degree in which the present is always rooted in the past. The last new

crotchet is not likely to impose itself upon him as a new revelation, and to enlist him as a fanatical supporter. Properly speaking, he should look at the world from an exalted point of view from which the little struggles of the immediate party

warfare lose something of their importance. And yet it may be doubted whether he is often what he ought "properly speaking" to be, and is not often as boisterous and prejudiced as the rest of us. —*Pall Mall Gazette*.

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### TAMZIN'S CHOICE.

BY ESMÉ STUART.

It was an awful night by sea and land; all the day long a fierce north-wester had swept across the Atlantic, driving the waves before it with angry fury, till at last, checked in their wild course, they roared and broke in columns of foam on the bare and savage cliffs of North Cornwall. Trevenna, which, unlike many of the villages on that coast, does not nestle down in a valley between the rocks, but lies exposed on a bleak headland, felt the full sweep of the storm.

Some ten minutes' walk from the village lay the Port, a singular haven; for, besides a huge rock in its very midst, it was lined with boulders, while the few fishermen's boats that belonged to the place were hauled on to a sort of shelf half-way up the cliff. There was no such thing as pushing off a boat at Trevenna, it could only be let down by a windlass from the rocky ledge at high tide.

Leaving the Port behind us, a very steep, stony road leads to the village, and in the first cottage on the edge of the tableland lived the prettiest girl in Trevenna, gifted with that beauty which can at times be found in Cornwall, reminding one that the coast population has had many a foreign intermixture of blood, which has left a still unobliterated trace on the inhabitants.

Tamzin Richards was an only child, and her parents, no wiser than parents usually are, doted on the girl and spoiled her unsparingly. Now the evil was done, Tamzin always took her own way and heeded nothing that was said to her. A strong self-will had this Cornish maiden; born within sound of those wind-tossed waves, the very freedom of the elements had found a resting-place in the nature that could be but

seldom led and never driven. Quick of wit she was, and of temper, perfect in health, in figure, and in feature, brown and tanned it is true, but that suited the dark shining eyes, and the crisp curly hair that clustered round her small head.

Old Richards had once been a sailor, but having met with an accident he had set up a small shop—that is, he had filled his cottage window with various bottles and articles of value in a fishing village, and had turned tradesman.

Tamzin scorned the shop and allowed her father to do the counter-work. There was that in the girl's nature that despised anything so safe and free from danger as shopkeeping. Still she was glad enough to spend the profits on her person, and many a gay knot of ribbon that went to adorn the little brown neck was cut by Tamzin's fingers from the store in the one box which contained the vanities of old Richards's shelves.

At the back of the shop was the real sitting-room of the family—a low chamber looking out toward the cliffs, with its small latticed windows deeply set in the thick masonry, otherwise they could not have long withstood the winter storms.

Old Richards's face was bright and handsome—evidently Tamzin took after her father; while her mother, who was almost a nonentity, except as far as she was bound up in her daughter, was certainly not distinguished by any personal beauty, and this evening she sat knitting in a corner of the fireplace, every now and then looking out of the window from which Tamzin had drawn back the curtain, shaking her head at the weather in a kind of deprecating manner as much as to intimate a gentle remonstrance with the elements. The talk of the three

might have been a little difficult to catch for any one unaccustomed to the accent, and for the sake of lucidity we will spare the reader the real dialect, which ran somewhat like this—

"Ay, it's a fearfu' night, Tamzin. I've a fancy Jahn Kernick won't be a-comin' to-night, az time be taaken oop elsewhere," said Mrs. Richards.

"You might 'ave said, mother, he'd been afraaid to have com'en out at night, it laik'd but thicky to the tale. Shall I go and axen him az reason?" answered Tamzin scornfully.

"I never'n said as he laik'd courage, Tamzin; but it's an awfu' night. Looken at the keendle-teening, child."

Tamzin and her father both cast their eyes toward the guttering candle, the former with half a smile of scorn, but the latter with a graver look on his face.

"Keendle-teening is a bad sign, child," he said solemnly; "it's a sign of folks in trouble and spirits a-knock-ing about a place; when they once begin theirn games they won't laive mun alone at all."

"Jahn Kernick is not a man to be affrighted at nothing," said Tamzin, but her voice was not so assured as before, and she got up and went into the dark shop whose window looked into the village street.

Nothing was to be seen but one or two twinkling lights down the village; and the roar of the wind as it howled up from the Port was almost terrible to hear, even though the girl felt safe enough in her own home.

"John Kernick *will* come," she said to herself slowly; "he said he would. He won't think much of walking from Port Gavorne; even if it were worse than this he wouldn't." At this moment there was a knock at the door, a knock which most likely would not have been so easily heard if Tamzin had not happened to be in the front room. The warm blood rushed to the girl's cheek, but suddenly forsook it again, as she murmured:

"That's not John Kernick's knock; he makes a noise one can hear when he comes."

With agile fingers Tamzin unfastened the door and opened it carefully, asking in her quick and not very musical voice—

"Who's there?"

"Don't you know, Tamzin?" answered a man's voice, as, not waiting for a further invitation, he stepped in and shut the door; and so doing he came in contact with Tamzin's fingers as if quite by chance, and suddenly grasped them and held them tight.

"Have done, Pascho Fuge," said Tamzin quickly, and this time in a low voice. "Can't a girl shut the door without having her fingers squeezed to death?"

"I meant no harm, Tamzin," said the voice in a far softer accent than Tamzin's. There was almost a pleading tone in the few words, which any woman would have noticed; and which Tamzin, not being less clever than the usual run of her sex, certainly heard though she would not heed it.

"Who is it?" called out old Richards from the inner room; and Pascho was forced to go forward, thus losing all chance of any more private conversation with Tamzin.

"You bring a mighty rush of air with you, Pascho," said Mrs. Richards, greeting him in the way we speak to people we see very often—that is, without troubling them with much inquiry about themselves. "I was saying to Tamzin what a bad night it was; and there's signs about, that there is."

"Ay, that there is," answered Pascho, sitting down in a chair Tamzin carelessly brought forward for him. "It's a roughish night, but I've seen worse ones though, Mrs. Richards."

All the time Pascho was speaking he kept turning round slowly in his chair so as to catch a better view of Tamzin, for that young woman had perversely placed herself just behind him. Pascho was a big, fair man, with a red beard, and soft mild blue eyes, with a far-away look in them. Though his size was formidable, the expression of his face was as gentle as a child's. Some might have called him "a bit sheepish," when they saw him, as at this moment, sitting in the same room as Tamzin and breathing the same air. But Pascho was not at all sheepish in reality, not one of the quarrymen could excel him in pluck when there was need for it, nor could any keep a cooler head or steadier hand when being let down the face of those

terrible slate quarries almost overhanging the sea, in which he was now at work. Many a time had Pascho received a cheer from his fellow-workmen for some feat of extra boldness, performed with that quiet meek look on his face.

"He's brave, and no mistake," Tamzin had once said, "but I wish he looked it more. He's not like John Kernick—he's brave and looks it, every inch of him."

"What were you saying about signs, my son?" asked Richards, rubbing his knees and looking at the quarryman with interest; the mysterious and the terrible had a strange fascination for the old seaman. Even Tamzin now deigned to come forward, so that the light fell on her face, and her dark lustrous eyes looked up into Pascho's face with real interest.

"Is it a sign you've seen, Pascho Fuge?" she asked.

"Yes," he said slowly, "it's I that have seen it—the Dead Hand. He paused, and the effect on his hearers was as thrilling as he could expect. Tamzin's eyes dilated visibly, while Mrs. Richards shuddered.

"Are you sure of that, Pascho? It's an evil sign," said the old woman.

"Just as I was coming down the quarry this afternoon I looked up a minute and I saw in front of me a hand—a right hand—it was nothing more, grasping the rungs of the ladder I had let go; it followed me all the way down, holding our miner's light between its thumb and finger, and, as sure as my name is Pascho Fuge, that light was bright enough to guide me down to the very bottom."

"What do the miner-folk say it means?" asked Tamzin, almost softly. Pascho noted the tone, and would willingly, had he dared, have grasped her hand again and covered it with kisses, because she had spoken gently to him.

"I'm not great at meanings, Tamzin," he said laughing; "some folks say it brings harm to the man who sees it, but my father saw it twice, and died in his bed as quiet as any one. It's my belief it depends on people's eyes; some have a power of sight in their eyes, while others have most none, except just enough to lead 'em to put the victuals in their mouths."

"I expect it is," said Tamzin, look-

ing for the first time straight into Pascho's blue orbs. "Your eyes have a look as if they saw a heap more nor most people's, Pascho."

"And so they do," said Pascho; and then softly, so that in the din of the wind only Tamzin heard, he continued, "they always see you, Tamzin, afore them day and night; in the quarry and out of it, they see your loving face and your eyes. There isn't another as has your eyes in Trevenna, Tamzin."

"My cousin Sabrina has my eyes, folks say, just the same pair over again," and Tamzin laughed merrily so that every feature was lighted up by her radiant smile, and seemed to intimate by their expression that folks might say so, but Sabrina could not really be compared with her. Pascho thought just the same; poor fellow! if he had but been the only one to think so.

"Sabrina is not fit to hold a rushlight to you, Tamzin."

The rushlight brought back the idea of the candle, and the candle the thought of the light held by the Dead Hand. Tamzin looked grave a little; she was even going to say something pleasant, or so it seemed from the look on her face, when a loud knock was heard. This time there was no mistaking the sound, and Tamzin jumped up quickly.

"It's John Kernick!" she exclaimed, regardless of Pascho's presence; "didn't I say he would come, mother?" In a moment she was in the front room without waiting for an answer, and without seeing the look of pain which passed over Pascho's face. What business, he thought, had John Kernick to come courting all the way from Port Gavorne—weren't there any girls there and at Port Isaac for him?

Poor Pascho rose and muttered a kind of good-night, even though the old folk both bade him bide a bit, but all the time he was saying to himself, "No, John Kernick is right; there isn't another like Tamzin, and I would walk a heap of miles more than he does to see her, but I just happen to live two doors off, so she doesn't take no heed of my love."

By this time Tamzin had opened the door, and a loud hearty voice pealed out above the noise of the elements.



"Here I am, Tamzin; I wager you didn't expect me this rough night. Tregeagle is howling himself hoarse over the moor, every demon must be after him."

"I knew you would come," said Tamzin; and by the tone of her voice one could make sure that she tossed her head, even though it was dark. Then by a certain little scuffle on John's part, one could guess that he also tried to come into close proximity with Tamzin.

It was just at that moment that Pascho slipped by them and went out with a terrible feeling at his heart and a low murmur on his lips.

"It comes of living two doors off," were his words, as he let himself into his own cottage, where he lived with an old mother and a sister. "Ay, sure enough, it all comes o' that."

#### CHAPTER II.

IF Pascho thought sadly, not to say jealously, of his rival that night, he would have been comforted had he seen that that self-willed beauty, Tamzin, did not allow the sailor to be more familiar with her than he had been. If a woman has two lovers, it is by no means always easy to tell which she prefers; on the other hand, if an outsider had been asked to settle the question after looking at the two men, on first thoughts, or without thought, no doubt he would have given the preference to the one who now settled himself down comfortably by the Richards's fireside, but in such a way as to see Tamzin's face.

John Kernick was tall, strong, and manly, with the jollity belonging to his calling, and with a certain daring devil-may-care courage which always has a charm for women. He owned a small vessel which was usually employed in carrying slate from Port Gavorne to various destinations, but he had other business as well, and did a little honest trading on his own account, and now and then a little trading that would not bear the adjective honest before it.

Coming one summer day into Trevena Port, he had caught sight of Tamzin Richards, and from that minute John Kernick determined to make her his wife. But he soon found that there are two people in this bargain, and Tamzin was not the girl to be won in an

hour; besides, Pascho Fuge was first in the field—he had loved her from childhood, and every one in the village knew he was "sweet on Tamzin." What did this matter, however, to the bold sailor? He felt sure of success, and knew that Tamzin was by no means insensible to his charms—what girl could be? But this girl was superior to any he had ever seen.

He had walked over this very evening to show her that for her sake he could brave the elements with ease, nay pleasure.

"Tamzin said you would come, Cap'en Kernick, and she was right enough."

"I'm sure I didn't care, mother," retorted Tamzin hotly.

"It isn't many as would have come this night," said John contentedly, "and that's the truth."

"I always thinks on Tregeagle on such a night as this," said old Richards, as if he were thinking of a personal friend.

"That's what I said to myself as I came along," replied John, nodding toward Tamzin. "Tregeagle himself couldn't have kept on at his work such a night. They tells that story different in some parts, though, cap'en; let's hear how you put it."

Old Richards loved to tell his stories, and was not at all loath to begin; not, indeed, the whole story, but the bit he knew best.

"I've often told it Tamzin when she were young," he began, by way of prelude, "about how Tregeagle came to *zaizes* (assizes), haven't I, Tamzin?"

"Well, let's hear it now, cap'en," said John encouragingly, for while the old man talked he could smoke his pipe and stare unreprieved at Tamzin.

"There was no doubt at all that Tregeagle was a doomed man afore his death; every one agrees as to his awful wickedness, and that he regularly sold his soul to the Devil."

"Ay, ay," assented John, and Mrs. Richards shook her head sadly, as if she mourned still over Tregeagle's evil deeds.

"Well, at the *zaizes*, long after he was dead, there was a knotty point about some deeds. I don't rightly understand that part of the business, but the judge

was just about to give a wrong judgment, when the man that it was going agen cried, "Hold, my lord, I have another witness!" and then up the steps of the box folks heard a sort of a rattling noise, as if bones were being all jumbled up loose like, and up stepped Tregeagle himself. They couldn't get him to kiss the Book, but he swore on the Devil quick enough, and the judge took that evidence and settled the matter. It were all along of Tregeagle's evil deeds when he were alive it come about, so who better could settle it?"

"Why, no one, of course," said John.

"That's what I say; but then came the question how was they to get him to go away again, for he stuck in the witness-box and would not budge. The judge was no good, and it took a sight of ministers to move him."

It was the ministers as set him to work after that," said John, "on emptying Dosmery Pool with a broken limpet shell, and it seems to me they must have taken a leaf out o' some one else's book."

"For shame!" said Tamzin; "it all comes of your being a Methody, John, or you would not say such things. Our minister is as good a gentleman as you could wish to see."

"Dosmery Pool can't be emptied, that's my belief," said Richards; "and Tregeagle must have been sore tired of his job, for the Devil kept an eye on him the whole time lest he should leave off work, as then he would be in his power again. At last one night Tregeagle couldn't stand the howl of the wind and the beating of the rain across the moor, and he regular took to flight, and after him went the Devil and all his crew, and very nearly they caught him too, but he see'd Roach Rock with the chapel on it afore him, and he rushed up to it and dashed his head right through the east window, and that saved him."

"It's an awful story," said Mrs. Richards, shuddering, for although Tregeagle was a creature of almost mythical ages it made no difference to the two story-tellers, nor indeed to the audience. The women felt that, for all they knew to the contrary, these terrible blasts of

wind were the disappointed howls of Tregeagle as he wove ropes of sand on the lonely shore, and Tamzin drew closer to the fire as she heard again the old story which had caused her the few fears she had ever experienced.

"You are very brave, John Kernick," said the girl when he paused; "it isn't many that would have walked from Port Isaac on such a night as this," and she sighed, thinking of some thing she would not say.

"There's many a one would do it if he was to see your face at t'other end, Tamzin," said John, with a broad smile. "I wager you could tell me of another as would do as much."

John was well acquainted with the quarryman's devotion to Tamzin, a devotion which had grown up with him, and which even the neighbors spoke of as a thing every one knew. For this very reason, perhaps, Tamzin turned a deaf ear to Pascho's words. She never said him really nay, but always put him off with the plea that she was too young to marry or to know her own mind. Tamzin's parents let her please herself: indeed, she would have done so even if they had interfered, and, like wise people, they made a virtue of necessity.

"My girl has got to live with a husband all her life, just as me and Thomas have lived, so it's no but fair she should chose him for herself; not but that we like Pascho best, a kind o' mild man that will never get into trouble with the minister, and has plenty o' speerit when it's wanted, but is not always a showing it off in fair weather."

Tamzin was a very reserved maiden, and no one could make out what she really thought about the matter, but the neighbors said she ought to take Pascho, he that had worked and waited for her from his birth up. They even told Pascho so; but with a smile he would shake his head and say—

"Tamzin ain't like other girls; she's a deal of spirit and a big heart; but she must choose her own mate. She ought to know as I am ready to work and wait for her till she gives the word; but I'm not the man to make her take me and then repent herself afterward."

If only Pascho hadn't had that meek, patient, waiting spirit, and had told Tamzin she must choose once for all,

what might he not have gained? But no, the big, burly, soft-hearted quarryman was not one to win a woman by storm; and sometimes women do not understand patience.

Supper soon followed the story of Tregagle's labors, and every one forgot him in the business of eating, except when now and then a blast more furious than usual howled round the caves.

"God save them at sea!" said old Richards reverently. "There's plenty of our men that choose this sort o' night for their own bit o' trade, and sometimes we never hear of them again. There's Carlyon now has taken a run to Bristol; it's to be hoped he ain't a making his way back to-night."

"There's more chance of his landing his merchandise if he is," said John meditatively, "for those spying Government fellows won't like putting their noses out o' doors much to-night. I passed one when I come along as could barely keep his flesh from blowing off his bones; and what with his great hat and his bit of a light, he looked like the Lady with her lantern as they see round St. Ives Bay."

At this moment there was a knock at the door, and Tamzin and her mother started. John laughed out loud. "I'll go, missus, and open the door; that is, if Tamzin will come and show me a light."

Tamzin was by no means loath, and the two went into the front room and undid the bolts. It was only a neighbor, who wanted a pennyworth of peppermint. Tamzin gave the required drops, and the customer departing, she found John did not mean her to return to the fireside at once.

"Look here, Tamzin," he said, taking her hand, "what do you think I came all the way from Port Gavorne for to-night?"

"I don't know," said Tamzin blushing. John laughed.

"Bless my soul, Tamzin, I declare women are that queer there's no keeping up with them. Don't you know I came to get your promise? I'll just marry you off in the spring, and get a cottage down at Port Isaac, and you'll be the prettiest sailor's wife for miles round. You've just got to say 'Yes,' and the thing's done."

"Oh, but, John, I can't say 'Yes,'" said Tamzin, half smiling. "It will break Pascho's heart—him as has known me ever since we was children."

"Break his heart! Why, Tamzin, Pascho Fuge's heart ain't made of chaney. He that wins wears, and he's had an uncommon long time to win you, and seems but a poor hand at it."

There flashed into Tamzin's mind the many acts of devotion shown to her by Pascho; his unfailing kindness, his earnest love, his gentle heart. Once he had sat up for many nights to nurse her father, though all the time he had to work hard by day. Truly he had wooed his love; it was only her vanity that had prevented his winning before John had come on the scene, and the greater boldness of the sailor had made her forget Pascho's unwearying devotion.

All this time John Kernick had hold of Tamzin's hand, and was gradually bringing it into close proximity with his lips. Tamzin remembered that Pascho had tried to do the same, and she had drawn away her hand; but now it was passive, nay powerless, in John's grasp.

"It's the sweetest of hands, Tamzin, but none so sweet as your lips," and he made a successful raid in that direction.

"Don't!" said Tamzin, ready to cry because she felt so powerless, and because something told her she was going to yield and say "Yes." "Indeed, John, I can't make up my mind. There's a deal I owe to Pascho, and he loves me so much."

"And don't I, too, Tamzin?"

"Yes, but perhaps you'd get tired of me. Tell me, John, am I the first girl as you've loved?"

"I never loved none like you, Tamzin."

"But you've loved others, and Pascho—"

"Have done with Pascho," said John, angrily. "Look here, Tamzin, as I told you afore, it ain't every man as would have taken such a walk just to see a girl; but I've done it, and I'd do it again and again just to catch a sight o' your face. But it's going to be 'Yes' or 'No' between you and me to-night. Come, my beauty, say 'Yes,' and we'll be married as soon as ever the spring comes round, and then—" The very thought made John put one

arm round Tamzin's waist, while with the other he raised her head so that he could look into her face. There was such power, such passion in the touch, that Tamzin was cowed, almost frightened. What might he not do if she said "No?" Oh, he loved her, and she loved him—at least she was proud to be loved by him; a man whom all the girls set their caps at; the master of a vessel; a rich man, as men went about there. How could she hesitate?

"Come, Tamzin," he said, tightening his grasp, while he drew her closer to him, "say 'Yes,' and let's seal it with a kiss. It'll be the best night's work I've ever done."

"John, do leave me! I can't."

"Bless my soul! a woman's 'Yes' is hard to win. I'd rather run a boat-load of spirits ashore in the teeth of them Government chaps; it ain't half such a tough business. Tamzin, here's your last chance—Yes or No? If it's No, I won't answer for the consequences."

These terrible consequences held over Tamzin frightened her. She knew she had encouraged John, and if she had said him Nay she might never see him again; or he might be reckless and fling himself over the cliff on his way home, and she would have his death on her conscience.

"Oh, John, don't say that, please."

"Then it's Yes?"

"Yes," murmured Tamzin, faintly; and the word was followed by one of those kisses which frighten more than they please women like Tamzin. It meant such possession, such a lording it over other folks, and all her life the girl had prided herself on her independent spirit. There was a little sob as she disengaged herself from her lover's embrace, hearing sundry impatient calls from the other room; but in her mind floated the thought, "What will Pascho say? Poor Pascho!"

"Tamzin and me have agreed on it," said John, taking her hand as he proudly entered the sitting-room. "You've no objection, I hope, Cap'en Richards. John Kernick's wife will have as nice a house and as fine a dress as any in Port Isaac." Mrs. Richards looked up surprised and scared. John Kernick was not one of your quiet men at all.

"Dear me! Why, I thought you was

a-seeing about the shop, Tamzin. But there, one can never tell what girls may be a-doing. One thinks them busy over the counter, and they comes in plighted!"

Mrs. Richards talked somewhat at random, being so taken by surprise.

"I give thee joy of it," said Tamzin's father. "I allus thought as it would be Pascho; but there's no telling what a woman will do. The last one gets the best chance, like in a donkey race."

"Well, I must be starting back," said John, not listening much to the old folks. "I can't tell when I shall come again exactly. There's the minister's slate to be shipped here next week. But we must wait for fine weather and a good tide for that job; about next Tuesday maybe it will suit. I shall see thee then. It's a ticklish bit of work running a vessel into Trevenna Port. I often say I'd as lief run my craft twice into any other port along coast as once into Trevenna. Well, good-night, cap'en. You'll come and see me out, Tamzin."

Once more at the door, John thought it his duty to steal another of those kisses he knew but too well how to give, and Tamzin, frightened and subdued, ran away to bed to think out the terrible new fact that she had promised herself to John Kernick and that Pascho would hear of it on the morrow.

### CHAPTER III.

THREE days passed, and Tamzin had not seen either of her lovers. John was busy at Port Isaac, and Pascho was not likely to seek her out since the news had spread in the village that Tamzin Richards had at last made up her mind, and that John Kernick was the successful man.

What made it harder for Pascho to bear was that the neighbors put a tone of gentle pity into their conversation, trying so to sugar the bitter pill, but not succeeding very well.

"There's as good fish, Pascho, in the sea as ever came out of it," said one.

"I tell you plainly, my son, I would have wagered my silver watch as it would have been you; and so it would have been, if that there smart John Kernick hadn't stepped in."



"Tamzin's but a flighty maid," said another, trying to depreciate the prize; but none of these speeches comforted the quarryman as he trudged off to his work. His great big heart felt bursting. He knew that in spite of himself he had always hoped to win her, the Tamzin he had loved so long; and when he remembered her many kind words to him he felt that his hopes had not been altogether without foundation. It was so hard, so very, very hard, suddenly to resign all his love—to know he should never look into her beautiful eyes and call them his own, never touch that hand and say he would be faithful till death parted them.

Then he remembered the vision of the Dead Hand. Ah! that had brought him ill luck. Men said it was the hand of a miner who had committed suicide, and for a moment there came a temptation from the Devil to follow this example, but Pascho shook his big shoulders as if to cast out the thought, and said to himself—

"I'll be a man, anyhow, and bear it like a man. After all, if Tamzin can be happier with him it's best as it is."

On the Sunday, however, he met Tamzin at church. His seat there was just behind hers, and the girl never heard a word of the service from the time she was aware of his presence. Coming out he joined her as usual, and Tamzin felt thankful that John was safe at Port Isaac.

Tamzin's heart had been very heavy since that Wednesday night, but she was too proud to show it.

"Good-morning, Pascho," she said pleasantly.

"Good-morning, Tamzin; I hope you were none the worse for the storm. I hear the sailors talk of bad weather still to come."

The rest of the small congregation had dispersed before they spoke again, and then it was Tamzin who broke the silence.

"Won't you wish me joy, Pascho?" she said in a low voice—she wanted to get Pascho's reproaches over.

"Ay, that I do, Tamzin; you're not going to doubt that? I'd rather you was happy than myself. But I'll not deny that it's a sore trial."

"I never promised you nothing, Pascho."

"There's none that blames you, Tamzin, least of all myself. I know I'm not worthy of you. You're not like the common run o' women, while there's nothing but what's very ordinary about me; but all the same I would have loved you with no common love, Tamzin. There, I shouldn't speak so, I know; but a man can't change his heart, and mine has grown and grown every year a bit bigger for love of you."

"O Pascho, don't talk like that," said Tamzin miserably. "I couldn't help it."

"Well, we won't talk of it then, Tamzin; but you just understand that I wishes you all the joy a woman can have with a true man, and that's a deep kind o' joy—as deep as one of our quarries, as far as I'm a judge. Just to prove it to you, my dear, I'll do my best not to envy John Kernick. His vessel is coming to our quarry on Tuesday night if it's fine weather; but he'll take up his full load round Trevenna Port. I'm going in his boat round the point and into Trevenna, for the master says there's not a better hand at loading than myself on the works."

Tamzin was seized with a nervous dread. Suppose the two men should come to words, suppose they should fight about her: she would never forgive herself if kind, gentle Pascho was hurt all along of her. John Kernick was such a hasty-tempered man and not to be crossed, as she knew. Even now Tamzin felt her power over the man who had been faithful to her so long.

"Pascho, Pascho," she said, "promise me one thing; promise me that you'll have no words about me with John."

Pascho laughed, a bitter laugh for such a gentle man.

"You needn't fret yourself about that, Tamzin. John's yours now, and I sha'n't lay a finger on him, you can guess that without my promise."

And with this Tamzin had to be content, only when she parted from the quarryman she went and shut herself up in her room and sobbed bitterly.

"O Pascho, poor Pascho! if you would but forget me; but I know you won't."

On the Tuesday the weather was calm enough, and the slate loading was accomplished from the quarry overhanging

the sea without any very great difficulty. Pascho Fuge worked with a will, but every now and then he and the other men who were helping John Kernick on the vessel glanced at the sky and pointed out to each other certain strong indications of rough weather, saying there was mischief brewing.

John saw them too, but he would not heed them; he was bent on putting into Trevenna Port and seeing Tamzin as he had promised.

"The weather will hold out till tomorrow, and we can run her in before twelve o'clock to-night and load her," he said confidently. "We'll sail her round the point as soon as this job's over. There's grog waiting for you up Trevenna, boys, so work away."

John did not know that Pascho was to be the man to accompany him; he had bargained for a quarryman to help him load, and when the work was nearly done, he was by no means pleased to find the big Cornishman coming on board his vessel.

"Are you the chap that's going to help us, Pascho Fuge?" he said sulkily.

"Yes, cap'en; the master sent me," was the straightforward answer, which there was no gainsaying.

"You're not much of a hand with a vessel, I reckon," said John contemptuously; "it wants a deal of pluck and sharpness."

"I've been a quarryman most all my life, still I'm not quite ignorant about a boat," returned Pascho. "It wants a good head in our quarry, and a good head in one place is a good head in another."

"There's a nasty breeze getting up," said John crossly; "we'd better get her well out from among these rocks and lie to till it's time to run her into port. Heave ho, boys!"

It is wonderful in how short a time a storm rises on that coast. It takes but little wind to lash those seldom peaceful waves into fury as they dash against the rocks.

Tamzin could not stay quietly in doors this evening as the wind rose softly at first, then getting higher and higher till, as on the evening of her engagement, it howled like demons let loose. John's boat was to come in with the tide, and Pascho was in her. How

would they weather the storm, and would Pascho keep his promise?

"I'll not go to bed till I've news of them," said Tamzin decidedly to her parents. "It's going to be an awful night, and how will they get into any harbor? It were late afore they put off from West Delabole." To which Mrs. Richards answered:

"It's not fit for you to sit alone, Tamzin, but if you like you may get Sally Rogers to come and stop with you. I'm not going to stay up, I can tell you. I feels my rheumatism coming on."

So Widow Rogers came in when the old people retired to bed; not that they had any real fears about Tamzin; she could take care of herself as well as any woman for miles round, but it was as well to think of what people might say.

"They'll never try to run her in to-night," said Sally Rogers when she stepped in. She was quite a young woman and a friend of Tamzin's. The "her" was John Kernick's boat, and of course the widow took a special interest in Tamzin's "young man," having quite veered off from poor Pascho.

"John's very fearless," answered Tamzin, looking out anxiously at the driving clouds which swept rapidly across the moon. "If any man can save his vessel he'll do it—but there's Pascho on board with him."

"And what of that—do you expect broken heads, Tamzin? Faith! a man soon gets over a girl's leaving him; he'll expect better luck elsewhere." But Tamzin knew Pascho too well to expect him to get over it as easily as that.

"Come, shut to the door," said Widow Rogers, "and let's sit over the fire and chat."

But though Tamzin shut the door and came into the inner room with her friend, raking up the embers and setting a chair for her, she herself could not sit still, but walked slowly along the length of the two rooms in a fever of expectation.

"You don't think harm will come to them, Sally?" she asked, though Sally of course could know no better than herself.

"Harm! what harm can come to them? They'll keep off the rocks and

run into Padstow Port right enough, never fear."

"But I've heard John say how hard it is to keep off Trevenna rocks when the wind is dead agen you."

"How you do go on about your John, Tamzin! I never was so mindful of my poor Jacob, that's gone, afore I married him, and to tell the truth, I got to love him a deal better after we was married."

"That's not like me," said Tamzin quickly, standing up in all her height and beauty, while her cheeks flushed suddenly; "if I didn't feel all the love afore, I should just get to hate and fear a man afterward. A woman's but a poor slave at best; it wants a deal of love to balance the trouble."

"It's just woman's lot to slave for the men, and it ain't so bad, Tamzin, when one gets used to it; it's better than being pointed at as a girl unmated."

Tamzin shrugged her shoulders. Such weak sentiment met with no response in her breast; love might master her, but not this folly.

Suddenly borne along by the wind there came a distant noise, as if from the Port.

"Lord 'a' mercy!" cried Sally, "what's that? I'm sure it's Tregeagle at his tricks agen."

Tamzin shuddered. "No, it ain't, Sally," she replied, "it's a shouting down the Port way." And before many minutes a rush of footsteps past the door settled the question, as along the village street came the cry, "A vessel on the rocks!"

"Sally, it's John Kernick's boat, I know it is—something told me as there was mischief to come to-night. I must go down to the Port, I must."

"It's no fit place for a woman, girl; there'll be no standing down there agen this wind. Give it up—it'll soon end one way or another."

"Look here, Sally," said Tamzin, not heeding her words, "you stay here and keep a good fire up, and get blankets ready—you know what's wanted at these times, and I'll go down Port. Give me my jacket and my hood, and don't let them know up-stairs."

Nothing on earth could have kept Tamzin back—all her spirit was up.

She was no longer a weak girl, but a strong determined woman, whose whole soul was in that boat, and yet her thoughts were—

"John Kernick's safe enough, he can take care of hisself in any sea, but he'll leave Pascho, and there'll be no one knows as Pascho's aboard but me. I must go."

In a few moments she had prepared herself for the wind in a tight jacket and close hood, and opening the door she found herself out in a fierce storm of wind with occasional dashes of pelting rain, though the moon shone through the clouds at intervals so that at times the surrounding objects were plain enough.

All the men in the village were astir; the news ran like wild-fire that a vessel was on the rocks, and as they hurried down the steep path they conjectured where she was.

"She's sure to have foundered on the Island Rock," said one.

"No, on Barras Nose," said another.

"It'll go hard with her wherever it be," said a third. "Why, here's Tamzin. Lord, girl! it's not a night for you to be out; go back—go back!"

"I must come—I will come!" cried Tamzin, hurrying on; "nothing hurts me, and maybe it's my friends aboard."

Nimble feet on a fine day might make ten minutes' work of getting down to the Port, but to-night the wind was so strong that it was a hard matter for a woman to stand against it as it whirled up the narrow valley, seemingly bent on the destruction of everything that came in its way. But Tamzin thought of nothing but the end of her journey; she did not heed the loose stones that lay in her path, or the rain that now and again splashed against her face. As she approached the rocky landing-place, the scene that presented itself was indeed one of confusion. The narrow ledge was crowded with men, all shouting and gesticulating, some vainly trying to throw ropes to the ship across an awful chasm of boiling waves. For the vessel was not, as was naturally expected, stranded at the entrance of the Port, but in the Port itself on a rock that rises in the centre of the small cove, and on the summit of which a large wooden





the excitement at the Port was at its height.

"Pascho, Pascho!" shrieked his sister.

"You must save him," echoed Tamzin, who had now struggled to the edge, while John Kernick kept close by her side, his face lowering with an angry, vengeful look.

"There's another!" they cried; "a rope, a rope!" Battling, struggling, clinging to a mast, there, indeed, was another. It would have been impossible to recognize him had it not been for his light reddish hair. Yes, it must be Pascho; and Tamzin stretched out her arms toward the man she had wronged, as if she must be the one to rescue him.

"Save him!" again she cried; "he mustn't die!"

"You didn't take on so about me, Tamzin," said John Kernick angrily, as other hands, not his, flung a rope into the seething water. This unworthy jealousy exhibited at such a moment suddenly angered Tamzin; her soul rebelled against it. She did not know that John had spoken hard words to Pascho, and that there was ill-blood between them, though the miner had been true to his promise of keeping the peace. The drowning man seized the rope.

"Hold fast!" they cried, for a tremendous wave was driving in, and would certainly engulf him before they could pull him up. It passed, and spent itself against the rocky wall, and then all hands at once hoisted in the rope. This required great care, for Pascho could give but little help on his side; he had been longer fighting for life, and was more exhausted than the other two.

"Thank God!" said Tamzin, with a sob in her voice, as they drew him to the foot of the ledge, and now began pulling him up.

A terrible overwhelming feeling of jealousy suddenly seized John Kernick. He had been so proud of having won Tamzin, so elated over his superior powers of fascination, that now the Devil seemed to take possession of his soul when he heard *her* voice saying, "Thank God!" with that little sob of relief in it, for John was close to her side, and, without Tamzin knowing it, he had seized her wrist.

Now quick as lightning he loosened

his hold, drew out his clasp knife, and opening it, unperceived by the crowd, he stooped down and slashed at the rope, cutting it half through. Quickly it began to unwind, and heavier grew the weight it had to bear.

In another second the so-called accident was discovered. "The rope's cut agen the rocks!" cried the men in consternation. "Hold on a minute, Pascho Fuge! Pull gently, boys, and heave him another rope. It's all up with him if he falls."

At these words John Kernick's strong head reeled; he slunk out of the place he had made for himself, and once more was by Tamzin's side. She was trying to see what was going on, trying to hear the shout of rescue, when suddenly her wrist was again seized by her lover.

"Listen, Tamzin!" said John in a terrible voice; "do you hear me, girl? The rope's cut, and I did it! There's no hope for him now!"

Tamzin gave a little shriek, drowned, it is true, by the noise around her, but she wrenched away her hand.

"You've killed him, John Kernick! Let me go! I must save him, or die with him!"

John held her back by main force. "Hark, girl! it's too late; the rope's snapped. Curse me if you can!"

True enough, a low groan of disappointment and despair burst from the crowd, and some one near Tamzin said—

"Pascho Fuge is lost. The rope's cut, and he's fallen back into the sea. God have mercy on him! He was most nigh spent just now." Tamzin gazed wildly at John.

"You've murdered him, John Kernick!" she exclaimed. "Leave go of me! How dare you touch me? I never want to see you again!"

Heaven help the man thus seized with the terrible demon of jealousy! Heaven help him, indeed, when, having satisfied the feeling of revenge, he finds the fearful flood of remorse let in to drown his soul! John Kernick dashed away Tamzin's hand when he had led her from the edge of the rock, and then flinging himself up the slippery path leading over the hill, disappeared from sight.

For a few seconds the girl darted after

him, then paused and tried to remember where she was. At last, moaning and shivering like a child that has been hurt, she hurried along up the road to the village and to her home.

John had said so, and she knew it too—Pascho could not survive another immersion in that awful sea. What had she heard? Had John Kernick spoken rightly? Had *he* cut the rope that was Pascho's safety? Tamzin shuddered, but at that moment she made up her mind irrevocably—nothing should ever draw the awful secret from her lips. John seemed suddenly dead to her, and who would think of accusing a dead man of murder? Was he not already before his Judge?

Her tottering steps could make but little way, and in five minutes she had accomplished but a third of the distance. Still the wind howled, and still it bore to her ears the shouts from the Port. Then she heard behind her the sound of several footsteps hurrying in the same direction as herself. Even before she looked round she knew what it was, and shrank back under the cover of a projecting rock which overshadowed the path. Then in silence four men passed her, bearing between them a body decently covered with a sail.

"Tell me, is he dead?" she said hurriedly, coming out from her shelter, and touching one of the men with her hand.

The men started, for they had not seen her.

"Ay, ay, he's dead, poor fellow; there was no living any longer in that sea."

"Yes, *he* said so, and it is true," murmured Tamzin; but the men had passed on, walking swiftly and steadily with their burden, and Tamzin followed more slowly, and fancied she was going to the churchyard, and that she was Pascho's only mourner at his funeral.

"But I did love you, Pascho," she said to herself, "only I was vain and foolish. It was you as I cared for all along, Pascho, my dear; I know it now it's too late."

Before she reached her own home, the corpse and its bearers had disappeared, and when she knocked, and Sally Rogers, all excitement and eagerness,

opened the door, she saw a different Tamzin to the one who had gone out an hour or so before.

"Don't you ask me, Sally; I couldn't talk of it just now, but I will tell you one thing—there's many a sore heart in Trevenna to-night, but none so sore as mine."

"John Kernick's dead, then?" whispered Sally, awe-struck.

"Nay, nay, not John Kernick, but another," and thereupon she laid her head on the table, and seemed lost to all around her. Sally felt that Tamzin had seen something terrible; and though she longed to hear the details, she would not leave her friend or tease her with questions, but after awhile got her up-stairs and undressed her, and spoke simple comforting words to her—nay, even lay down by her for fear she should have "visions" of that dreadful scene, whatever it might have been, till at last when the storm abated Tamzin Richards, worn out mentally and bodily, fell into a troubled sleep.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Trevenna men, having completed their work of rescue, hurried to their homes again. These scenes were of too frequent occurrence to cause a great excitement, but in Pascho's house there was no going to bed that night; and John Kernick, as he walked unheeding over the high land that skirted the coast, seemed like Cain of old to defy the elements. Terrible is man's remorse, and so awful was it to John Kernick that he could not think of the lesser evil that had come upon him, though in a way he was all the while conscious of it. He had killed his rival—ay, and by his own words to Tamzin he had forever lost all chance of her love. Once he passed by the slate quarries, and had he not known every inch of the way he might have easily slipped over the black gulf which bordered the path. For a moment Kernick thought he would end life and his remorse by throwing himself down one of the black pits, but he dared not face death and eternity with this burden on his conscience, no, even though he now and then half fancied that he himself was the Tregeagle whose story he knew so well; surely his sins would find him out, and the Devil claim his soul if he died that night, just as he had claimed

Tregeagle's spirit at his death. It was morning before the wretched man came back, as it were, to his right senses. Looking around, he saw that he was not so very far from Trevenna. An irresistible desire once more to see Tamzin possessed him; he would again hear from her lips her hatred of him and of his deed, and then he would leave the country and go beyond seas.

But with the daylight came humbler feelings, and the strong man, who had not prayed for years, lifted up his heart to God and asked that his punishment might be on earth, and not in the after life. If, as was certainly the case, the Devil had that night fought for the soul of John Kernick, the man's good angel had fought also and had prevailed.

Almost spent with misery and exertion, John Kernick, foot-sore and terribly haggard, stood before the Richards's cottage that morning just as the familiar village sights and sounds were beginning to wake up, for they were early folk in Trevenna, despite the night's excitement. Old Richards himself was opening his shutters, or what acted as such in a place where thieves were not thought of, and looking round he perceived John Kernick standing by his side.

"Welcome back, my son," said the old man, nodding. "Where hast been all night? It was a bare chance for thee yester-eve, they say. I've been seeing one of your men, who told me all about it; he came here looking for you."

The ordinary tone did much toward restoring John's presence of mind. "How's Tamzin?" he said slowly, though he found it hard to speak her name.

"I heard Tamzin a-coming down just now; maybe she's in the back room. Go in, my son; my old woman's abed to-day with the rheumatiz, so I'm the stay o' the house; but Sally Rogers gave us a helping hand last night—a kind soul is Sally, but she's gone home now."

John Kernick did not hear half these little homely words; he only took in that Tamzin was in the back room alone. He would go and see her, and then fly forever from Trevenna. He walked slowly across the shop and opened the inner door, and there sat Tamzin by the window, her back to

him, gazing out with a terribly sad and altered face on the tiny glimpse of the distant sea which was there visible. The raging waves had calmed themselves; they were now but "white horses" sweeping majestically in toward the land.

The girl did not look round till John Kernick said in a low voice—

"Tamzin!" He expected her to turn upon him as he knew well that an angry woman could do, and he meant to bear her reproaches patiently, but instead of this Tamzin almost wearily put her hand on his arm.

"John Kernick, I am glad you're come. I've been wanting to see you, just to say one thing. I acted wrong by you: if you sinned—and that shall be between you and me forever—I too sinned terribly. Forgive me, John; last night I saw my heart, as it was in reality. I have been proud and vain all my life. I gave my word to a man as touched my pride, but all the same I loved another—him as had been waiting for me so long; him as"—her voice faltered—"I shall see in heaven, John Kernick, and for whom I must wait till I die. Give me back my word, John; it has only brought evil on us both. Ah, John, I followed his corpse last night, and my heart seemed to go straight out of me into his grave, and that's how it will be till the end."

"There's no maid as need marry a murderer," said John slowly, not daring to look up. "I'll never wed in this life. I came but to bid thee good-by, Tamzin. I'm going beyond the seas. You'll sometimes speak—"

"Hush!" said Tamzin. "There's some one talking in the shop. Good-by, John Kernick. I can't take your hand—not now, not yet; but mayhap some day, when I'm an old woman." Neither of them noticed that the door was quietly opened behind them; neither of them for a few seconds was aware of any one entering, till suddenly there came the words—

"John Kernick, I've not come to disturb ye, but only just to shake hands wi' ye. We must never have hard words again after last night's work. Shake hands, man! The Lord forbid you and I should have any bitter feeling atween us."

Tamzin stood paralyzed, for there before her was Pascho—nay, not Pascho, but his wraith, who had come to forgive John Kernick and to show her how to forgive. John also was too much surprised to take the hand that was stretched out to him.

"Pascho, is it you and not your ghost?" cried Tamzin, brave as usual, suddenly seizing his hand. "Pascho, speak to me! I thought you were dead."

"Nay, nay, Tamzin, I was saved; 'twas the poor sailor as was drowned. But had it been the Lord's will, I would fain have taken his place, save for my mother's sake. She and my sister was sore troubled when they brought me home well-nigh spent. But I'm that strong a bit of a wetting is nothing to me."

Pascho, feeling Tamzin's hands clasped round his arm, was warming up to his subject. He thought that even to see this look on her sweet face it was good he had lived. After all, she did care a bit for him, if not in *that* way. But he was hardly prepared for Tamzin—proud Tamzin—bursting into tears, and saying—

"Thank God a thousand times, Pascho, that you're not dead. John Kernick, give him your hand; there'll never be any words betwixt you again."

"God helping me, never," said John Kernick, wringing the quarryman's hand as if he would wring it off. Pascho did not know, was never to know, what his life was to John, for it brought a happiness far better and higher than his death would have done.

As there was forgiveness for the repentant thief on the cross, so surely is there for the contrite murderer, or for the one whom God has saved from the natural result of his own wickedness.

"Ay, ay, Pascho Fuge, there'll never be any more words betwixt us. Tamzin, let me tell him, don't be afraid of me any more. Tamzin's found out as it's you as she loves, and we've agreed between us it's best so. If I have loved her, why so have you, and more truly too, and may God forgive all our mis-

takes! I'm going now; but just tell me, Pascho, how was you saved?"

"They were hauling up the rope, when it got cut agen the rocks, and I fell back. I give myself over then for lost, as I was well-nigh spent, when just by me they flung down another rope with a loop in it. God gave me strength to slip it round me, for I should never have had power to hold on to it; and so they hauled me in much as if I had been a log. But what's this, Tamzin—it ain't true, be it?"

"Ay, man, it's true enough," said John Kernick, dashing away a tear from his eye; "and you're worthy on her, Pascho, God bless thee!"

After all, my tale ends with a wedding; but it was not the Tamzin of old that Pascho vowed to love forever: out of his suffering he had reaped something better than the handsomest bride in Trevenna. The girl was changed from the night of the shipwreck: a humbled, God-fearing woman was Tamzin Fuge, who proved to be a useful, devoted wife, though some accused her of having lost her old spirit. Pascho never saw any fault in her, and, what was more, she never saw any in him—rather an uncommon result of matrimony. Only one secret did Tamzin ever keep from her husband, and that was how the rope was cut which had so nearly cost him his life.

And John Kernick? He never left the country, but he too was an altered character. His old companions jeered him about losing his sweetheart, and told him he should have been able to cut out a man like Pascho Fuge; but he never answered any of these pleasantries, and by degrees he became what his neighbors called "terribly religious." In time he took to preaching, and never wearied of visiting those lonely parts of the country where other men feared to go.

Years after he inherited a little fortune, and settled at Trevenna, where Tamzin's children loved no one better than "big Uncle Kernick."—*Longman's Magazine.*



## JOHN RICHARD GREEN.

BY EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

A REMARKABLE number of articles have appeared in various periodicals with the object of putting on record some notice or some view of the life of John Richard Green. Those who knew him from the beginning, who watched his career before he became famous, who knew more than his later acquaintances could know of his many-sided energy and brilliancy, may well be pleased to see so many witnesses to the general interest which their lost friend has awakened. Still the tributes paid by those whose opportunities allowed them to see only some small part of him tend naturally to stir up those who can give a fuller witness to have their say also. I might not myself have been tempted to write a word if I had not, in reading several of the articles bearing his name, felt how small a part of the real man his later and younger London acquaintances could have seen. I need not criticise them at length. We may willingly give a young admirer the credit of having done his best according to his light; it is less pleasant to see the name of our lost friend dragged into petty matters of personal controversy. With the "Making of England" beside us, in the full remembrance of powers which might have outdone the "Making of England," it is annoying to see the memory of its author mixed up with gossip as to what form of belief or unbelief some other persons did or did not secede to. The masterly summary of Green's historical work given by one of his intellectual peers stands, of course, on another ground from either. Its author has a right to speak on this matter or any other. But even that eminent scholar had not known him as some of us had known him. There are those to whom he was something more than either the active London clergyman or the successful historical writer. There are those who were able to mark something of the growth of his powers in days when they knew what was in him, but when the world did not. They might have held their peace if the name of their departed friend had not drawn to itself so remarkable a share of public at-

tention. As it is, they may be excused if they are tempted to have their say as well as others.

There was probably no man whose writings and whose personality had a closer connection with one another than those of John Richard Green. A singular mixture of strength and weakness distinguished him; but neither strength nor weakness could have been spared; both went to make up a character in which even the weaker elements became a kind of strength. And both his character and his writings were deeply impressed by the special circumstances of his life. Nothing perhaps tended more to make Green and his writings what they were than his birth as an Oxford citizen. It told more to the advantage of the readers of his writings than it did to the advantage of his own personal career; but, on the whole, it was a strengthening and ennobling element. His native city and its history were ever near to his heart. Those who knew him best in the days when his mind and character were forming were struck, and were sometimes annoyed, by a kind of dislike which he often expressed toward the University of Oxford. This is a feeling which is certainly not common among its members, at any rate, not among such members of it as Green. Now in this there was something of that waywardness and capriciousness which was so apt to come out in all that he did and wrote, something, too, of that love of saying startling things in a startling way, which was perhaps natural in one of the very best of talkers. Something, again, might be due to what in some respects was an unlucky choice of a college. Green, quartered at Jesus College, was like an early bishop of Bangor of whom it is recorded that he "agreed ill with the Welshmen." Yet against this may be set the fact that it was at Jesus College that he made the acquaintance of his nearest and most abiding friend in the person of Mr. Dawkins. There is something strange, but at the same time eminently characteristic, in Green's determination not

to use the powers which he knew were his in winning credit for a college with which he had no sympathy. But we may be sure that he would never have felt himself quite at home even in a much better chosen college. With all his love of antiquity, the somewhat antiquated life and discipline of a college, to many so delightful, had for him little charm. But beyond this, at the very root, I suspect, of the matter, was the fact that for him the Oxford to which most men look as the type of venerable antiquity was but a modern and intrusive element in an older Oxford. He loved to go back to the days before the comparatively modern University had gradually crept into being within the walls of the great meeting-place of English assemblies and English armies. He loved to trace the struggles between the town and the university, the tale, in his eyes, of the process by which the older institution was brought into something of bondage to the younger. His feelings were everywhere municipal; he loved to trace the same kind of struggle, even where the case was not exactly the same. The disputes between the burghers of Saint Edmundsbury and the abbey had the same charm for him as the disputes between the burghers of Oxford and the University. And yet in that case the circumstances were reversed. The burghers of Saint Edmundsbury could not say that the abbey at whose gate their town had grown up was an intruder on their soil. Green was in everything municipal, but municipal according to the oldest and freest forms of municipality that he could find. He would talk, in the way that he alone could talk, of the growth of civic oligarchies and the way in which older rights had been swallowed up. I remember telling him, and his admitting the charge, that though he did not greatly love a squire or a parson, he loved an alderman still less than either. He was indeed delighted when, in his character of an old citizen—I should like to say a patrician—of Oxford, he was able to call again into being the old *Portmannagemót* which had been forgotten for ages. His feeling of dislike to the University greatly lessened, if it did not wholly die out, when, in later years, he found better recognition from the University and

its members. He became Examiner in the School of Modern History, and Honorary Fellow of his own college. And it may be that the local Oxford element in him became less strong in later years. But Green's character and writings will lack one great source of illustration if any one forgets that, though in due course he became both a London clergyman and a brilliant historian, yet before he was either of them, he was, and he still continues to be, a born citizen of Oxford.

I wish specially to enlarge on this side of Green's position, because it had such a deep effect on his writings, and because it is a side of him to which I myself owe the deepest obligations. He loved a town, its life and its history, wherever he could find it. His knowledge of Oxford stood him in good stead in his writings, and it led him to an equal knowledge of the real London. So it was with other cities and boroughs. I have heard him hold forth with his full force and brilliancy on various points in the municipal history of Bristol, above all on one remarkable period when the borough became for a while practically an independent commonwealth. Everywhere it was the town and the town-house that attracted him rather than the castle or the minster. He rather disliked earls, barons, bishops, abbots; only, as I just before said, he liked an alderman still less. The earl or the bishop was at the worst an enemy from outside; the alderman was a traitor from within. His gift of catching both the leading features in the topography and in the history of a town was wonderful. Whatever I have ever tried to do in that way I have learned from him. I have paid him my thanks for this service in more than one shape; I feel that they are owing every time I venture to touch any matter of the kind. But his topographical gift was by no means confined to towns. Physically short-sighted as he was, he had a rare power of looking out over a country and grasping the main geographical features which determined its military and political history. Indeed, it often struck me that, with greater bodily strength, he might have been highly distinguished in the military calling; some very famous generals have been very little taller. I

well remember looking with him from the hill of Domfront all across Main toward Anjou. By his help I took in the lie of the land as I am sure I should never have done by myself. And I was with him also at Château Gaillard, from which, so he says in his "Short History," he saw Runnymede. I can only say that I did not.

Green's Oxford birth had another effect on his writings of a more amusing kind. I used to tell him that, had he chanced to be born at Abingdon, many pages of his History would have been different. Born north of the Thames, he was a loyal Mercian, and he felt it a kind of point of honor to make the best case he could for any of his own earls. I was in his eyes somewhat of an apostate, as a Mercian-born who had turned West-Saxon. It was no use to hint that Oxford was naturally West-Saxon ground, and became Mercian only through the encroachments of Offa. His allegiance was fixed; he held a hereditary brief for Ælfric and Eadric.

All this, though mixed up with something of the caprice which came out so strongly both in his actions and in his writings, shows the wonderfully vivid way in which history stood out before him as a living thing. The gift had its dangers; he was never, strictly speaking, careless; he could be exact whenever he chose; but he sometimes sacrificed exactness to effect. Both in talk and writing, he was not always ready for that almost superhuman self-sacrifice which can withstand the temptation to make a good story still better. Sometimes he talked for mere effect, to show how ingeniously he could defend a paradox. I remember his maintaining that a painter might rightly paint Frederick Barbarossa with a black beard. He would in this way take a mischievous pleasure in puzzling and startling people, and the same tendency may be seen in his writings also. These things may be called faults; and so in strictness they were; and yet in a way they were not. Green, of all men, was one whom, both in his works and in real life, one had to take as he was. And on the whole, one could not have wished him to be otherwise than what he was.

I suppose that Mr. Dawkins and myself might claim, in different senses, to

be his oldest friends. We are both of us friends so old that some of his later acquaintances seem never to have heard of the years in which we knew him best. My remembrances of him are actually the oldest; Mr. Dawkins enjoyed the longest continuous acquaintance. He was with him, as I have said, in his under-graduate days at Oxford, and was also more with him than anybody else in some later times, before I found him out afresh. I say found him out afresh, for my lasting friendship with him was of later date than that of Mr. Dawkins, though I can remember him as a child, which Mr. Dawkins cannot. He was at Magdalen College school at Oxford, and I well remember the then head-master, Dr. Millard, telling me that there was a remarkably clever little boy in the school named Johnny Green, whom he would like me to take some notice of. A very clever little boy he certainly was, and it was as Johnny Green that I and many others knew him ever after. I lost sight of him after he left school. I asked after him once or twice, but I heard little more than that he had entered the University and had not distinguished himself. It was not wonderful if the clever little boy at Magdalen school passed out of my mind till I lighted on him again by accident. In 1862, at the Wellington meeting of the Somerset Archæological and Natural History Society, it was given out that the Rev. J. R. Green would read a paper on Dunstan. I had not the faintest notion who the Rev. J. R. Green might be; but I sat down ready to give his discourse, whoever he was, a fair hearing. I very soon found that the discourse was quite another thing from the usual "paper" volunteered by some local man who has read nothing written within the last fifty years, and who has not thought at all. The Rev. J. R. Green was clearly somebody who had read and thought not a little. The discourse grew on the hearer. The knowledge, the thought, the power of putting things, were such as one rarely comes across. Who was this man, young and unknown, who was capable of such a work? I looked and thought, and it suddenly flashed across my mind—"Why, it's little Johnny Green that was at Magdalen School." When he

had done, I went up and asked him whether he was not that same Johnny Green, and he said that he was. He was then under twenty-five; so he could not have been long ordained; but he was already a clergyman in London. From that time I made it my business to blow his trumpet on every opportunity, and for some years under much persecution. My Green could not be worth thinking of, because he was not "Green of Balliol." I knew nothing of "Green of Balliol" then, and not much at any time; but, from all that I have heard of him, I cannot see why it should have been thought that the merits of two men, each admirable in his own way, must needs interfere with one another. The world was surely big enough to hold both Greens, and it might be sensible enough to admire both. In the end the world came round to my way of thinking; but I had first to go through the scorn which is ever the lot of him who sees a thing before the rest of the world. It has not been the only time. I had to do pretty nearly the same work with a yet greater name. But that was simply the uphill work which must be in such cases. By some odd chance there was not a "Stubbs of Balliol."

The paper on Dunstan, a noble defence of a noble and basely slandered man, I read over again not long ago. If I say that Green never surpassed it, I mean nearly to show how early he reached the fulness of his powers. It was one youthful work out of several. He gave us in Somerset another essay equally excellent on the relations between Earl Harold and Bishop Gisa, again bringing truth to light out of a mass of old-standing confusion and calumny. These were critical papers, in which all the authorities on a particular matter were thoroughly sifted and weighed. This was a kind of work for which his better known productions gave but little opportunity, the "Short History" least of all. The constant brilliancy, the frequent caprice, the occasional carelessness, of that remarkable book, made some people doubt whether Green really knew his authorities or was capable of solid historical criticism. He was certainly capable of it in a most remarkable degree at the age of twenty-

five. It may be that the habit of writing in another style lessened his power. In the "Making of England" and in some of his other later writings there is no lack of real and solid work. But I doubt whether there is anything quite equal to these efforts of his very youngest days, when his name was wholly unknown.

Green's presence at Wellington was owing to Mr. Dawkins, and it is one of the many things for which I owe Mr. Dawkins deep thanks. His own acquaintance I had made earlier in the same year, 1862, when he was exploring the hyænas' den at Wookey Hole. He was still younger than his friend; each was laying the foundation—Green something more than the foundation—of what he was to be. Nearly at the same time a contemporary of the two astonished the world with the memorable prize essay which grew into the more memorable volume on the "Holy Roman Empire." Green, Dawkins, Bryce—it is something to have known such men, friends of my own and of one another, in days when the world did not know them. But this was truer in Green's case than in those of either of the other two. Mr. Bryce's University career was unusually brilliant; that of Mr. Dawkins was as brilliant as the narrow range of his own department would then allow. But Green was absolutely unknown. It was a London curate, to whose name there were no stars in the Oxford calendar, whom I learned to look on in 1862, and whom the world in general learned to look on a good many years later, as one of the masters of historical writing.

Green's appearances at our local society in Somerset made him well-known to many in that district before his general reputation began. At the meeting which was held at Wells in 1863, when Professor Willis expounded the cathedral a second time, Green first made acquaintance with Dr. Stubbs, not yet Professor, and only beginning to be known. Both of them were guests of mine, as Green was often afterward. Green also showed himself at several meetings of the Archæological Institute. He took a prominent part in that which was held in London in 1866, and his striking paper on the part taken by



London in the election of Stephen was published in the volume called "Old London," along with a worthy fellow in Mr. Clark's discourse on the Tower. Dr. Guest also gave his discourse on the Campaign of Aulus Plautius, fixing the origin of London. Green was also at the meeting at Bury Saint Edmunds. I was not myself there, but I heard much, both at the time and after, of his discourse, on the relations between the town and the abbey, a subject thoroughly to his heart, and which appeared afterward under the name of "Abbot and Town." And I specially remember hearing of another discourse of his at which also I was not present. This was a speech at a local meeting at Lincoln, made, I believe, altogether without preparation, on the battle fought under the walls of that city in Stephen's day. By those who heard it it was spoken of as one of the most brilliant of his efforts, and I can well understand the thrilling life which he would throw into his picture of one of the most stirring battles in history.

The two discourses on the history of Stephen would doubtless, if Green had ever finished his *History of the Angevin Kings*, have been worked into some of the noblest of its pages. During all the time of which I speak, he was musing over that design, and actually writing detached passages. Some of these I remember his reading to me, especially a most vivid picture of the loss of the White Ship. I could almost wish that he had stuck to that design, and had not taken to anything else. To the world in general his "Short History" was naturally more taking than the *Angevin Kings* would have been; but no subject could have better brought out all sides of the writer. The "Making of England" has many and great merits, and it proved Green to be what some had always known him to be, but which some, not unnaturally, could hardly bring themselves to think him, a man of real historical research, and not the mere teller of a pretty story. Yet I cannot help thinking that the kind of research needed for the *Angevin Kings* would have better suited Green's genius than that which he needed for the *Making*. I may put my own feeling into this shape: I was surprised to find the

"Making of England" so good as it was; I should have been surprised if a *History of the Angevin Kings* by the same hand had fallen short of the highest possible standard of merit. His wonderful geographical instinct, his deep sympathy with religious movements in whatever direction, stood him in good stead in the *Making*. But the *Making*, as dealing with the beginnings of a people, and of a people in a special position which needs to be contrasted with the position of its fellows, called for powers in which Green was less strong than in some others. His grasp of œcumenical history strengthened and widened as he went on; but I should at no time call it one of his strong points. In language he was decidedly weak; in the early history of institutions, the lore of a Waitz and a Maine, though much stronger, he was not at his strongest. I was, as I just now said, surprised at the way in which many of these difficulties were overcome—surprised to find the "Making of England," not only so brilliant—that one knew that it must be—but so generally critical and trustworthy as it certainly is. Still I think that he was better fitted to deal with a somewhat later time than with the very first days of a people. The *Angevin kings* made a subject which would have exactly suited him, one which would have drawn forth all his powers in the highest degree. None is fuller of combined interest, personal, political, ecclesiastical. None is richer in picturesque incidents. The dominion which spread from the Orkneys to the Pyrenees, the warfare which spread from Ireland to Palestine, would have called forth many a brilliant application of his geographical and topographical powers. Of many of the great men of that great time Dr. Stubbs has painted the pictures with a master's hand; but he has not painted the pictures of all, and he has not told the story of any. The king who restored order after the anarchy—the king who, born in his own Oxford, yet assuredly not of Oxford or of England, went forth to amaze the world at Acre, at Ragusa, and at Châluz—the king who, in losing Normandy, again made England—the earls and bishops who surrounded them—the wars, the councils, the charters granted and broken

—all these would have made a story after Green's own heart, and to which no man could have done better justice than he could. Above all, we might have had the tale of the zealous chancellor unluckily turned into a zealous archbishop, told, as it has not been told yet, with combined knowledge, sympathy, and love of truth.\* And the hand that told the tale of Oxford and Bristol and Saint Edmundsbury might also have told some stirring pages of the tale of Saint Alban's with the insight of true genius, the light of true descriptive power, and yet without the perversion of the smallest fact or the falsification of the smallest reference.

The contemplated history of the Angevin kings has perhaps dwelled specially in my mind on account of the journeys which Green and I took together in some of the lands which would have held an important place in his story. I had already had the advantage of visiting with him some of the places in England which were of most importance in my own. I was with him at Stamford-bridge, at Waltham, on the hill of Senlac itself, and I need hardly say that I gained much from his companionship. But I have even more pleasant memories of the days when I first introduced him to the continent of Europe, when I went with him to many places which fill a place in my own story, and which would have filled a place in his also. Neither he nor I began continental travel very early in life; he never set foot out of England till May, 1867, when he was in his thirtieth year. He was to have joined me at Cherbourg, but by an accident he did not come till a few days later, when I was at Caen. How he got there I could not exactly make out; though he had read a good deal of

French, he could not speak it or understand it when spoken; and he never became a fluent speaker either in that or in any other foreign language. However he did come, but I had to speak for him for some while.\* How well I remember taking him in the evening to Saint Stephen's, and not letting him look up till I had brought him to the spot where once lay William the Great. That was indeed a good beginning of our common journeyings. I took him another day to Bayeux with its Tapestry and its Cathedral full of memories of Odo and Henry the First. Another day we studied the fight of Val-ès dunes on the spot; another took us to Seez and Alençon, to us then mainly the scene of the fierce vengeance taken by the Tanner's grandson. Almost more memorable was a day on which we went to Brionne, and thence over the wooded hill to Bec Herlouin. Then we went to Rouen, and to the Conqueror's death-place at Saint Gervase, to Château Gailard—whence, it will be remembered, he saw Runnymede—to Lions-le-forêt, death-place of Henry the First, to Mortemer, memorable in the Conqueror's wars; to Gournay, Saint Germer, and back through Picardy, by the accustomed stopping-places of Amiens and Abbeville—new to him, but not to me—together with what was then new to both of us, the Conqueror's starting-place at Saint Valéry. This journey had perhaps more directly to do with my studies than with his. Our ramble of the next year was of even greater interest, as bringing us across many of the

\*Afterward he had sometimes to speak for himself. I remember a Norman priest getting into somewhat of a theological dispute with him. The Norman maintained that Green was a "Méthodiste Évangélique." Green said he was not, but that he was a clergyman of the Church of England. But the priest insisted that the Church of England was "Méthodiste Évangélique." He had been to Paris at the Great Exhibition; he had there seen an English Church, and it was "Méthodiste Évangélique." Green had not mastered French enough to draw minute distinctions on points of divinity and Church-government, and the *curé* was left in his belief. Perhaps I ought to have given him more help than I did; possibly I paid the penalty when the task was laid on me—on the slope of the Larissa of Argos—of explaining the peculiarities of the Society of Friends in Greek.

\*I cannot help adding a grotesque story which may possibly have gained a little in the hands of the teller. In Green's hands at least such stories never lost. He was asked to give a lecture at some place in Kent, I think at Herne Bay. He chose for his subject the local hero of Canterbury. He went through the whole story of Thomas, from the birth to the martyrdom, but he spoke of him throughout by his true historical name of "Thomas of London." When he had done, the clergyman of the parish came up and asked him: "But I thought you were going to tell us something about Thomas à Becket."

places which to him were special places of pilgrimage. This time, after one day's stay at Rouen, we went to Paris, a city more to his taste than to mine. There we plunged, so to speak, into the thick of his story, taking in not a little that belonged to mine too. Then I first saw, in his company, Chartres, to him largely the city of endless counts, Thibauds and Stephens, and the noblest city of Northern Gaul, Le Mans itself, on its hill above its river. Here, in the birth-place of Henry the Second, the historian of the Angevin kings was indeed at home. So he was in black Angers, cradle of the house, at Tours, in the walk by the river-side to Mar-moutiers, and perhaps most of all on another day by the rushing Loire, which took us from Tours, by Chinon and Fontevault, to Saumur. Let no one think that at Chinon we forgot the Maid; but in Green's company the first memory was that of the "conquered king," who turned away thither to die when the name of John was among the traitors, and when his own Le Mans was in the hands of the French enemy. The sight of Fontevault stirred him up to not a few thoughts. There were his own Angevins in their own place, and the sight of them led to not a few gibes, in speech and print, at the folly of those who would carry off counts and countesses of Anjou from their native home, because forsooth they chanced to be also kings and queens of England. Here Green was on his special ground; in the rest of the journey, at Dol and Dinan, Saint Michael's Mount and Avranchas, Mortain and Domfront, Caen once more, I was rather on mine. But in either case it was a wonderful process to go through such places with such a man, each of us studying for his own ends, ends which had so much in common. It was mutual learning and teaching at every step; and I am sure that not a few passages of my own history have gained not a little from being designed—in some cases for being actually written—in the course of journeys in Green's company to the places of which they speak.

But, if I introduced Green to the continent of Europe, he fully repaid the service by introducing me to the southern parts of that continent. If in

1867 I took him to Normandy, in 1871 he took me to Italy. By that time he was not quite the man he had been. When he was with me in Normandy and Anjou, he was still a London clergyman in active work. To some who have written of him this was his primary aspect; to me of course it is secondary. But he used to tell me a great deal about his clerical work, especially his labors in the time of the cholera. I spent some days with him at his Stepney vicarage, and so saw some parts of London which I otherwise never might have seen. But his whole life there, and everything to do with it, was so unlike anything to which I was used that I could only admire in a very blind way. A country parish I could have understood; Saint Philip's Stepney was ever mysterious. But I know that it was a hard and zealous discharge of duty which did much to break him down, and to make the difference between my Norman and Angevin companion of 1867 and 1868, and my Italian companion of 1871. I am not sure whether he had at that time given up his parish; but I think he must have done so. Certainly his visits to Italy for the sake of health had begun. He had spent the winter of 1870-71 on the Riviera, and in 1871 I left him at Pisa to go again on the same errand. I remember his vivid description of his return to England early in 1871. He then saw a bit of history with his own eyes. The siege of Paris, then in the hands of the *Commune*, was going on. There was, of course, no going through the leaguered city; but the historian of so much warfare—though in one way of as little as he could—came in for a kind of Pisgah view of the bombardment.

A first journey to Italy is a wonderful thing, and it is a great thing to make it in company with such a man as Green. Yet it had not quite the freshness of our Norman and Angevin journeys. Perhaps it was partly because then I was leading him, while in Italy he was leading me. The special charm of the earlier journeys was to see the effects of such objects as we saw, when seen for the first time by a man of Green's understanding and knowledge. This charm was of course lacking in a land which he knew already and in which

he taught me. Again, though in Italy we were studying and learning at every step, we were not, as we had been in Normandy, Maine, and Anjou, studying and learning for what has been the main work of my life, and what I had hoped would be the main work of his. Still it was delightful to be with him; it was delightful to listen and to learn from him. And none the less so because our tastes and objects were not exactly the same. It is needless to say what were Green's primary objects in Italy. Here was municipality on its grandest scale. Never was he so thoroughly at home as in the stately town-house of an Italian city. But he had a mind for other things also. If I had not learned it in any other way, I should have learned from him that Venice is essentially a city of the Eastern Empire. And it was something to go with him to Murano and Torcello, to Verona and Padua; but above all, one of the great days of one's life was the day when I first went to Ravenna with such a companion. There he was wholly within my range of subjects, with little that bore on his own. But he entered into everything with all the fulness of his powers. Before all things it was the Arian side of Ravenna that attracted him. And well I remember how we stood side by side before the tomb of Henry the Seventh in the Holy Field of Pisa.

Green's visits to Italy had a great effect on his mind in several ways. In some ways they opened and enlarged his thoughts. It was perhaps part of his anti-academical feeling at Oxford that for a long time he seemed to have a kind of dislike to what are vulgarly called "classical" studies. Of course, any man who takes an enlarged view of things will naturally kick at the absurd isolation in which scholars of the narrower kind would shut up certain arbitrarily chosen centuries of the long and still unfinished history of Greece and Italy. Green had too strong and too clear a mind to be likely to run after this kind of folly. It was perhaps an understanding of its folly which sent him too far the other way. At one time he certainly undervalued those periods of Greek and Italian history and literature, periods than which none can be more important if they are only put in their

true relation to other periods. And I am not sure that he ever valued them quite so much as they deserve. But his Italian sojourns did him good in this respect; they helped to widen his view at one end, just as some people need to have their view widened at the other end. He never became what is called a "classical scholar" or a "classical" enthusiast. But I remember being a good deal amazed at finding him appear in the *Saturday Review* as a student and commentator on Virgil. Perhaps I might have been better pleased to find him busy with Polybius or Procopius. But it was a gain to find him adding something earlier to his mediæval and modern range. And this was the distinct result of his Italian sojourn. What might not a Greek or a Dalmatian sojourn have done for him?

From another point of view, his Italian travels and studies had an effect which was hardly so wholesome. His love for Italy was enthusiastic; he was always delighted to find himself on what he called "the right side of the Alps." It was not merely that that side of them better suited his failing health; he was really more at home there; his nature was Southern rather than Teutonic. His delight in Italy led him rather to despise English things and Teutonic things in general. Though he came back to English studies, I doubt whether he ever, after crossing the Alps, gave his heart and soul to them in the way that he did when he talked about Dunstan at Wellington. If he looked on me as a wanderer from the specially Mercian fold, I came to look on him as a wanderer from the wider English and from the still wider Teutonic fold. Yet it so happened that I saw some of the most famous German cities for the first time in his company. On our way to Italy in 1871 we passed by—I trace them in an order opposite to that of our course—Innsbrück, Würzburg, Mainz, Colonia Agrippina itself. But I doubt if any of them stirred him up so much as Italian cities of less fame. In Northern Germany I never was with him. A journey which we once planned to the oldest England never came off.

I have referred to his contributions to the *Saturday Review*. I forget exactly, when they began or when they



ended ; they were certainly in full force at the time of our journey in 1868. He used to say merrily that he wrote three kinds of articles in that paper. There were historical and topographical articles, which he said were attributed to me. There were light social articles, which he said were attributed to a lady of high rank who was believed to write in the paper. There were articles on matters in the eastern parts of London, which he said were not attributed to anybody, because nobody read them. Of this last class I can say nothing, save that they seemed to be written with knowledge and earnestness. The second class I sometimes regretted ; they often, to my taste, at least, showed a flippancy which was unworthy of him. In them he sometimes fell into the small tricks of style of writers immeasurably beneath him. But, if any one did attribute the articles of the first class to me, he certainly did me great honor. In a *middle*—as we used to call it—of that kind, Green was at his very best. Nothing could be better than he was when dealing with such a subject as the tombs at Fontevault, and the absurd proposal for carrying them away to Westminster. In reviews of books he was, I think, less happy. He said many brilliant, many sharp, many true things ; but he never got over the temptation, one most dangerous for a reviewer, to judge everything by himself. He never seemed practically to understand that each man will do his work best by doing it in his own way. He unconsciously thought that every man was bound to do his work in his, John Richard Green's way. It was always made a matter of blame against any writer, however great he might acknowledge his merits to be in other ways, if he treated his subject in a different fashion from that in which Green himself would have treated it. Perhaps the most curious case of this was when, in a notice of a small "History of England," published in 1873, he blamed the author for keeping to the antiquated way of dividing by kings' reigns. Up to that time every writer of English history, good or bad, had divided in that way ; but the "Short History" was going to appear in 1874, and in the "Short History" another system was going to be followed.

It was singular that, after Green had ceased to be bound to London by any tie of duty, he bound himself to London by his own free will far more than before. For some years before his death he went hardly anywhere in England. He never visited me after 1875 ; I never could get him to stir. His failing health doubtless hindered him from attending and speaking at meetings in his old way ; and indeed he seemed to have taken something of a dislike to the process before his health disabled him. I met him once on a platform in these later years ; but that was in London, at the famous meeting in Saint James's Hall, in December, 1876. He did not speak himself ; but his neighborhood and the animation of his look certainly encouraged me, as it doubtless did other speakers also. During these later years our friendship remained unbroken and unabated ; I received many of his brilliant letters ; but I unavoidably saw less of him than in earlier times. He was much in Italy, and so was I ; but we never met ; our places and seasons and objects were commonly different. I sometimes saw him in London ; but he was now grown famous and was sought after ; it was not so easy as in the old times to get him by himself or in the company of common friends only. Of his later days I therefore leave others to speak. But perhaps no one can speak so well as I can of what he was in earlier times, alone with me or among friends common to both. The world did not know him then ; but I and some others knew him in the freshness and strength of his youthful power, with his whole mind set on a great and congenial work from which I still regret that he was ever called off to any other. The *Short History* is wonderful ; in many respects it is admirable. It did not indeed fill up the particular hole which it was meant to fill up ; but it revealed the existence of another hole and filled that up most happily. The "Making of England" was needful for his reputation ; it has high merits in itself ; it is amazing as the work of one whose strength had already given way. But the Green of twenty years back both promised and had begun greater things than these. I cannot regret that he has made so brilliant an introduction to my

own work ; but it was not an introduction for which I looked, but a continuation. The times to which I must ever look back are the days when he and I walked together over so many of the most stirring sights of English, Norman,

and Angevin history, when he was planning what we now never can have, the tale of the second Making of England told in full as perhaps he alone could have told it.—*British Quarterly Review*.

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#### AMERICAN AND CANADIAN NOTES.

BY GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

AMERICA is a land where human nature, political and social, being at large, some unsolved problems are always on hand there. Nor is Canada without them. Devoid alike of king or prelate, without the traditions and authority of throne or mitre, men may do in the United States the thing they will, and, as a rule, they take the opportunity of doing it. Nevertheless, common-sense—the saving genius of humanity—reigns there in a substantial way, and sooner or later coerces the eccentricities of those whose heads are turned by the enjoyment of an unfamiliar liberty. Sure of practical allegiance to laws they themselves have made, the rulers are never mad and the people never despair of the right coming to prevail. The main problem of both nations is with its emigrants. They do not always get the right sort. Those with money do not want to work, and those who meanwork mostly lack capital. Many new-comers fail through not being able to act under the new conditions of labor and life they find there. Through lack of training and lack of knowledge of prairie enterprise, many become timid and hang about great cities, where they are not wanted, to the terror of the taxpayers upon whom they become more or less chargeable. Thus, between the incapable and the impracticable, the emigrant is a difficulty of the first order. A country, therefore, ought to be judged leniently which hospitably imports its difficulties. Whatever may be the blankness of faculty with which an emigrant enters America he is, with astonishing intrepidity, offered a short cut to citizenship. Mad about liberty, Americans allow every alien knave or impostor, useless from ignorance or dangerous from hatred, knowing nothing and caring nothing for the honor of Republic-

anism, to be speedily endowed with the power of disgracing the country before he has had time to learn the responsibility of freedom. The United States are a vast political crucible into which emigrant vessels of Europe are emptied every day, and whence, without being fused by due time or training, the unknown or doubtful importations are let down in their raw state, into the ballot-box, at the bottom of which have been placed the spoils of the nation. He who sees this, sees a long way into that electoral and social mystery called "American politics." He who has not discerned this, cannot escape perplexity. Since for more than a century Americans have suffered the unrest of Europe to be disembarked on their shores, it is hardly fair to make it a reproach to them that their country is restless. England has sent quite her share of these disturbing settlers, and Ireland more. Great Britain, however, would do herself some credit if she would train her adventurous and migratory children to acquit themselves well in the New World to which they go.

Canada excels in its care and counsel to emigrants who arrive in the great Dominion. In the town of Guelph, in the province of Ontario, is an agricultural college, where a knowledge of cattle is taught in the stable, and a knowledge of farming in the fields. Animals of the famous breeds are brought on the platform of the lecture room and explained to the students, who study their "points." A citizen of the province who has made money in business can have his son boarded and trained there for 25% a year, who when he takes a grant of land, knows what to do with it, and with industry has competence before him. At our district schools at Anerley, near

Croydon, in England, the orphan children under Mr. Marsland's wise direction are trained, some for the workshop, some for the sea, others for the land. What we want in our United Kingdom are schools in which all surplus children in workman's families should be trained in like manner for life on the unoccupied lands abroad. Mechanics and clerks are drags on farm lands. It is of no use sending weavers, watch-makers, tailors, shopmen, the sedentary, the book-taught, or mill or factory hands, out as emigrants. They can have land for asking; but only those who are healthy, strong, and determined, who know how to use the hammer, the spade, and saw, and have a knowledge of soils, climates, cattle, and crops, can command prosperity. It is time that this was insisted upon in the name of the national credit and the interests of humanity. It is but a philanthropic form of murder to send out emigrants to "fight the wilderness" without weapons. They only bleach the prairies with their bones. It was a generous thought in Sir Josiah Mason to found technical colleges; but yet more merciful still will be those men of like means who shall found humble, inexpensive colleges for the industrial training of emigrants. As much of common knowledge as may enable a man to express his thoughts and understand an account, as much knowledge of the political and social condition of the country he chooses as may prevent him carrying into it the passions, prejudice and animosities he may have acquired in the land in which he has been "raised" but not cultivated, constitute the practical education needed. If, as Lord Derby thinks, it is worth while devoting some millions to emigration, it does seem that it is worth while employing some portion thereof in fitting those sent out to be of service to themselves when they are out. This is possible, and, from inquiries I made of the principal of the Guelph Agricultural College, it appeared that farm schools of an unpretentious practical order might be to a great extent self-supporting.

In the mean time, that the emigrant may have guiding information, if he cannot be trained, I have twice been to Canada and the United States to represent to the Governments at Ottawa and

Washington the advantage of issuing guide-books for emigrants, which shall be comprehensive and trustworthy. Canada, always considerate and prompt where emigrant needs are concerned, has since done so. Sir John Macdonald, the Premier, concurred in the proposal, and the Minister of Agriculture, the Hon. J. H. Pope, requested Mr. John Lowe, of that department, to prepare the book, which he has done in a way for which the emigrant will be grateful. It can now be had at the offices of the High Commissioner of the Dominion, Victoria Chambers, London. A Government guide-book of the United States is likely to appear ere long.

Hitherto, if the emigrant inquiring for a settlement had the head of a politician, he would have had it turned by the contrariety of ideas administered to him. Every land-agent tells him a different story. Every man of whom he asks the question, "Where should he go?" contradicts the last one to whom he spoke. An agent sells land which, as a rule, he has never seen and which the owner very often has never seen. The agent, therefore, cannot in such cases tell the truth, as he does not know it; and, if he does know it, he has no special gift for communicating facts likely to prevent a business transaction. A land-agent who has the ambiguous praise of being "smart" often finds himself in the position of the lady one is told of in America, who being asked in court if accuracy of statement was one of her strong points, answered: "In my business I have to tell so many lies that I do not know where to begin to tell the truth." She had lost the place. She felt that veracity would confuse her customers, who had been so long unaccustomed to it. There are agents, as I well know, who are men of good faith, but their addresses are difficult to obtain by new inquirers. There is, however, one informant higher and more impartial than any agent, who can know the truth at will, who has no motive to mislead, no interest in prevarication, and who can give the emigrant precisely the aid he lacks—and that is the Government.

There is one American problem that English writers need to solve, namely, when speeches, acts, and eccentricities are charged against Americans to identify

them. So many strangers are in that country that it is hard to tell what nation is really answerable for unadmirable performances. Real Americans include as high an average of gentlemen and ladies, fine-mannered, sober-minded and noble-minded, as are to be found in England. Persons honest, devoted, disinterested, giving their lives as well as fortunes in generous and unthanked service, abound in the United States. Those going there, having like qualities and affinity for like persons, will find them. Native truth of character suffers no deterioration on either side of Niagara. Almost within sound of its mighty roar I found, on the Canadian side, residing at Hamilton, Mrs. Hanning (Janet Carlyle), one of Thomas Carlyle's surviving sisters, who in stature, freshness of color, and expression of feature, very much resembles her illustrious brother. In strong independence, in an intrepid preference for truth, in individuality of character and expression, the resemblance was equally striking. Speaking of Mr. Froude, she said :

"My brother always spoke of his regard for Mr. Froude. I had a paper sent me to sign as a protest against Mr. Froude's book, to be used with other family names to obtain an injunction restraining its issue. I said I had no wish to sign the paper. My brother trusted Mr. Froude. He whom my brother trusted I could trust, and I thought the family should. I wanted nothing artificial written about my brother. He was for the truth, and so am I.

This was said with the true Carlylean vigor and love of veracity. A full-length portrait of her brother, when a young man, hung on the wall. She showed me with pride her book-case filled with all his books, which he always sent her as they were issued.

Among them was an early school book of Jane Welsh, dated 1806, given by her to Mrs. Hanning at the time of her marriage, bearing the inscription, "With Jane Welsh Carlyle's affectionate regards, Comely Bank, January 10, 1827." The last volume Mr. Carlyle sent to Mrs. Hanning bears the words, "To my Dear Sister, Janet C. Carlyle, with my best love and blessing. T. Carlyle, Chelsea, London, May 3, 1876." When I saw Ralph Waldo Emerson in 1879, he inquired if I knew of anything of Carlyle's unknown to him. He did not say whether he had visited this interesting collection

of his works in Hamilton—but further details would be a digression.

The government of the Interviewer is one of the literary aspects of America. When he is a gentleman, and has skill in putting relevant questions, the Interviewer is the most useful invention of the newspaper press. To Mr. Herbert Spencer he was a perturbing person. Amid the manifold phenomena of civilization upon which Mr. Spencer has thrown new light, he had plainly never made a study of the American interviewer. He shunned him as a symptom of literary malaria. He accused the whole class of tyranny and malevolence. "You must submit," he said, to "cross-examination under penalty of having ill-natured things said of you." It is true that sometimes a repulsed Interviewer will invent an interview, and invent it disagreeably. This may be done to political and financial potentates militant in American cities, but toward an eminent and popular guest—never. The Americans, as a rule, are always gentlemen toward a guest. Mr. Spencer did refuse to see interviewers, and in no case was his reticence resented by any remarks intended to be offensive. Toward the end of his visit he consented to speak to one of them, and notwithstanding that when Mr. Spencer prophesied he did not, certainly, prophesy smooth things, his friend Dr. Youmans bore testimony that—"No such message from any foreigner ever compelled equal attention or was received in a better spirit." Unfortunately Mr. Spencer spoke without the precaution of first requiring a list of the questions it was wished he should answer, and without stipulating that he should revise the proof of what was to be printed. The result was that some foolish questions were put to him and some replies printed which Mr. Spencer could never have given. For instance, he was reported, even by Dr. Youmans in the *Popular Science Monthly*, to have said that "the elector's hand is guided by a power behind, which leaves him scarcely any choice. 'Use your political power as we tell you, or else throw it away,' is the alternative offered to the citizen."\* It is not conceivable that Mr. Spencer could have said this. Such an

\**Popular Science Monthly*, December, 1882, p. 268.



answer supposes that the crowd of naturalized electors, who never had a vote at home and never sought one, are so acutely patriotic in America that the terror of losing their votes incites them to run submissively into the arms of intimidating bosses. The boss knows his business better. The "power behind" does not say, "Vote as I direct or you will throw your vote away." What he says is, "Vote as I tell you or you will lose your posts of profit—you who have them; and you who want them, will never get them." It is quite imaginative to describe these words as proceeding from a "power behind." The power is well before, with brazen voice, and an unabashed face. Everybody knows who the spoil-holders are. They are not concealed, nor delicate, nor ashamed. They are better known than the man at the races who, with his name round his hat and his bag in his hand, stuns you by his offer of "Four to one bar one."

There is no validity in denouncing the boss as an American creation. We have the species in England. The Tories have always kept a small but a fine variety rampant of that creature in every borough in the kingdom. The Radicals have created a species of their own. The only difference between them is that the Tory boss is self-elected and imposes himself upon the borough, while the Radical boss is chosen by the electors, whom he represents and to whom he is accountable. Both represent, more or less, organized opinion. There is no harm in that. If opinion is good, the wider it is organized the better. Mr. Herbert Spencer is a philosophical boss. Now Dr. Darwin is no more, Mr. Spencer is regarded as one of the three great revolutionary bosses, of whom Huxley and Tyndall are the others. But what is it which makes the American electoral boss the most vicious animal known to political zoologists? The philosophical boss represents principle—the English boss represents party—the American boss represents place.\*

\* The misuse of the term "Caucus" warrants a word upon it. When the leaders of political parties meet secretly to arrange things, they are called a "Caucus." When the delegates openly appointed at ward meetings assemble openly to nominate persons to place or Congress, the assembly is called a "Convention." The "Two Hundreds" and "Six Hundreds" of

The ten thousand office-holders in the State have one hundred thousand competitors for their places. The Treasury is a great national fishery, in which all these holders and aspirants for place cast their lines and each expect a bite. The American system enables the elector to give public servants their places. Dependent upon the popular vote for their appointments, they are the servants—willing, attentive, and always accessible—to those who placed them where they are. This is pleasant and convenient to the people, and it is on this account that so many who are free from corruption themselves tolerate the system which not only leads to corruption, but creates and nurtures it. The English system is not popular in America. They say that civil servants are a class apart, who owe nothing to the people, render little to them—regarding them rather as persons who give trouble. They volunteer nothing, and the highest effort of their skill is to refer the inconsiderate inquirer to another department, which in its turn performs the same operation upon him. It is, Americans believe, no part of the examination of a Civil Service candidate to ascertain whether he understands that he is appointed to be the servant of such portion of the people as may become applicants for information or aid at his office. We all know in England that if business has to be done with heads of departments there is certainty of attention, and even consideration. Amid officers of lower degree gentlemen are everywhere to be found whose courtesy is unfailing, but the belief that this pleasant quality may be everywhere depended upon has not extended to America. It is therefore that so many there "bear the evils they have rather than fly to others" they know or have heard of too well. The evil they are content to bear exceeds any from which we suffer. Under the American system the Treasury comes to be regarded as popular loot, and the bosses who have conspired to put officers there may, if unscrupulous, regard them and expect them to act as confederates in transferring spoil. That country must abound in men of singular integrity if none use the opportunities the

which so much is said in England are simply conventions. It is an uninformed use of the term to call a "Convention" a "Caucus."

Constitution provides for them. The unindignant equanimity with which the American public regard such acts when reported, seems to show that they expect them to occur, and the low repute which the word "politician" carries confirms the impression. An equal evil of the system is that men of real honor through whose hands public money passes are immediately suspected—not because they are known to be guilty, but because with similar opportunities they ought to be.

A cardinal aspect in America is the terror of Free Trade. It is a phenomenon none expect to find—that of a Republican people prepared, "to whip creation," and who in many things do it—fleeing to Protection to save them from being whipped by the artisans of an "effete old monarchy." However, it would be unjust not to own that though Protection like "Experience takes dreadfully high school wages" for its services, the people are willing to pay them. You pay something for everything and a good deal for nothing in America; but there is one thing both in America and Canada to be had without price—opulent hospitality and courtesy. But for nearly all things else Protection makes what thrifty housewives would call "frightful" charges. Land and common food are cheap, but good clothing or ordinary comforts of civilization, which all desire there, have to be paid for "through the nose," until the nose of the consumer is nearly worn off. Still he does not object. For articles of convenience and appearance, 1*l.* in London or Manchester goes as far as 3*l.* in New York or Montreal. Having occasion for a writing handboard, such as could be bought in London for 2*s.* 6*d.* or less, I was charged 7*s.* 6*d.* for one in Montreal. On saying that the price was surprising, the tradesman, a person of public repute in the city, replied, "But we have Protective duties to pay," which seemed to him a satisfactory explanation. I answered, "I shall be glad to deal further when you have duties protective of the purchaser." Having occasion for a Testament in Boston, the manager of an accredited Bible store asked 4*s.* for a small-letter, ill-printed, ill-bound, shabby-looking book; whereas in Northumberland Avenue, in London, any one can buy a large-typed, well-printed, well-bound copy for

1*s.* Upon saying to the manager, "Do you tax the means of salvation in America?" he evaded the answer by saying, "We pay 25 per cent duty on all books."

The nature of the opinion against Free Trade in America and Canada is much misunderstood in England. It is the purchasers who keep up protection. I was many times told that an artisan was flattered by having a bundle of notes in his hands, even though, as in Greenback days, they were half worthless. It would seem to him quite grand to give a dollar for a box of matches. No workingman to whom I spoke in these countries but was under the impression that the more he pays for an article the richer he gets. With this widespread virgin credulity to go upon, Protection might dive more deeply than it does into the purchaser's pocket. Instead of blaming manufacturers and tradesmen for what spoils they collect, they ought to be praised for their consideration. I said to them frequently that "they did not know their opportunity nor take half the advantage of it they might." It was in vain that I said to the workmen, "Since you believe you get higher wages under Protection, and since the cost of desirable articles has increased 200 per cent, have your wages increased in the same proportion?" Though they had to confess that they were not receiving, as a rule, an increase of 20 per cent, they still were content because their wages were higher than formerly. They were just where the working class of England were forty years ago, who, when (in the words of the Radical song) "the Tories robbed them of a pound and gave them twopence back," though so much of the twopence that they overlooked the abstraction of the nineteen shillings and tenpence. With this wondrous encouragement to sustain them, the strangers in America and Canada cannot but feel respect for Protectionists, who use so forbearingly the great opportunities put by popular consent into their hands. They have no motive for wishing that we should increase emigrant education. We, who care for the future of those we send them, have strong reasons for imparting to them a little common-sense before they go out. Free Trade was obtained in England mainly by instruct-

ing the people in what way Protection was not good for them. Free Trade means increased competition, and though competition is praised on all hands as multiplying conveniences of life and reducing the cost of them to the purchaser, few seem to approve it when it comes in the shape of Free Trade. If Free Trade comes to prevail in Canada and the United States, it will be not by arguments addressed to manufacturers

and shopkeepers, but by showing the people that it means wider choice and cheapness of the means of life. Since neither the United States nor Canada are half filled yet, the future of both countries will one day be what their best friends desire, and all threatening problems be solved—if all the nations of Europe send only moderately intelligent emigrants there.—*Nineteenth Century*.

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TRYING THE YACHT.

*A Poem in Sonnets.*

BY JAMES LOGIE ROBERTSON.

I.—THE COUNTRY FENCED AND FORBIDDEN.

Now, while the breath of summer up the street  
Comes with the freshness of the dewy fern,  
And hearts, baked in the town's black oven, yearn  
For freedom and the country, it were sweet  
In some far grassy wild or hill retreat,  
Where whin and broom in fragrant beauty burn,  
And unconsumed, to feel where'er we turn  
The ground all holy to our naked feet!  
Filled with the pious thought I rise and go,  
Repeating to myself—*This very day*  
*I, I will stand where heaven's own winds shall blow*  
*The town-dust from my choking heart away.*  
But *No!* shouts o'er the fence the keeper,—*No!*  
And holds me with a trespass-board at bay.

II.—THE MOUNTAINS ONLY A MEMORY.

Therefore blaze on, ye vernal altar fires  
Of crag and knoll, unvisited of me;  
From the rough highway only must I see  
Your golden beauty burn through caging wires  
And fencing thorns,—smothering my quick desires  
To worship at your flame: but there would be  
A high priest at your altars were I free  
To set my feet where my whole heart aspires!  
'Tis sweet at least to know the fields are green  
With waters wandering through them far and near;  
That in the quiet drawing-rooms serene  
Of the far hills the sun is shining clear,  
And that the feelings—calm and free and clean—  
Which they inspire, may reach us even here.

III.—FREEDOM ON THE SEA.

O Thou that madest Scotland haugh and hill,  
Sharp-cleaving craig and river-channelled lea,  
Moor, marsh, and loch—my heart-warm thanks to Thee  
Grateful and glad I pay, and ever will.

But there are gifts of Thine more valued still  
 Which to all men Thou gavest ever free;  
 Of these I mention, Mind, and Sun, and Sea—  
 Which force has never fenced, nor fraud, nor skill!  
 No castle holds the MIND, no cage the SUN,  
 And OCEAN frolics in primeval pride;  
 Servant of all, he will be slave to none,  
 Nor own control throughout his empire wide,  
 But free of foot his little waves shall run,  
 And unrestrained shall roll his giant tide!

## IV.—DISCOVERY OF LEVIATHAN AT PLAY.

Forth, therefore, o'er the blue triumphant bay,  
 While the sun shines this dewy morning tide,  
 Borne on the back of billows! Soft they glide  
 Under our keel that cuts through wind and spray.  
 Forth till we view Leviathan at play  
 Out on the wilderness of ocean wide,  
 With all the green waves gambolling by his side  
 In solitary mirth the long bright day!  
 Our yacht disturbs him not: we veer and tack  
 With larger freedom, now the winds arise;  
 Thrills every board, and rope and cordage crack,  
 And up we go half flying to the skies,  
 Scaling the monster's corrugated back,  
 Then downward like a driven bolt that flies!

## V.—THE ARK IN DANGER.

As from beneath us slips his living bulk,  
 Leaving us for a moment poised on air,  
 Downward as to abysmal depths we fare,  
 While off the laughing monster seems to skulk.  
 Haste to the succor of our sinking hulk  
 The little waves, that buoy is up, and bear  
 The ark we had given over to despair  
 Onward—to other fears! No place to sulk!  
 If Neptune slaps you with a sloppy fin,  
 Fling him your dignity; you were as well!  
 What matters for a drenched and dripping skin  
 If yet you feel, and yet you live to tell  
 The joyful fear and freedom you were in?  
 Stand by the sheet, my boy, and take your spell!

## VI.—SEA-SICK ON A HOLIDAY.

Brave must he be that with the storm would toy  
 In midmost ocean in a nutshell bark—  
 Brave must he be! And with th' increasing dark  
 His bravery must increase! A calmer joy  
 Sits on the sea, as past the rocking buoy  
 Glides the sea-loving landsman in some ark  
 Away on a smooth keel from all the cark  
 And all the cares that life on land annoy!  
 But ocean's joys, the gentlest yet that be,  
 Are not without their tax; and he, poor squirrel!



That from his cage has hastened to be free—  
Sick, and bewildered, with his wits awirl,  
Now groans to windward and now pukes to lee,  
And for his wheel longs like a home-sick girl!

VII.—EARTH'S ONE POSSESSOR.

Glorious in all thy phases—black or bright,  
In storm or sun, both when thy surges flee  
Like horses of the desert shaking free  
The glory of their necks, stately in flight;  
And when they pause under the spell of Night  
Like the same herd pasturing a level lea  
With lowered heads—thou seem'st, O living sea,  
Earth's one possessor in thy strong delight!  
Thy arms alone enclasp the mighty round,  
Straining it to thy bosom: it is thine!  
The various vermin of the land are found  
In what escapes thy clasp: they grow, they pine,  
They sink again into the sordid ground;  
But thou art strong, and deathless, and divine!

VIII.—THE FOAM-BELLS OF THE LAND.

O fair is life, as foam-bells on the wave;  
Yet frail as fair, as fragile as the bell;  
A little while to flourish and look well,  
And a long while to moulder in the grave!  
The beauty born of flesh what, what can save?  
The lion's eye, the leopard's glossy fell,  
The visionary grace of the gazelle,  
Life at its loveliest—graceful, brilliant, brave?  
*The land has bubbles as the water has,*  
*And these are of them!* Comes the natal hour,  
They lighten in the sun; comes fate, they pass  
After a little, little lease of power—  
Heedlessly o'er them runs the feeble grass,  
And all their monument's an alien flower.  
*Blackwood's Magazine.*

THE STAGE IN RELATION TO LITERATURE.

BY THE EARL OF LYTTON.

IN the last April number of the *Quarterly Review* the writer of a very interesting paper on the English stage has observed that "it is to the existence of a yearning for something more worthy" (than such pieces as *Our Boys*, *The Colonel*, *et id genus omne*) "of the traditional glories of the English stage, that Mr. Irving largely owes the immense success which has attended his management at the Lyceum." This

appears to be the conclusion of a competent and impartial observer; for which reason it must be welcomed by all who have at heart the dignity and prosperity of that great department of our national literature now unoccupied by any writer of literary eminence. But the condition and prospects of the literary drama in England suggest questions more easily asked than answered; and the following desultory remarks upon the subject of

them are offered in an interrogative rather than an affirmative spirit.

These remarks I wish to preface by a proposition which is perhaps a truism ; but which, if not disputed, has apparently been disregarded by those whom it most concerns. The social civilization of a people is significantly indicated by the intellectual character of its popular amusements, and of such amusements the stage is one of the most important. Experience has repeatedly proved the power of the stage as an educational agency for the diffusion, not only of popular refinement, but also of those ideas and sentiments which strengthen and elevate national character. When Count Stephen Szechenyi, the Great Magyar, as his countrymen still call him, began to devote himself to the regeneration of their national life, his first efforts were directed to the creation of a national stage ; and he spared no pains to attract to it all the literary talent of his country. The revival of the Magyar language, which inaugurated the reassertion of the Magyar nationality, had been accomplished on the stage before it was extended to the Diet ; and if a true and full history is ever written of the great constitutional movement begun by Hungary in 1848, some of its most instructive pages must be devoted to the part played by the national stage in the resuscitation of the national spirit. From their national stage the spirit of the German people received a similar stimulus during a period of great national depression, and the grateful affection with which they still cherish the memory of Schiller attests the national influence of his genius ; which is, I think, underrated by his English critics.

Goethe excels every poet since Shakespeare in breadth of intellect and subtlety of insight, but Schiller far surpasses him in that moral elevation which is the primary requisite of the poetic drama. It was, I think, a saying of Roger Ascham's, that man, in order to live up to his level, must keep constantly before him an ideal of excellence above and beyond it. But uneducated sentiment is continually running into vulgar types ; and to counteract this tendency, the stage (if it fulfilled its literary and truly national function) would keep the

heroic type permanently and plainly before the imagination of the people. "The great movements of the soul," says Talma, "elevate man to an ideal nature in whatever rank fate may have placed him." To portray the great movements of the soul in such a manner as shall have the effect of elevating whole masses of human beings into a perception of this "ideal nature," and a sympathetic contact with it, is the purpose of the poetic drama and the function of the great actor. Authors and actors who have themselves no perception of an ideal nature not visible on the surface of society, and to whom the movements of the soul appear exaggerated or artificial when they cease to be commonplace, do well, no doubt, to leave the poetic drama alone. But a literature and stage which cannot, between them, produce any school or specimen of poetic drama, have no place in the first order of the intellectual departments to which they belong. In the days of Chatham, when the national life of England was throbbing with a vigorous pulse, when parliamentary eloquence had attained its noblest standard, and the tendency of the national action was instinctively toward the heroic, the intellectual influence of the great actor was not inferior to that of the great orator, and the stage co-operated with the Senate in the maintenance of a lofty national type. I do not know whether any historian of the French Revolution has yet tried to trace the influence of the French classical drama upon the formation of those types of social and personal character which seem to have represented the revolutionary ideals of republican excellence. But this influence is perceptible and noteworthy. Read, for instance, such a play as the *Horaces* of Corneille ; wherein the ideal presence which pervades the whole action, shapes the whole character, and inspires the whole language of the drama, powerfully impressing its influence at every point upon the imagination of the audience, is that of Rome herself ; a supreme semi-supernatural but very real political entity, majestic and inexorable, sanguinary but sublime ; the sacrificial, unflinching, uncomplaining worship of whose power constitutes the whole duty of the virtuous citizen. And then turn to the lan-

guage and action of the first French republicans. Were they not animated by the spirit which the genius of Corneille has breathed into this great play? To me it seems that all that part of the political vocabulary of the first French Republic which was not directly borrowed from Rousseau teems with involuntary echoes from the French classical drama. And perhaps it would not be altogether fantastical to assert that, while Richelieu and Louis XIV. were unconsciously preparing for the Republic the material conditions of its administrative despotism, the great dramatists of their time were no less unconsciously providing for it some of the sources of its political sentiment and animating spirit. The sanguinary despotism of the Republic, in its turn, prepared the conditions of that brilliant and bellicose autocracy which rapidly rose upon its ruins. And, again, the thoroughly practical intellect of Napoleon, rejecting no imaginative agency, recognized at once in the national stage, and the genius of Talma, potent instruments for the promotion of ideas conducive to the grandeur and conquering spirit of his Empire.

But it is needless to multiply instances of the influence which a literary stage is capable of exciting, for good or evil, over national character. I say advisedly, a literary stage. For if the stage be illiterate it can have no intellectual influence at all. And, although unintellectual influences, when they take possession of those popular amusements which (unlike field-sports and athletic games) are to be classed among intellectual recreations, may stunt or pervert the popular taste, it is not conceivable that a stage destitute of ideas should have any effect, good or bad, on the ideals of national character. Looking, however, at the stage in relation to its minor function, as an instrument for the diffusion of social refinement, I may mention here, by the way, a curious illustration of its power in that capacity, which happens to have fallen under my own observation. Many years ago, it was one of my official duties, as Secretary of Embassy at Vienna, to study the social condition of the Austrian working classes. With this object I attended their political clubs and places of public

amusement, visited them in their homes, and became at last fairly intimate with the leading members of their principal unions. I do not think they are naturally so intelligent as our own working classes; but what most struck me in my intercourse with them was their superior social refinement, and their apparent literary culture. This I afterward discovered to be the result of their familiarity with the masterpieces of a national stage which includes among its most popular dramatists many of the greatest poets and thinkers of Germany.

In the absence of any perceptible alliance between her contemporary literature and her contemporary stage, England, at the present moment, stands alone among the civilized nations of Europe. In all other European countries possessing a natural literature, the acting drama still contributes to the continuation of that literature as fully and worthily as any other department of it. You cannot enumerate the authors of the best plays produced during the last fifty years upon the French stage without naming many of the greatest imaginative writers and teachers of France. The same may be said, relatively, of the German, Italian, Spanish, and Danish stages. I mention these as the only ones of which I have any personal knowledge. The dramatic literature of France has added, and is adding, treasures to the rich store of genuine plays bequeathed it by the genius of Corneille and Racine and Molière. The dramatic literature of Germany has not ceased to be productive since the death of Goethe, and Schiller, and Lessing. That of Italy has not stopped short with Alfieri. Calderon is not the last word of the Spanish national drama, nor Oehlenschläger of the Danish. How does the dramatic literature of our own country happen to be so impoverished that the successful revival of plays written in the reign of Elizabeth is regarded by us as the most important effort which our stage is capable of making for the perpetuation in the popular mind of the noble traditions of the literary drama? At the beginning of the Victorian age the English stage could boast, at least, of having associated with itself in this laudible endeavor some writers of literary eminence; but since then, English

authors and actors appear to have grown mutually satisfied with the complete dissolution of that old and honorable partnership between them to which our literature owes the comedies of Sheridan and our stage its "traditional glories."

And thus, between playwrights who are not poets or thinkers, and thinkers and poets who cannot write actable plays, the British stage derives from our contemporary literature no intellectual nutriment, and our literary genius receives from the stage no dramatic inspiration. What is the cause of this?

Several years ago I had occasion to quote, in the pages of this Review, the following epigram by Grillparzer, a dramatic poet of rare genius:

"Danach schaut euch vor Allem um,  
Schauspieler, dichter, und publicum,"

which, for present purposes, may be thus loosely paraphrased:

"The play's success depends on you,  
Player, and poet, and public too."

Grillparzer's plays would probably be thought unactable by English actors, for they are conceived and constructed in a region of dramatic art unfamiliar to our metropolitan managers and theatrical stars. But on the national stage of his own country they are exceedingly, and deservedly, popular. He was, I think, eighty years old when he wrote this epigram, and it expresses the result of a long practical experience of the essential requisites of the higher order of acting drama, under the most favorable stage conditions. According to Grillparzer, the production of a genuine play requires the combined effort of a competent author, competent actors, and a competent public. No one of these three factors, taken alone, is more indispensable than any other to that triumph of art and genius which can only be achieved by their harmonious co-operation. Nor is this all. To render possible such harmonious co-operation there must also be some standard of intelligence and intellectual culture common to all three. And that standard must be a high one. If all this be true, the present unsatisfactory relations between the stage and literature would appear to be attributable to some defect in one or other, or possibly even in all three, of these equally indispensable

conditions. But where does the fault lie? With our authors, our actors, or our public? And if it lies, in a less or greater degree, with all three of them, what is the direction in which we may most reasonably expect or attempt the correction of it? As already avowed, I approach these questions in no dogmatic or positive spirit. I have stated them as they arise in my own mind, and I shall not attempt to suggest any definite or conclusive answer to them. But at least they may serve to guide us in a somewhat closer examination of the matter. I need hardly repeat that it is only from a literary point of view I am here discussing the present prospects of the English stage; but, regarded from this point of view in relation to authors, actors and audiences, they present I think under each aspect at least some encouraging feature.

The interest taken in the stage by the representatives of social refinement and intellectual life is said to be increasing. The metropolitan stage generally exhibits a marked improvement in many of the essential conditions of good acting; and, although the younger race of dramatists, whose aspirations are worthily represented by such writers as Mr. Herman Merivale and Mr. Buchanan, complain, I believe, of the depressing conditions to which their art is subjected by a low standard of theatrical taste, it may be hoped that they themselves are gradually improving that standard by their praiseworthy impatience of it. So far, the present conditions of dramatic art and literature seem fairly favorable. But the aspect of them does not improve under closer examination. The refined portion of the public take an increasing interest in the stage? Yes, but what are the features and aspects of the stage by which it is attracted? Do the professors of aesthetic principles, the persons who set the taste of the public in art, thoroughly understand what they are talking about when their talk is of theatrical matters? Do they know the difference between a good play and a bad one? Between true and false acting? between what is artistically natural and what is artificially realistic, in dramatic or histrionic art? Are they training and guiding the public and the theatrical profession to sound



principles and a right discrimination in such matters? And if not, is the increased attention bestowed by them upon the stage of any real benefit to it?

Broadly speaking, our theatrical public is divisible into upper and middle-class audiences. Mr. Archer, in his work upon the "English Dramatists of To-day," describes the English upper-class audience as "utterly frivolous." He observes that the true representatives of "intellect and culture," so far from being habitual frequenters of the play-house, visit it but very rarely; and, what is worse, when they do visit it, they are, he says, "perfectly in the dark as to what is really good and bad." Doubtless because their intellects and culture have not been directed by the influence of an intellectually cultivated stage to any serious study of the principles of dramatic art. "Pleasure," he says, "and that of the least elevating sort, is all that the public expects or will accept at even our best theatres," and "a drama which opens the slightest intellectual, moral, or political question is certain to fail." This is a severe judgment on that portion of the theatrical public whose increased interest in the stage is hailed as an encouraging symptom by so many of its well-wishers. Still, there is one decidedly improved feature in the general physiognomy of our present stage, the development of which may, I think, be fairly credited to the influence of these upper-class audiences. They are no doubt, in a dramatic sense, unimaginative and indisposed to intellectual effort; but it costs them no intellectual effort to perceive the coarse and palpable absurdity of actors and actresses who, in the impersonation of gentlemen and gentlewomen of the common type, neither talk, nor walk, nor otherwise conduct themselves "as such." Their taste, therefore, is justly intolerant of the conventional stage pronunciation, twang, and strut. And in all probability it is their influence which has so largely purged our modern stage of those old-fashioned offences against good taste. In this respect the average level of English acting even at the minor theatres has been greatly improved during the last twenty years. But I must own to a doubt whether the improvement has not been somewhat dearly

purchased. It appears to me that the influence, whatever it be, which has freed the stage from revolting exaggerations, has also banished from it all genuine dramatic strength and intensity, all aspiration beyond the superficial and above the commonplace. So long as the actor will only pitch his voice in a natural key, and walk and talk as people who are not actors are in the habit of walking and talking; so long as the dialogue of the play re-echoes with a fidelity easily recognized the most vapid conversation of clubs and mess-rooms and second-rate drawing-rooms, or the slang of the street and the racecourse; so long as the dramatist is content to leave to the scene-painters, machinists, and carpenters those emotional effects which his predecessors in dramatic art endeavored to produce by their treatment of human character and passion—so long will our upper-class audience be to all appearance perfectly satisfied with the kind of dramatic entertainment provided for them. Mr. Robertson's "Society pieces," as they are called, were the natural dramatic product of this state of things. Neither in the composition, nor the performance, nor the enjoyment of them can the author, the actors, or the audience have caught for one solitary moment the faintest glimpse of that "ideal nature" to which, according to Talma, human beings of all classes and conditions are capable of being exalted by "the great emotions of the soul." But great emotions, it may be said, are proper only to Tragedy; and Comedy, whose natural province is peopled by the follies, the vices, and the varying humors of society, has nothing to do with the revelation of any sort of ideal nature. Surely, however, that is not a true statement of the case. The comedy, not only of Shakespeare, but of Molière, Goldsmith, and Sheridan, abounds in ideal types of human nature. What are Benedick and Jaques, what are Alceste and Don Juan, what is Tony Lumpkin, what are the Teazles and the Surfaces, but so many ideal types? Comedy, at least, no less than tragedy, demands from its authors, its actors, and its auditors a high action of the mind. Its emotions no doubt are intellectual rather than moral, but they are not deprived of

the element of greatness. Wit, the main instrument of comedy, is, in its origin and its effect, a great emotion of the intellect. Mr. Archer characterizes the bulk of our middle-class audience as "Philistine." But how can they help being Philistines if the plays written for their edification are Philistian? My own impression is that, on the whole, the middle-class portion of our play-going public brings to the theatre a more responsive disposition, a more co-operative intelligence, greater intellectual seriousness, and more heart than the purely fashionable portion of it. Looking at it as a whole, however, I am reluctant to believe that our theatrical public is unteachable. We are unable to analyze the mixed impressions of those great audiences which, night after night, for month after month, have been flocking to the Shakespearean revivals at the Lyceum. But it cannot, I think, be reasonably doubted that this remarkable series of performances has done more than anything else to attract the attention of "people of intellect and culture" to the present condition and prospects of the stage; or that in the conspicuous success and immense popularity of them there are grounds of encouragement to any dramatic poet (if such a one there be among us) who is capable of bringing to the practical construction of the acting poetic drama that combination of high intellectual aim and minute attention to technical detail which Mr. Irving has devoted to the interpretation of it.

It is impossible to take even the most cursory review of the present literary capacities and prospects of our English stage without special reference to what has been done for their improvement by this distinguished artist in his threefold capacity as actor, manager, and critic. It is long since there has been in our theatrical world any such noticeable or national event as the impression of his striking individuality upon the attention of the public, and the activity with which that impression is now operating as an intellectual force beyond the immediate precincts of the stage. The satisfactory impersonation of the great characters imagined by great writers demands a rare combination not only of intellectual powers but also of physical

gifts, not often united altogether, and very seldom united with a complete equivalence of effect by any single actor. In criticising, therefore, the genius or the art of an actor who possesses any appreciable number of them we must remember that every great actor carries into the parts he plays a strong individuality of his own, and that every strong individuality has "the defects of its qualities" in a degree pronounced and emphasized by the strength of it. The warmest admirers of Mr. Irving's acting would probably admit that it abounds in personal peculiarities which, to those who dislike them, furnish fair matter for reasonable criticism; while, on the other hand, its most uncompromising detractors would not, I think, deny that it exhibits a distinct intellectual quality which renders his appearance as an interpreter of the poetic drama by far the most important and interesting event of the British stage since the retirement from it of Mr. Macready. The mention of these two eminent actors suggests a passing comparison of the results achieved by each of them in the same high cause. Although no two actors could be more unlike in person and in manner, there are certain characteristics common to them both. They must be classed among those actors who produce their effects and enforce their influence rather by intellectual superiority and an elaborate study of their art than through inspiration or the magic of physical beauty and animal power. Their genius is not to be associated with their mannerisms, which have rather obscured the real merits of their acting than aided its effect, but with qualities of a purely intellectual order. They will not be remembered for the stupendous impressions they have made in this or that particular passage of a part, but for the completeness and originality of their conception of the part as an intellectual whole. That conception may be open to discussion, but not the care with which it has been formed, or the intellectual power employed in its formation. These, moreover, will be best appreciated by those who study the actor's performance, as he himself has studied what he performs, with a desire to penetrate the leading idea of it. Neither

Mr. Macready nor Mr. Irving have achieved those magnificent outbursts with which Edmund Kean is said to have electrified his audience even when he was under the influence of stimulants by no means intellectual; but they have done more to elevate the stage and themselves among the intellectual forces of their time by a higher sense of the dignity of their vocation, a wider intellectual culture, and a nobler aspiration. There are, however, two things which Mr. Macready succeeded, and which Mr. Irving has not yet succeeded, in doing for the literary character of the stage. He succeeded in gathering around him a group, on the one hand, of actors capable of placing on the same stage all the varieties of the drama enumerated by Poionius, and, on the other hand, of writers more or less eminent in literature—men among whose names may be mentioned those of Serjeant Talfourd, Sheridan Knowles, Robert Browning, and Edward Bulwer Lytton. A manager commanding the zealous assistance of such writers as these, and such actors as Phelps, Anderson, Webster, Harley, Keeley, Buxton, Farren, Frank Matthews, Mrs. Glover, Mrs. Stirling, Mrs. Nisbet, and Miss Helen Faucit, was placed in an exceptionally favorable position for keeping the literary drama alive upon the stage. But such a position is no longer possible. The extinction of the monopoly of the two great theatres has irrevocably dispersed that concentration of histrionic talent they were able to command; and between the disappearance of William Macready and the appearance of Henry Irving the condition of the stage has been such as to offer to no writer of any literary eminence the smallest inducement to write for it. The principles which regulate the composition of an acting drama are as inexorable as those which regulate the composition of a sonnet, and they are infinitely more complex. Faculties never employed are eventually lost; and, in relation to the art of dramatic composition, our present poets resemble the bees described by Mr. Darwin, who lost their wings by never using them. But if Mr. Irving has not yet succeeded in gathering around him a group of literary dramatists, he has had, at least, the signal honor of inspiring our greatest

living poet with the wish to write for the stage he has created, and of associating with himself the first dramatic efforts of Alfred Tennyson. Those efforts have not hitherto been successful. But one cause of their ill-success may fairly be attributed to the conditions under which they were made; for it is difficult to believe that any poet, whatever his genius, can successfully write for the stage without a careful study of its requirements.

No poet can produce a genuine play by solitary incubation, unless indeed the incubation has been preceded by active personal contact with the stage. He must have studied not only the capabilities of the management and actors to whom he confides his play, but also (what is probably better known to them than to him) the capabilities of the stage which is to be the vehicle, and the public which is to be the recipient, of the effects he wishes to produce. And this three-fold study is specially requisite to the case in which it is most commonly disregarded, of authors whose dramatic purpose demands for its fulfilment a more than ordinary intellectual effort on the part of the actors and the audience. The author must be content to learn, and even eager to learn, much from those who may possibly be his intellectual inferiors. It is the only chance of their learning anything from him. The process of producing a play upon the stage is one of give and take upon the part of all concerned in it. A play, properly so called, is not an exclusively individual production, any more than a foreign policy or a military campaign is the work of one man only. It is in some of its essentials a collective production, and co-operation is a primary condition of its success. From Shakespeare to Sheridan no successful dramatist has disregarded the importance of this condition. The dramatist who does disregard it is like a general who should expect to win a battle without having personally studied the character of the country in which and the troops by whom it is to be fought. His strategic conceptions may be excellent, but unless he is constantly modifying their details to meet unforeseen contingencies as they arise, and unless he himself looks closely after his transport and

commissariat, he cannot reckon upon victory. The sort of ungrudging co-operation between author and actor which Grillparzer considered to be so important a condition of their joint success in the production of a genuine play is, I think, suggestively illustrated in some letters written by my father to Mr. Macready during the production of *Richelieu*, one of the few literary plays of the last generation which still hold the stage.\*

Mr. Archer, in his "English Dramatists of To-day," advocates "the principle of collaboration" in the composition of dramatic works, and attributes to the rarity of its adoption by English dramatists much of the weakness of the modern English drama. Into the discussion of this opinion I cannot enter here. I do not think that joint authorship to the extent desiderated by Mr. Archer is compatible with the conditions necessary to the production of any imaginative work belonging to the highest order; for genius is the most despotic of monopolists. But we must distinguish between genius which cannot be acquired or communicated and art which can. The fault common to our dramatic poets is an ignorance of dramatic art. Yet there is no kind of imaginative work in which genius without art is so ineffectual as it is in the drama. Mr. Archer's remarks on this subject, though I do not quite subscribe to all of them, are very suggestive; and they appear to me inspired by a sound appreciation of the practical conditions of dramatic composition:

"In the drama," he says, "it is frequently the case that two heads are better than one. The mere verbal discussion of a theme often suggests possibilities and developments which would never have occurred to a single thinker. Every one has his little idiosyncrasies, blending him to faults of style or errors of taste in his own work. When two people are at work on a play it is subjected to a continuous, careful, and often tolerably unbiassed criticism in the very course of its growth. . . . If sincerity and competence could be insured in the friend to whom

the play is read, he would be in the best sense of the word a collaborator. Molière had one valuable collaborator—his cook; but he and Shakespeare had other collaborators—the earlier dramatists (Spanish, French, or English), whose plays they re-wrote.

All this is perfectly true, and the substantial truth of it is contained in the maxim which Grillparzer's epigram was written to illustrate and enforce, that a perfect play is in all its parts and at every stage of its development, from the stirring of the earliest germ in the imagination of one man to the reflection of its complete effect in the imagination of many, not an individual, but a collective production. For such a production, however, the best possible collaboration is that which insensibly results from the unreserved interchange of ideas and knowledge between a great author and a great actor. If both actor and author are men of literary culture and lofty aim, with a common standard of excellence and a common aspiration to attain it, this is the best combination for the successful production of the literary drama; but the relations represented by it must be based on mutual confidence and intellectual respect. The author has much to learn from the actor, but he has also much to teach him; he must be able to feel that he has in the actor not merely a technical adviser who has studied the stage, but also a sympathetic and fairly competent student of the literary conditions and purpose of his work. In that case he cannot too copiously consult or unreservedly defer to the actor's suggestions on those points in regard to which the actor's experience is necessarily superior to his own. This combination is rare, at least in our own country, because few English authors have studied the stage sufficiently to appreciate the importance of conforming their work to its inexorable condition; and not many English actors have sufficiently studied literature to appreciate the obligation of conforming their own art to the standard which the literary drama imposes on the performance of it. But such a combination did, I think, exist in the production of *Richelieu*; and I have therefore selected the genesis of that play to illustrate my previous remarks upon the conditions of a literary stage. *Richelieu*, it must here be observed, was not written merely for

\* Much to the surprise and apparent resentment of Mr. Archer, who lowers the tone of his really thoughtful and suggestive treatise by borrowing from lampoons, of which their author himself was very properly ashamed, a phraseology neither critical, witty, or well bred, for the vicarious expression of impertinence to the memory of a great dead man.



the sake of writing a play, but expressly for the purpose of aiding Mr. Macready in an enterprise which enlisted the warm and disinterested sympathy of its author. The first idea of the play grew out of a conversation, or rather several conversations, with Mr. Macready on the prospects of that enterprise, which had ended in a promise on my father's part of some further effort, more elaborate than *The Lady of Lyons*, in support of Macready's admirable endeavor to enlarge the acting *répertoire* of our modern literary drama. In the first conception of the play the chief part appears to have been allotted to a character whose name (Marillac) does not even appear in its final list of *dramatis personæ*, but whose relation to the other characters is more or less represented by that of De Mauprat. It was in the gradual evolution of this germ that the character of Richelieu himself, little by little, assumed its present proportions, and dictated a complete reconstruction of the original sketch. An outline of the plot, as at first imagined, was submitted to Macready with the following remarks on it: "Now, look well at this story. You will see that incident and position are good. But then, there is one great objection. Who is to do Richelieu? Marillac has the principal part, and requires *you*. But a bad Richelieu would spoil all. On the other hand, if you took Richelieu there would be two acts without you, which will never do; and the main interest of the plot would not fall on you. Tell me what you propose. Must we give up this idea? The incidents are all historical. Don't let me begin the thing if you don't think it will do, and decide about Marillac and Richelieu. Send me back the papers. You can consult Forster, of course."

In the result of the conference thus opened between author and actor, Marillac disappeared, the despotism of Richelieu was established, and the play tentatively finished on those lines, but with considerable hesitation, as appears from the following letter:

"MY DEAR MACREADY: I send you the play complete. Act I. and III. may require a little shortening, but you are a master at that. The rest average the length of the acts in *The Lady of Lyons*. I hope the story is clear. The domestic interest is not so strong as in the *Lady*,

but I think the *acting* of Richelieu's part may counterbalance this defect. For the rest, I say of this, as of the *Lady*, if at all hazardous or uncertain it must not be acted, and I must try again."

The actor was, at this stage of the matter, more sanguine than the author, who, after the first reading of the play, wrote to Macready:

"One thing struck and surprised me more than anything else, viz. the prosaic and almost bold cast of the general diction. This I say surprised me, because I knew I had written a poem; and yet, by some alchemy, all the poetry has been subtracted from it. On consideration I find it is to be accounted for thus. The business part was purposely left plain and simple in order to throw the whole vividness of contrast and light upon those passages where thought or passion, as in real life, burst spontaneously into poetry. The consequence of this adherence to the grandeur of nature has become a melancholy defect upon the stage (owing of course to some error in treatment), for almost every one of those passages is struck out as not essential to the business, and the *varinantes* that remain will undergo the same process, further condensation being requisite. So that at last nothing will remain but a stripped and gaunt skeleton of prose robbed of the *purpureum lumen* which gave any bloom to its apparition in my own mind; and the play, as I wrote and you first read it, will not appear upon the stage. This bareness of dialogue is much more destructive to the effect than you would imagine. And, indeed, I observed that the parts most effective in reading were those which the mutilation has not yet reached. Now to obviate this, when the play is once condensed, the dialogue of the retained parts must be re-written, and the business part rendered more artificial. A fearful vice in composition (according to my conceptions of art), but which nevertheless appears to be indispensable, since I now see why more experienced dramatists (Knowles, for instance, and Talfourd) have studiously practised it. When a door is to be shut, I say 'Shut the door;' Knowles would say, as I think he *has* said somewhere, 'Let the room be airless.' Probably he is right. But this change of style will be tedious work, *inviti Minerva*, and I doubt if I can do it at all. At the same time, far from complaining of the omission, I see the necessity of still more ruthless suppression; and I begin to despair of the play and of myself. Unless, therefore, upon consideration, you see clearly what at present seems doubtful, the triumphant effect of the portraiture and action of Richelieu himself, you had better return me the play; and if I can form myself on a new school of art, and unlearn all that tact and thought have hitherto taught me, I will attempt another. But for this year you must do without me."

This letter illustrates the eternal source of disagreement between the actor, whose instinct is to subordinate

everything to "stage business," and to regard the author's work as a mere vehicle for stage business, and the author, whose tendency is to underrate the practical requirements and conventions of stage business, and resent the tormenting conditions which his art as a dramatist imposes on his genius as poet. Thus, in another letter, on another subject, my father, replying to a request for collaboration of the kind common in France, and commended by Mr. Archer, wrote to Mr. Macready :

"I send you back your play. I can make nothing of it. It seems to me that no improvement could give the outline stuff and volume enough for a five-act play, though it would make a very pretty three-act piece. It is no use beginning with a plot which does not catch my fancy, as well as *your* notion of what you want; and I warn you that the former object will not be effected unless the plot be grounded on some conception that calls for me as an *author* as well as a *dramatist*."

No original writer will question the propriety of this condition. But the rival claims of the poet on the one hand and the stage on the other are not irreconcilable. Neither of them can with impunity be entirely sacrificed to the other in the production of a good play; and if the actor or manager is a man of literary taste, and the author free from self-conceit, they ought between them to find the right point of adjustment. Mademoiselle Mars strenuously objected to various lines assigned to her by Victor Hugo, on the retention of which he no less strongly insisted; but her objections had reference to canons of literary taste about which the author was obviously the best judge. On matters of stage business her judgment was probably better than his; and if the author of *Ernani* had never entered a green-room or listened to the practical criticism of actors and actresses it may be reasonably doubted whether his powerfully dramatic genius would ever have found adequate expression on the stage. Meanwhile the composition of *Richelieu* proceeded with undiminished consultation between author and actor.

BULWER TO MACREADY.

"I send the play as you wished, and make the following suggestions: Act I. The effect of Richelieu's grave kindness to Mauprat and Julie will I think be heightened by the contrast of a comic touch—characteristic—as thus—

RICH. (*to Joseph*). Go.  
When you return I have a feast for you:  
The last great act of my great play.  
JOSEPH (*going out hastily*). The scourge!  
RICH. (*taking up the play*). These verses.  
Gone? Poor man.  
[*seats himself, with his play.*  
Sublime!  
Enter MAUPRAT AND JULIE, etc."

The passage thus inserted is improved in the final arrangement of the dialogue. Joseph mutters as he goes out:

"Strange that so great a statesman  
Should be so bad a poet!"

RICH. What dost thou say?  
JOS. That it is strange so great a statesman should  
Be so sublime a poet.

RICH. Ah, you rogue;  
Laws die, books never. Of my ministry  
I am not vain; but of my muse I own it."

THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"Act III. In the scene after Hugnet is sent to the Bastille I have put some lines into the mouth of De Beringhen as an excuse for him to go out. He must not *see* François, otherwise he would recognize him at the Bastille. I mention this because the lines are no great things, and you might otherwise cut them out as superfluous. Act II. You have cut out the allusion to the Pigmies and Hercules,\* but you had better retain the lines—

"Bah! in policy  
We foil gigantic danger, not by giants,  
But dwarfs—"

Because these lines give point and purpose to the employment of Marion and François.† Act V. When François and De Beringhen go out struggling for the packet, De Beringhen must not cry out, lest it should seem odd that they are not overheard. The struggle must be rapid, intense, but not noisy. If any blades used, daggers not swords, as more convenient for close struggle. Act III. Still ends weakly. The act for its effect, if read, needs a more elaborate analysis of the characters of Richelieu and Louis. And this I shall probably add (not in the acting copy), to remove all ground for the criticisms I referred to last night. But I doubt if it would do for the stage; where if Richelieu stands out too amiably it will be seen that he does so from the omission of touches too minute and subtle, or scenes too long for the action of a play. I shall long to learn how it turns out in the green room. I feel very sure of Act V., and think the whole much bettered by our *limæ labor*."

And here follow a few words of touching reference to a now almost forgotten tragedy of real life:

"Fortunately I had done my connections to-day before the news of poor L. E. L.'s

\* It was not restored and does not appear in the play.

† They are retained in the play.

death, which I have just seen in the paper. It has quite overcome me, and I cannot now write many little things which had occurred to me. So young, so gifted! And yesterday I received a letter from her written in high spirits. I have not been so shocked for years."

#### THE SAME TO THE SAME.

"It occurs to me that, if you adopt my suggestion in Act III., and show the bed, etc., you will add to the suspense and surprise of the situation by omitting Richelieu's words, 'You have slain me, I am dead, etc.' Leave the audience in expectation, till Mauprat's return, as to what R.'s device really is. There are unfortunately so many papers used, by way of writs, despatches, etc., that we must distinguish broadly between them. The writs of banishment and death should be short scraps of parchment, and Richelieu's conditions of power, which the king signs, should be in a small portfolio, or pocket book with clasps. If I rightly remember the history, the document containing these and other articles of Richelieu's power was actually found (after his death) in a red and gold morocco book. The despatch must be distinguished from the writs, but I hardly know how. I should add, about dress, that I think in the pictures of Richelieu he wears the collar and order of the Saint Esprit; that Louis never wore any colors but black and orange ribbons; that Mauprat's first dress must be black, as Julie alludes to that color; and his general costume very like Bragelone's\* trousers to the knee—bows, a mantle, etc. You will see that in Act V. I have made the King say he had promised to hold the life of Baradas sacred. 1st, because that will account for the vindictive and ruthless Cardinal not killing him; 2d, because Richelieu, having said at the beginning that he had another bride, the grave, for Baradas; unless some such obstacle arises at the

close, there would be no reason in the subsequent conduct of Baradas for the Cardinal's change of mind. By the way, Richelieu lived more splendidly than the King. The scenery should convey this idea. If De Beringhen must have another jest, I can think of no better a one than this—'St. Denis travelled without his head. I'm luckier than St. Denis.' Act II. When Mauprat for the first time says, in the gardens, 'I loathe the face of man,' etc., Baradas exclaims, 'I have him!' This must be altered, as Richelieu uses the expression in the next scene. Let Baradas say—

"Go where thou wilt, the hell-bounds of Revenge  
Pant in thy track, and dog thee down."

Baradas, in the expression of his exaltation, ought to be longer and more florid than Richelieu, whose simplicity of phrase comes from the ease of superior power and uniform success. To him, in fact, what raises all the devils in Baradas's breast is mere child's play. Warde will, I trust, understand that the characteristics of Baradas are prodigious energy and restlessness; with youth, love, jealousy, hate, put in contrast to the vast and dark movement of the old statesman's intellect and concentrated vindictiveness. Much will depend on his forcing out this contrast.†

The details of this and other portions of the hitherto unpublished correspondence from which I make these extracts illustrate the tenacity with which the author of *Richelieu* kept the vision of the stage before his mind throughout the composition of the play. But I must reserve for a subsequent number the continuation of this correspondence, and so ne further comments upon it.—*Fortnightly Review*.

#### THE FORMS AND HISTORY OF THE SWORD.‡

BY FREDERICK POLLOCK.

THERE seems to be a culminating point not only in all human arts, but in the fashion of particular instruments. And it so happens that the pre-eminent and typical instruments of war and of music attained their perfection at nearly the same time, in the first quarter of the eighteenth century. Within that period the violin, chief minister of the most

captivating of the arts of peace, and the sword, the chosen weapon of skilled single combat and the symbol of military honor, assumed their final and absolute forms—forms on which no improvement has been found possible. Strangely enough, the parallel holds a step further. In each case, although nothing more could be added to the model or the workmanship, it was yet to be long

\* In the *Duchesse de la Valière*.

† The original cast of *Richelieu* is given as follows by Sir Frederick Pollock in his notes to Macready's "Reminiscences:" Louis XIII., Mr. Elton; Gaston, Mr. Diddear; Richelieu, Mr. Macready; Baradas, Mr. Warde; Mauprat, Mr. Anderson; De Beringhen, Mr.

Vining; Joseph, Mr. Phelps; Hugnet, Mr. George Bennett; François, Mr. Howe; Julie, Miss Helen Faucit; Manon de Lorme, Miss Charles.

‡ A discourse delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, June 1st, 1883.

before the full capacities of the instrument were developed. A quartet of Beethoven hardly differs more from the formal suites and gavottes of such composers as Rameau than does the sword-play of the school of Prévost or Cordelois from the nicely balanced movements and counter-movements taught and figured in the works of De Liancour or Girard. Nor has fencing been without its modern romantic school; we may even say that it has had its Berlioz in the brilliant and eccentric De Bazancourt, a charming writer on the art, and—as he has been described to me by competent authority—*un tireur des plus fantaisistes*. And in both cases we may truly say that the period of academic formality was the indispensable predecessor of the more free and adventurous development of our own time. But before the modern small-sword could even exist—the sword, as it is called eminently and without addition in its land of adoption, *épée* as opposed to *sabre*—a long course of growth, variation, and experiment had to be run through. To give some general notion of the forms and history of the sword is what I shall now attempt. And though there are perhaps not many of us nowadays who would, like Claudio before he fell in love, walk ten mile a-foot to see a good armor, I think we shall find the story not without interest.

The sword is essentially a metal weapon. Here at the outset we are on disputable ground; one cannot take a part either way without differing from good authorities. But some part must be taken, and on this point I hold with General Pitt-Rivers. The larger wooden or stone weapons, clubs and the like, were not and could not be imitated in bronze in the early days of metal-work, for the one sufficient reason that metal was too scarce. We start, then, with spear-heads of hammered bronze, imitating the pointed flints which doubtless were still used for arrow-heads until bronze was cheap enough to be thrown or shot away without thought of recovering it. The general form of these spear-heads was a kind of pointed oval, a type which has continued with only minor variations in the greater part of the spears, pikes, and lances of historical times. It is difficult to say whether the spears thus headed

were oftener used as missile or thrusting weapons, though the javelin has also forms peculiar to itself, of which the most famous example is the Roman *pilum*. In the semi-historical warfare of the Homeric poems the spear is almost always thrown; in the later historical period it is held fast as a pike; the Romans, carefully practical in all matters of military equipment, had different spears for different kinds of service. In mediæval Europe the missile use of spears had, I believe, disappeared altogether, except in the defence of walls and in naval combats. However these things may be, the need of a handier weapon than the spear for close quarters, and a readier and more certain one than the club, must have been felt at an early time. A spear broken off short would at once give a hand-weapon like the Zulu "stabbing assegai." When metal becomes more abundant, and skill in working it more common, such weapons are separately designed and made; the spear-head is enlarged into a blade, with but little alteration of form, and we have a bronze\* dagger of the type known to English archæologists as "leaf-shaped," the characteristic type of the bronze period everywhere. Some of the Greek bronze daggers, indeed, are rather smaller than the full-sized spear-heads. With increasing command of metal the length of blade is increased; and we have in course of time a true sword. This leaf-shape is the continuing type of the Greek sword throughout ancient Greek history; and it is not only thus persistent, but now and then recurs at much later times in unexpected ways. It is exactly reproduced in a pattern of short sword for the French dismounted artilleryman, dated 1816, which may be seen in the Musée d'Artillerie at the Invalides, and in some recent experimental sword-bayonets.†

\* It is not universally true that bronze was known and worked before other metals. Iron came first where, as in Africa, it was most accessible. But I speak here with a view to the European development only.

† The Londoner need not even trouble himself to walk into a museum, for the leaf-shaped Greek sword of classical times has been carefully copied from the best authorities in the weapon held by the statue at Hyde Park Corner taken from the group of the Dioscuri on Monte



As the blade lengthened, the leaf-shape was less marked, and in the days of the Roman empire, and the barbarian dynasties which were built up on its ruins, the symmetrical curvature had disappeared, leaving a straight and broad blade which became the European sword of the Middle Ages. Meanwhile the leaf-shape had thrown out other offshoots elsewhere. From the mediæval type of sword, or in some cases from one of these other forms, are derived all the weapons of this class now employed by the European races of man.

In Homer the sword is insignificant. So far as anything can be inferred from the allusions of the Greek tragedians, and from a few historical details like the improvements in equipment introduced by Iphicrates, it had a better relative position among the arms of Greek warriors in post-Homeric times. Probably this was due to the supplanting of bronze by iron—a process which was complete so long before Thucydides wrote that iron was in his language the natural and obvious material of weapons. To wear arms is for him to wear iron: in old times, he says, every man in Greece “wore iron” in everyday life, like the barbarians nowadays. But it is in the Roman armies that we find the first distinct evidence of the use of the sword being studied with anything like system. We learn from Vegetius—a writer of the late fourth century A.D., and of no great authority for his own sake, but likely enough to have preserved genuine traditions of the service—that the Roman soldier was assiduously practised in sword exercise. What is more important, the Romans had discovered the advantage of using the point, and regarded enemies who could only strike with the edge as contemptible. Vegetius assigns as reasons for this both the greater effectiveness of a thrust and the less exposure of the body and arm in delivering it; reasons which though not conclusive are plausible, and show that the matter had been thought out. Further, the Roman practice, notwithstanding the temptation to keep the shielded side foremost, was to ad-

vance the right side in attacking, as modern swordsmen do. The weapon was a thoroughly practical one; the straight and short blade was mounted in a hilt not unlike that of a Scottish dirk, scored with well-marked grooves for the fingers, and balanced with a substantial pommel: this last point, by the way, is too much neglected in our present military swords. A shorter and broader pattern was worn by superior officers, sometimes in a highly ornamented scabbard, of which there is a very fine specimen in the British Museum. Longer swords were used by the cavalry and by the foreign troops in the Roman service.\* There is no evidence, however, that the Romans ever attained the point of cultivating swordsmanship in the proper sense, that is, making the sword a defensive as well as an offensive arm.

After the fall of the Roman empire the sword in general use is a longer and larger weapon, but handled, we may suspect, with less skill and effect. It is straight, heavy, double-edged, and of varying length apparently determined by no rule beyond the strength or the fancy of the owner. A good historical specimen of this type is the sword of Charles the Great, exhibited in the Louvre. As often as not the earlier mediæval swords are rounded off at the end; and from this, as well as from the fact that some centuries later the “foining fence” of the Italian school was regarded as a wholly new thing, it appears that the Roman tradition of preferring the point to the edge had been lost or disregarded. There is every reason, indeed, to believe that the mediæval form is the continuance of a pre-historic one. Swords dug up in various parts of Europe from several feet of gravel show no essential difference of pattern from those which were common down to the sixteenth century. The hilts of the prehistoric swords do indeed affect (though not invariably) a shortness in the grip which seems to modern Europeans absurd, though a parallel to

\* Lindenschmit, *Tracht und Bewaffnung des römischen Heeres während der Kaiserzeit*. Braunschweig, 1882. Complete reconstructions of both Greek and Roman equipments of various periods (among others) may be seen in the excellent historical collection of *Costumes de guerre* in the Musée d'Artillerie of Paris.

Cavallo, disfigured by a total perversion of the original motive, and absurdly re-named Achilles.

it may be found in modern Asiatic swords; and very short handles occur in European weapons as late as the thirteenth century. From three to three and a half inches, or sometimes even less, is all the room given to the hand. The modern European swordsman's grip is flexible; he requires free space and play for the fingers, and for the directing action of the thumb which is all but indispensable in using the point. The short grip is intended to give a tight-fitting and rigid grasp, so that the whole motion of the cut comes from the arm and shoulder; and this is the manner in which Oriental swords are still handled. Apart from this difference in the size of the grip, a mediæval knight's sword, or one of the Scottish swords to which the name of claymore (commonly usurped by the much later basket-hilted pattern) properly belongs, has little to distinguish it from the arms of unknown date which, for want of a more certain attribution, are vaguely called British in our museums. But one thing of great curiosity happened to the sword in the Middle Ages; it became a symbol of honor, an object almost of worship, the chosen seat and image of the sentiment of chivalry. This may be accounted for in part by the accident of the cross-guard seeming to the newly converted barbarians to invest it with a sacred character; I say accident, for the cross-guard is certainly pre-historic and therefore pre-Christian. Still the religious associations of the cross must have given a quite new significance and importance to such customs as that of swearing by the sword—itsself a widely spread one, and of extreme antiquity.\* I think that

\* It is common among the Rájputs, and is met with, in conjunction with peculiar formalities, among certain hill tribes. Wilbraham Egerton, "Handbook of Indian Arms" (published by the India Office, 1880), pp. 77, 105-6. It is also a very old Teutonic custom. Grimm, *D.R.A.*, pp. 165, 896, cp. Ducange, *s.v. Juramentum (super arma)*. The implied imprecation was probably, "May the god of war abandon me in fight if I swear falsely," hardly "May I perish by the sword," for it was held disgraceful to a free man to die otherwise than in battle. In the sixteenth century Spanish fencing-masters, on their admission to the guild, took an oath—"super signum sanctæ crucis factum de pluribus ensibus." *Revue archéologique*, vi. 589. Not unfrequently the sword itself was the object of worship; the feeling is more easily revived in fighting times,

other though not dissimilar influences also came into play. In the Old Testament the sword is much oftener mentioned than the spear, and is a recognized symbol of war and warlike power. Thus, to take one of the best-known passages, we read in the forty-fifth Psalm, "Gird thee with thy sword upon thy thigh, O thou most mighty;" in the Vulgate, *Accingere gladio tuo super femur tuum, potentissime*. Now it is no matter of conjecture that such a passage deeply affected the mediæval imagination. These words are quoted by a man of peace, our own Bracton, writing in the thirteenth century, when he speaks of the king's power, and of the counsellors and barons who are his companions, girt with swords, assisting him to do judgment and justice. It seems hardly too fanciful to think that the fascination and pre-eminence of the sword which were at their height in Bracton's time, and are not extinct yet, were in some measure derived from that one triumphant note of the Psalmist. Not that others were wanting; there is the two-edged sword in the hands of the saints: *Exaltationes Dei in gutture eorum, et gladii ancipites in manibus eorum*, a verse that was in time to serve the Puritans as it had served the Crusaders.

But to follow out the associations of the sword with knighthood, semi-religious military vows and enterprises, and military honor in general, would be matter for a discourse of itself. Let us return to the fashion and development of the weapon. There was little variation from the eleventh to the sixteenth century, save that the decoration of the scabbard and mountings (of which I do not propose to speak) grew more elaborate with the growth of art and luxury, and that the average length tended to increase. After the twelfth century the sword is generally pointed as well as two-edged, and the point was sometimes used with effect. In the fourteenth century M.S. in the British Museum, en-

even now, than men of peace are apt to think, as Körner's well-known sword-song shows. Compare General Pitt-Rivers's Catalogue of his collection (Stationery Office, 1877), p. 102. Some of the formulas in Ducange suggest the meaning, "What I assert or promise I am ready to make good with the sword;" but this I suspect is a later rationalizing of the original ceremony.

graved in Hewitt's "Ancient Armor and Weapons," a mounted knight is delivering a thrust in *quarte* (as we now say), which completely pierces his adversary's shield. In the sixteenth century the blade is made narrower and lighter, and the sword-hand is for the first time adequately guarded. First the plain cross-bar puts on various curved forms intended to arrest or entangle an enemy's blade with greater effect. Then rings project on either side of the root of the blade, and are worked, as time goes on, into a more or less complex system of convolutions according to the costliness of the weapon and the skill and fancy of the maker. These curved guards are known as *pas d'âne*, while the cross-pieces in the plane of the blade, now slender and elongated, and often curving toward the point, are called *quillons*. Next the guard throws up one or more branches, covering or encircling the exposed outer part of the hand. These branches form a shell or basket pattern, their ends are solidly joined to the pommel (after an interval of hesitating osculation, well exemplified in a sword now in the museum of the United Service Institution, which was borne by Cromwell at Drogheda), and nothing but a process of selection and simplification is now needed to produce all the modern patterns of sword-hilts. It was at Venice that the basket-hilt first came into regular use in the swords named *Schiavone*, from being worn by the Doge's body-guard (*Schiavoni*, Slavs, i.e. Dalmatians). In these it is of a flattened elliptical shape. The Scots, renowned before the middle of the sixteenth century for their careful choice of weapons, took up the model, and in the course of another generation or two developed it into the well-known basket-guard still used by our Highland regiments, the most complete protection for the swordsman's hand ever devised without undue loss of freedom. Meanwhile the *pas d'âne* solidifies into a hollowed disk or even a deep bell-shaped cup, the characteristic feature of the guard of the Spanish rapier and the modern duelling sword. One cannot help speaking of the works of men's hands, when one traces them in historical order through their several forms, as if they were organic and grew like flowers, or like variations of a natural species; and in

truth it is not an idle conceit, for the development of design and workmanship answers to a real organic development in the men from whose brain and hand the work proceeds; every generation takes up from its fathers, if it is worthy of them, a new starting-point of imagination and aptitude, and the strange conservatism of the imitative faculty is a sure warrant of continuity.

The latter half of the sixteenth century was the time when the sword stood highest in artistic honor. Then it was that Holbein designed its ornaments for Henry VIII., and that Albert Dürer engraved a crucifixion on a plate of gold for the boss of a sword or dagger of the Emperor Maximilian's. Both the sword and its ornament disappeared at an early time, the prey of some greatly daring collector, and nothing is now known of their fate; the design survives, for impressions were taken as from an ordinary engraver's plate, and some are still in existence, though a good example is extremely rare. But in the true armorer's or swordsman's eyes the work even of a Holbein and a Dürer is only extraneous adornment, and must yield in interest to the qualities of the blade. And at this time the sword-smith became again, as he had been in the ruder ages when metal working was the secret of a few craftsmen, a man of renown. In Spain, in France, in Germany, and in Italy there rose up masters and schools of sword-cutlery. There was a time when the blades of Bordeaux and Poitiers had the best price in the English market; but soon those of Toledo, combining beauty, strength, and elasticity, gained that eminence of which the tradition still clings to them. Othello's "sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper," was such an one as these now before us. And Shakespeare, be it noted, knew here as always exactly what he was speaking of; for it was long believed that the quality of the finest blades depended on their being tempered in mountain streams. Germany was not far behind in the race either; the Solingen blades, stouter and rougher than the Spanish ones, but for that reason fitter for common military service, made their trademark of a running wolf known throughout the north of Europe. The wolf, or hieroglyphic symbol that passed for

one, was easily taken for a fox. Hence, it should seem, the cant name of fox for a sword, which is current in our Elizabethan literature. "O Signieur Dew, thou diest on point of fox," cries Pistol to his captive on the field of Agincourt. A still greater reputation was gained by the strong and keen broadswords bearing the name of Andrea Ferara, long a puzzle to antiquaries from the want of positive knowledge whether he was of Italian or Spanish origin. The story that he was invited to Scotland by James V. appears to be mere guess-work. There exists, however, contemporary evidence that some time after 1580, two brothers, Giovan Donato and Andrea dei Ferari, were well-known sword-makers working at Belluno in Friuli, the Illyrian territory of Venice; and this goes far to settle the question between Spain and Italy.\* Probably the name of Ferara became a kind of trade-mark, and was used afterward by many successors or imitators.

During this time the Spanish and Italian rapier was undergoing its peculiar development, and leading the way to the modern art of fencing. But this takes us out of the general line of history into a distinct branch. We have henceforth to consider the sword, not as the simple following out of a given primitive form, but as a weapon diverging from that form in two directions. It may be specialized as a cutting or as a thrusting arm. In the military sabre of our own time we find both qualities reconciled by a sufficiently effective compromise, but only after a long course of experiments.

For many centuries the armorers and swordsmen of the East have cultivated the edge at the expense of the point, and have attained a partly just and partly fabulous renown. The point, after being neglected since the days of the Romans, has made up its lost time in the West, and made it up triumphantly; for it is now admitted that the swordsman who would be a complete master of the edge must have learned the ways of the point also. Let us take the earlier stage first, as shown in the cutting swords of the East. Broadly speaking, their

characteristic feature is a decidedly curved blade as opposed to the straight or nearly straight European form.

Its most ancient form was probably short, and broader at the point than at the handle (the scimitar properly so called); an exaggerated representation of this type is the conventional weapon of Orientals and barbarians among the painters of the Renaissance or even later. Passing over earlier stages, however, let us come to the sabre which was made known to Western Europe by the crusades, and whose form and fashion have continued to our own day without notable change. These Indian and Persian arms exhibit the perfection of a specialized type. Great cutting power is gained by the curvature, which insures an oblique section of the blade, and therefore an acuter angle of resistance, being presented to the object struck. Everything else is sacrificed to the power of the edge, and sacrificed deliberately. The small grip and the partial or total neglect of protection for the sword-hand are part of the same plan. Defence is left to the shield and armor. The curious projecting pommel of the commonest pattern of Indian sabre may act, indeed, as a guard for the wrist, but it has other uses; it may become a weapon of offence at close quarters, it balances the weight of the blade, and it may be grasped with the left hand for a two-handed blow. Scottish broadswords not uncommonly have a kind of outside loop made in the hilt for the same purpose.

More time and labor have been given to the making and adornment of choice weapons in Syria, Persia, and India than in any other part of the world. The best steel always came, it appears, from India. Damascus has given its name to the characteristic processes of Oriental metal-work, but has long ceased to be the chief seat of the art: "the best blades at the present day are still made in Khorassan, where the manufacture has been carried on since the time of Timour, who transported thither the best artificers of Damascus."\* Nevertheless, Damascus blades, or what purport to be such, are still freely sold

\* *Cornhill Magazine*, vol. xii., p. 192 (August, 1865).

\* Egerton, "Handbook of Indian Arms," p. 56.



to travellers in the East. One such purchaser, I am told, observed that a number of these swords had the same inscription in Arabic characters. He was unable to read it himself, but afterward consulted an Orientalist, who informed him that the writing signified—"I am *not* a Damascus blade." It may be believed that the interpretation was faithful, for the jest is quite in the Persian manner. The damasked or "watered" appearance of the blades, which are most highly esteemed in the East, appears to have been originally due to an accidental crystallization of the steel in the process of conversion. The production of it was long thought a secret, but Western experts have now both explained and imitated it.\*

While we are among Indian weapons, we may learn from them that the development of the sword from the dagger by successive steps and modifications is not a matter of mere archæological conjecture. Almost conclusive proof is given by the series of intermediate forms between the straight broad dagger (Katâr), with a handle formed by a pair of cross-bars set close together between two other bars parallel to the axis of the blade which serve as hand-guards, and the long sword with gauntlet hilt called Patá. The dagger, as far as the blade goes, is of a widespread type; the mediæval short swords, for example, called by modern antiquaries "*anelace*" or "*langue-de-bœuf*" (though there is some doubt as to what *anelace* or *anlas*, a name peculiar to England and of unknown origin, really means), are not unlike it. But the mounting is peculiar, and enables us to follow the transitions. First the blade is made about a third or a half longer. Then a kind of shell covering the back of the hand is added to the bars of the hand-guard. In this form the weapon is called "*Bara jamdádú*" (death-giver), and seems to be known only in a limited part of Southern India. Finally the blade is lengthened into a double-edged sword, and the hand-guard is closed in so as to make a complete gauntlet-shaped hilt. The original cross-bar handle remains, making the grip entirely different from that of an

ordinary sword.\* One does not see how an arm thus mounted can be used except for a sweeping blow, no room being given for the slightest play of the wrist. It is not uncommon to find old Spanish or other European blades mounted in these gauntlet hilts—a fact worth noticing to correct the popular impression that Eastern swords are better than European ones. This is far from being generally true. Not only may old Spanish, Italian, or German blades be found in collections of Oriental arms, but in quite modern times Indian horsemen have been known to use by preference English light cavalry swords, remounted in their own fashion, and to do terrible execution with them. European swords have been found ineffective in Indian warfare, not because they were bad in themselves, but because they were not kept sharp like the Indian ones. "A sharp sword will cut in any one's hand," said an old native trooper to Captain Nolan in answer to questions as to the secret of the Indian horsemen's blows. And if European sword-smiths do not produce habitually such elaborate work as those of Persia and Damascus, it is not because they have not the secret of their Eastern fellow-craftsmen, but because the time and expense required for watered blades are such as would not be compensated by the price obtainable in the Western market. Only in the East, where men seem to take no count of time, and where centuries have passed without historians and without any means of fixing dates, could this branch of the armorer's art have arisen, or be regularly practised.

Similarly, we have all read in Walter Scott's "*Talisman*" the spirited (though, it must be confessed, inaccurate†) description of the sword-feats per-

\* Examples of all the stages may be seen in the Indian section of the South Kensington Museum, or still better in the Pitt-Rivers collection, where a case is specially arranged to show the transition.

† Richard I. is made to wield a two-handed sword, a weapon unknown in his time and used only by foot-soldiers when it did come in some three centuries later; and Saladin's is described as having a *narrow* curved blade, whereas Indo-Persian sabres are, on the average, broader if anything than European swords.

\* Wilkinson, "*Engines of War*" (1841), pp. 200 *seq.*

formed by Richard and Saladin; and most readers probably imagine the cutting of the cushion and the veil to require some temper to be found only in Oriental blades, or some refinement of address peculiar to Oriental hands. But these and other feats of Eastern swordsmen have been and are repeated with success by Europeans in our own time. It is true that a light and very sharp sword, not the service arm, is used for that special purpose.

Various peculiar types of curved swords and more or less similar weapons occur in different parts of the East. One which deserves special mention, from the distances to which it has travelled, is the yataghan type. The doubly-curved blade of the yataghan, still a constant part of the armed Albanian's equipment, and a favorite Turkish weapon,\* is identical in form with the short sword or falchion (Kopis) figured on sundry Greek monuments, and with the Kukri of Nepal. This last, indeed, is commonly broader and more curved; but there is an elongated variety of it which cannot be distinguished from the yataghan, and which occurs in Nepal itself, in the Deccan, and in Sind. A precisely similar arm, probably imported by Roman auxiliaries, has been found at Cordova and elsewhere in Spain, and may be seen in the Pitt-Rivers collection and the Musée d'Artillerie. It makes a very handy and formidable weapon, combining, if not too much curved, a strong cutting edge with considerable thrusting power. Of its birthplace, I believe, nothing is known; it is more or less used in all the Mohammedan parts of Asia, and the geographical distribution would point to Persia or thereabouts for a common origin; but then Persia is just the country where the thing seems to be least common, and the word is purely Turkish. Is it not impossible that, notwithstanding the strong temptation to make out a pedigree, we have here a case of independent invention in two or more distinct quarters; and in fact the Kukri of the Gorkhas is stated (on what authority I do not know) to be de-

rived from a bill-hook used for wood-cutter's work in the jungles. In modern times the yataghan has been the parent of the French sword-bayonet, and it was even proposed by Colonel Marey, the author of a full and ingenious monograph on the forms and qualities of swords, to make the infantry officer's sword of this pattern.

We pass now to the other special line of development, that of the rapier and small-sword. Whatever differences of opinion may be possible about the sabre, there can be no doubt that the straight sword, which ultimately became a thrusting sword, is an extension of the dagger. The East is rich in daggers of many forms, so rich that in India alone a score of distinct names for distinct varieties of the weapon appear to be current. There is a broad difference, however, between the straight and the curved daggers, and the modes of using them; the straight ones being held like a sword, the curved ones the reverse way, with the little finger next the blade. Among the curved species is one of which the shape would be puzzling if it were not known to be simply copied from a buffalo horn. The proof is that a dagger of this class is sometimes nothing but the split and sharpened buffalo horn itself. I am not sure that all the curved daggers may not be due to some imitation of this kind, and thus be quite unconnected with the course of development leading up to the modern sword. That the curved sabre is modified from a straight sword, not enlarged from a curved dagger, is, I think, too plain for discussion. The broad-bladed straight dagger, which lengthened into the gauntlet-hilted sword, has already been mentioned. But neither in this nor in any other case does the enlargement of the dagger appear to have suggested in the East the fabrication or use of a full-sized sword with thrusting for its chief or sole purpose. The rapier, the duelling sword, and the art of fencing, are purely Western inventions. Before going further, let us put a needful distinction of terms beyond mistake. A duelling sword and a rapier are not the same thing, though they are often confused. The rapier is a cut-and-thrust sword so far modified as to be used chiefly for pointing, but not to the com-

\* I do not think it was adopted by the Greeks. In the Klephtic ballads it seems to be opposed, as the Turkish arm, to the Greek sword (Spathi).

plete exclusion of the edge. The duelling sword is a weapon made, and capable of being used, for pointing only. Such a construction would be naturally first applied to the dagger, as its cutting edges could never be of much offensive service unless it were of a large and clumsy type. Cutting power being once regarded as secondary or superfluous, the two-edged blade is narrowed for convenience of carriage, perhaps also of concealment, until thickening becomes necessary to make it strong enough. This reinforcement may be effected by a ridge on either side of the blade, or by a ridge on one side only, which soon becomes as much or as little of an edge as the original and now degraded edges of the blade. From the narrow two-edged blade strengthened by a single "median ridge" we get a purely thrusting blade of triangular section, or an approximately bayonet-shaped blade as we should now call it. From the blade with a double "median ridge" we get a blade of quadrangular section, not corresponding to anything now in familiar use. Both the three-edged and the four-edged shape occur among mediæval daggers; they are also found, though exceptionally, in Indian specimens. It is difficult to say when they were introduced. We have a distinct record of three-edged swords or long daggers having been employed at the battle of Bovines (A.D. 1214); they are specially described by the chronicler as a novelty.\* But no example of so early a date appears to be either preserved or figured anywhere; and it was as nearly as possible five centuries afterward that the bayonet-shaped small-sword prevailed over the rapier. It is worth noticing that some of the Scottish broadswords of the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries have a

"median 'ridge'" so strongly marked as to make them almost three-edged.

As for the two-edged rapier, its parentage is obvious. It is the military sword of all work, in the form it had assumed in the first half of the sixteenth century, lengthened, narrowed, and more finely pointed.\* The interesting question is what led to the use of the point being studied and developed at that particular time. It may seem a paradox to say that the art of fencing is due to the invention of gunpowder; but I believe it to be true. So long as the body was protected by armor, there was no necessity and no scope for fine swordsmanship. Hard hitting was the only kind of attack worth cultivating. Fire-arms, however, made armor not only of less value, but at short ranges a source of positive danger, just as nowadays, when the side of an ironclad is once penetrated by shot, the splinters make matters worse than if there had been no resistance at all. Armor being abandoned as worse than useless against fire-arms, it became needful to resort to skill instead of mechanical protection for defence against cold steel at close quarters. Various experiments were tried; the shield was reduced in dimensions to make it more manageable, and in England sword and buckler play, which had long been a favorite national pastime, still had, at the very end of the sixteenth century, its zealous advocates against the new-fangled rapier. But the point, of no avail against complete armor, soon manifested its superior power when this barrier was removed. There is some obscurity about the local origin of the rapier and of fencing. A credible tradition refers it to Spain, whence it was imported into Italy by the Spanish armies early in the sixteenth century. The finest old rapiers are Spanish, and there is mention of very early Spanish books on the subject, which, however, do not seem to be extant.†

From Italy the fashion came into

\* *Guillelmi Armorici liber* (Guillaume le Breton), anno 1214, § 192 (p. 283 of ed. 1882, published by the Société de l'histoire de France).—" . . . Ante oculos ipsius regis occiditur Stephanus de Longo Campo, miles probus et fidei integre, cultello recepto in capite per ocularium galee. Hostes enim quodam genere armorum utebantur admirabili et hactenus inaudito; habebant enim cultellos longos, graciles, triacumines, quolibet acumine indifferenter secantes a cuspidē usque ad manubrium, quibus utebantur pro gladiis. Sed per Dei adiutorium prevaluerunt gladii Francorum," etc.

\* It has been said that the rapier and its distinctive manner of use were derived from an elongated dagger employed for piercing the joints of plate armor; but I have met with nothing to support this view.

† See Nicolao Antonio, *Bibl. Hispana Vetust.*, tom. 2, p. 305, and *Bibl. Hispana Nova*, tom. 1, p. 468, who names two Spanish authors as having written in 1474.

France and England, and spread apace, not without grumbling from the older sort of gentlemen and soldiers, of which the echoes are yet audible to us in sundry passages of Shakespeare. At some time between 1570 and 1580 the rapier became the favorite companion of the exquisites of London. "Shortly after (the twelfth or thirteenth year of Queen Elizabeth)," says Howes, the continuer of Stow's *Annals*, "began long tucks, and long rapiers, and he was held the greatest gallant, that had the deepest ruff and longest rapier; the offence to the eye of the one, and the hurt unto the life of the subject that came by the other, caused her Majesty to make proclamation against them both, and to place selected grave citizens at every gate to cut the ruffs and break the rapiers' points of all passengers that exceeded a yard in length of their rapiers, and a nail of a yard in depth of their ruffs." A later writer fixes the date of this proclamation to 1586, and adds that it forbade rapiers to be "carried, as they had been before, upward in a hectoring manner," but says nothing of the ruffs.\* In 1594-5 two English treatises appeared on the new art of fence, one translated from the Italian of Giacomo di Grassi, the other the work of Vincentio Saviolo,† an Italian master established in England. The translator of Grassi tells us in his "Advertisement to the Reader," that "the sword and buckler fight was long while allowed in England (and yet practice in all sorts of weapons is praiseworthy), but now being laid down, the sword, but with serving-men, is not much regarded,‡

and the rapier fight generally allowed, as a weapon because most perilous, therefore most feared, and thereupon private quarrels and common frays most shunned." On the other hand, some partisans of the old sword and buckler play maintained its excellence on the express ground that men skilled in it might fight as long as they pleased without hurting one another; and others denounced the rapier as "that mischievous and imperfect weapon which serves to kill our friends in peace, but cannot much hurt our foes in war" (George Silver, "Paradoxes of Defence," 1599). But they were soon discomfited. In 1617 we find one Joseph Swetnam, a garrulous and not original author, declaring that the short sword or back-sword (a stout sword so called from having only one edge) is against the rapier "little better than a tobacco pipe or a fox tail." We must not suppose that the rapier fight of the sixteenth century resembled modern fencing. It was the commoner practice to hold a dagger in the left hand for parrying; this, by the way, has an odd analogy in China, where instruments like blunt skewers are used for the same purpose. And not only did the use of the dagger, or in its absence of the gauntleted left hand, make the conditions different from those of the modern fencing school, but the principles and methods were as yet crude and unformed. The fencing match in *Hamlet* is now presented according to the modern fashion, and Dumas and Gautier, both of whom knew the historic truth well enough, freely introduce the modern terms and rules into the single combats of their novels. In each case this course is justified by artistic necessity. But if we look to the engravings in Saviolo or Grassi, we shall find that Hamlet and Laertes, when the play was a novelty at the Globe Theatre, stood at what would now be thought an absurdly short distance (for the lunge, or delivery of the thrust by a swift forward movement of the right foot and body, with the left foot as a fixed point, was not yet invented), with their sword-hands down at their knees, the points of their rapiers directed not to the breast but to the face of the adversary, and their left hands held up in front of the shoulder in a singularly awkward atti-

\* Stow, *Annals* continued by Edmond Howes, Lond. 1614, p. 869; "Survey of London," ed. 1755, vol. ii., p. 543 (in Strype's additional matter). Such a proclamation was, according to modern ideas, quite illegal; but much else of the same kind was acquiesced in all through Elizabeth's reign.

† There is a second book of this treatise with a separate title-page, "Of honor and honorable quarrels," supposed by Warburton to be alluded to in Touchstone's exposition of the lie seven times removed. I cannot think this at all certain; the coincidence of matter is not very close, and it appears from Saviolo that other books of the kind were in existence.

‡ Cp. Florio, *First-Fruits* (1573), cited by Malone on *King Henry IV.*, part i., act i., sc. 3, where the buckler is called "a clownish, dastardly weapon, and not fit for a gentleman."



tude. A great object was to seize the adversary's sword-hilt with the left hand; and this perhaps explains the "scuffling" in which Hamlet and Laertes change foils—a thing barely possible in a fencing-match of the present day. An incidental illustration of the part of the left hand in defence is given in *Romeo and Juliet*, where it is related that Mercutio

"with one hand beats  
Cold death aside, and with the other sends  
It back to Tybalt."

The duel with rapier and dagger had particular rules of its own; and the handling of a "case of rapiers" (that is, a rapier in either hand) was also taught, but, one would think, only for display.

During this period the use of the edge was combined with that of the point, but the point was preferred. "To tell the truth," says Saviolo, "I would not advise any friend of mine, if he were to fight for his credit and life, to strike neither mandrillas nor riversas" (the technical names of direct and back-handed cuts), "because he puts himself in danger of his life; for to use the point is more ready, and spends not the like time." In the books of the seventeenth century the instructions for mandrillas and riversas disappear accordingly, and at the beginning of the eighteenth we find the small-sword in existence and the rapier gradually giving place to it. Experiments had already been made with thrusting blades of triangular or quadrangular section; at least, specimens of such, ascribed to the early seventeenth or even the end of the sixteenth century, may be seen in museums. In some of these cases, however, one would like to ascertain that a more recent blade has not been mounted in a hilt of the period attributed to the weapon. Be that as it may, the small-sword completely prevailed over the two-edged rapier some time about 1715. At the same time that the form of the blade was changed, its length, which had been excessive, was reduced to a handier and not less effective compass. As regards the mounting and guard also there was a marked return to simplicity. The elaborate work of the Spanish rapier hilts disappears, to be replaced by a plain shell guard for the duelling sword, and a very light hilt,

capable, however, of much decoration if desired, for the walking sword which every gentleman habitually wore until near the end of the last century. Meanwhile the art of fencing made rapid progress, and may be said to have been fixed in substance upon its modern lines by 1750 or thereabouts. To give an account of its development before and since that time would require not a part of a discourse, nor a whole discourse, but a book.

One is tempted in the various forms and uses of the sword to see a reflection of the general temper, and even the tastes and style of the age. The sword of each period seems fitted by no mere accident to the gentlemen, both scholars and soldiers, like Bassanio, who wore and handled it. The long rapier, with its quillons and cunningly wrought metal-work, and somewhat rigid handhold, is a kind of visible image of the stately and involved periods of Elizabethan prose. I can persuade myself that it was not in the nature of things for Sidney or Raleigh to be otherwise armed. When we come to the great forerunners of modern English, Hobbes (who has in nowise forgotten to put a sword in the right hand of the mystical figure representing the might of the State in the frontispiece to his "*Leviathan*") seems to wield an Andrea Ferara, such a blade and so mounted as Cromwell's, dealing nimbly and shrewdly with both edge and point. And in the exquisite dialectic of Berkeley and Hume, as clear and graceful as it is subtle, and without a superfluous word, we surely have the true counterpart of the finished play of the small-sword, the perfection of single combat. Warfare is on a grander scale now, the controversies of philosophers as well as the campaigns of generals. There are modern philosophical arguments which profess to be more weighty, as they are certainly more voluminous, than Hume's or Berkeley's, and which remind one not of an assault between two strong and supple fencers in which every movement can be followed, but of a modern field-day, where there is much hurrying to and fro, much din, dust, and smoke, and extreme difficulty in discovering what is really going on.

But our story is not fully done. At

the same time, or almost the same time, with the small-sword there came in an offshoot of this class of weapons which has a curious little history of its own, namely the bayonet, a modified dagger in its immediate origin, but influenced in its settled ordinary form by the small-sword, and by the sabre and yataghan in various experimental forms which have ended in the sword-bayonet largely used in Continental services, and to some extent in our own.

A word is also due to the modern military sabre. This, broadly speaking, is a continuation of the straight European military sword of the sixteenth century, lengthened and lightened after the example of the rapier, but one-edged instead of two-edged, and in many cases more or less curved after the fashion of the Eastern swords. The rapier and the small-sword are weapons of single combat, not of general military use; the small-sword is too fragile, the rapier both too fragile and too long, for a soldier's convenience. It is true that it was proposed by no less an authority than Marshal Saxe to arm cavalry with long bayonet-shaped swords, and his opinion has been followed by at least one modern writer. But it is founded on the erroneous notion that a good cutting sabre cannot have a good point, and therefore either the edge or the point must be wholly sacrificed; a notion which has so far prevailed that late in the eighteenth century an excessively curved light cavalry sabre (apparently copied with close fidelity from an Indian model) was introduced throughout the armies of Europe. It was the weapon of our light dragoons all through the Peninsular and Waterloo campaigns, and effective for cutting, but almost or quite useless for pointing. Even now there remains a certain difference in most services between the shape of the light and the heavy cavalry swords, the heavy cavalry sword being straighter, or sometimes perfectly straight. But it is pretty well understood by this time that one and the same sword can be made, though not so perfect for thrusting as the duelling sword, nor so powerful for cutting as an Indian talwar, or the old dragoon sabre, yet a very sufficient weapon for both purposes. A blade of moderate length, not too broad, and

lightened by one or more grooves running nearly from hilt to point, may be shaped with a curve too slight to interfere gravely with the use of the point, yet sensible enough to make a difference in favor of the edge. This plan is now generally followed.

The use of the edge, after being unduly neglected in consequence of the startling effectiveness of the rapier-point, has also been more carefully studied in modern times. Closely connected with the error just now mentioned, that the same blade cannot be good for both cutting and thrusting, is an equally erroneous belief that a cut cannot be delivered with sufficient force except by exposing one's whole body. The old masters of rapier-fence already knew better. What says Grassi in the contemporary English version? "By my counsel he that would deliver an edge-blow shall fetch no compass with his shoulder, because while he beareth his sword far off, he giveth time to the wary enemy to enter first; but he shall only use the compass of the elbow and the wrist; which, as they be most swift, so are they strong enough if they be orderly handled." This is exactly what the best modern teachers say. Though sabre-play cannot rival the refinements of the lighter and more subtle small-sword, there is much more science in it than would be supposed by any one not acquainted with the matter; and it may easily be seen that a pair of single-stick players who have learned from a good master do, in fact, expose themselves wonderfully little. Nor is it easy to say on which side the advantage ought to be in a combat between foil and sabre, the players being of fairly equal skill, and each acquainted with the use of both weapons.

My final word, albeit it savor of egotism, shall be one of practical testimony and counsel to a generation of students. I must add my voice to those of a long chain of authorities, medical and other, to bear witness that the exercise of arms, whether in the school of the small-sword, or in the practice, more congenial, perhaps, to the English nature, of the sturdier sabre, is the most admirable of regular correctives for the ill habits of a sedentary life. It is as true now as when George Silver wrote it

under Queen Elizabeth that "the exercising of weapons putteth away aches, griefs, and diseases, it increaseth strength and sharpeneth the wits, it giveth a per-

fect judgment, it expelleth melancholy, cholerick, and evil conceits, it keepeth a man in breath, perfect health, and long life."—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

#### JEWS AND CHRISTIANS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

It is too soon as yet to offer any direct comment on the strange trial of Hungarian Jews at Nyireggyhaza, reported daily in the newspapers, which reads like a misplaced chapter of some mediæval chronicle. The trial is not over, and it may suffice to observe for the present that the notions of evidence, and of the proper method of obtaining it, entertained by those concerned seem hardly less of an anachronism than the imputed crime. The belief in a periodical sacrifice of a Christian child by Jews is as old as the fifth century; whether it was always supposed to be prompted by a desire to mingle Christian blood with the unleavened bread of the Passover we are not able to say, but we greatly doubt it, and the idea does not argue any very great familiarity with the Levitical Law in those who originated it. It was hardly probable that the Jews, who were strictly forbidden to eat blood at any time, would go out of their way to combine sacrilege with disobedience by leavening the Passover cakes with blood either of man or beast. The earliest case of the kind on record is related by Socrates (*Ecl. Hist.* vii. 16) as having occurred about A.D. 414 at a place between Chalcis and Antioch in Syria, where a Christian boy is said to have been crucified by the Jews. But the tradition is chiefly a mediæval one. All tourists on the Rhine who have visited the picturesque ruins of St. Werner's Chapel at Bacharach are aware that the quaint little town—sadly despoiled of its antiquarian interest by the fire of 1872—is not more famous for its wines than for the memory of its martyr boy. St. Werner, according to the local tradition, was crucified by the Jews in 1286 and thrown into the Rhine at Oberwesel, but his body floated up the stream by miracle to Bacharach, where it was rescued to the confusion of the murderers and the glory of the youthful saint, in whose honor the Gothic church, still beautiful in its ruinous state, was erected in 1293

on an eminence overlooking the town and beneath the Castle of Stahleck, now also a ruin, destroyed by the French in 1689. This is but one out of many similar tales current in the middle ages both in Germany and England of the murder of Christian children by the Jews, some of which even recall the incident of the drowning and the miraculous rescue of the body. The best known perhaps, as well as the most authentic, of the English legends is that of St. Hugh of Lincoln, recorded by Matthew of Paris and in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, which has a basis in fact. In 1255 a woman of Lincoln found the dead body of her son, a child of eight years old, in a well near a Jew's house, who was arrested, and on the strength of a confession wrung from him, he and ninety-two of the richest Jews in Lincoln were imprisoned, and their goods confiscated to the royal exchequer, eighteen of them being at once hung. The Franciscans to their credit interceded for the rest, and thirty-five were released. In this case there can be no doubt that the boy was really murdered, but it does not follow that his murderers were Jews. Whether indeed any actual occurrence of the kind ever took place, to give plausibility to these multiplied legends, it is impossible now to determine with certainty, but there does seem to have been a case of the kind at Trent in the Holy Week of 1475. Other well-known stories of such boy-martyrs are those of St. William of Norwich (1144), St. Robert of Bury St. Edmunds (1181), St. Rudolph of Berne (1287), St. Albert in Poland in 1598, and several more. That in the early days of the Church the Jews manifested, as Milman points out, a peculiar animosity against Christians, and used their influence to fan the flame of Pagan persecution, is matter of history. And it is by no means incredible that, when smarting under the capricious cruelties to which they were frequently exposed at the hands of the populace, and sometimes of their

rulers, in mediæval Europe, without any hope of legal redress, they may now and then have fiercely retaliated, like wild beasts driven to bay, on their oppressors. Cruelty as well as avarice has always found a place among their national vices. Be that as it may, the provocation was certainly excessive, and it is hardly necessary to travel beyond the limits of our own country for examples, unhappily too easy to discover and too abundant to be explained by any accidental cause, of the kind of treatment which they were condemned periodically, if not habitually, to endure. That there was something in their own conduct, and especially in their exclusive and highly profitable practice of "usury," at that time forbidden to all Christians both by civil and canon law, to intensify the strong religious and race hatred characteristic of the age, we have shown on a former occasion in discussing the *Juden-hass* in history. As to the rate of interest they usually charged, some notion may be inferred from an edict of Philip Augustus of France limiting the Jews to 48 per cent. But it is difficult for us, without some reference to detailed cases, to realize in the present day the kind of antagonism which existed for centuries between two classes of the population who, if not exactly fellow-countrymen or fellow-citizens—for the Jews of course enjoyed no civic rights—were near neighbors brought constantly into close personal intercourse with one another. A few facts collected from English history only will suffice to illustrate what we mean.

It must be borne in mind that the Jews, besides being odious to the people on religious and other grounds, were entirely out of the protection of the law, and therefore were the more convenient victims of the rapacity of kings and other high personages who did not share the popular antipathy, however ready they might be to utilize it for their own ends. This will help to explain such high-handed acts of oppression as when *e.g.* King John threw all the Jews in England into prison and exacted 66,000 marks for their ransom; when at another time Isaac the Jew had himself to pay 5100 marks; Brun, 3000; Jurnet, 2000; Bennett, 500: or when Henry III., after borrowing 5000 marks from the Earl of Cornwall, handed over to him all the Jews in

the kingdom by way of repayment. In 1241 the King exacted 20,000 marks of them, and two years later Aaron of York was required to pay over 4000, and again eight years later 20,000 marks on a charge of forgery; in 1255 Henry demanded 8000 marks more of the Jews, and threatened to hang them if they refused compliance. King John had extorted 70,000 marks from a Jew of Bristol by ordering one of his teeth to be drawn every day until he complied; after the seventh tooth had been extracted the money was paid. Eighteen Jews were hanged, as we have already seen, in the reign of Henry III., on the charge of crucifying a Christian child. But it is clear enough that mediæval sovereigns were generally actuated by a less respectable motive than bigotry in their persecution of the Jews. Du Cange, indeed, tells us of a French law enacting that a Jew who embraced Christianity should forfeit all his goods and chattels to the King; the converted Jew would no longer have the same opportunities of amassing usurious wealth which Christian potentates could plunder. Under the undevout but politic Henry II. the English Jews had been protected, and had grown rich, and they were naturally anxious to lose no time in bespeaking the favor of his successor, and consequently hastened to London with presents from every part of the country. But Richard I., whether from fear of a popular tumult or from religious motives, forbade their approaching him on the day of his coronation, in spite of which some of them were imprudent enough to enter the palace gates. They were expelled with insult, and a report spread that the King had given a general permission to massacre and plunder them, on the strength of which the populace assembled in great numbers, killed every Jew they found in the streets, and set fire to Jewish houses. The King sent his justiciary with several knights to disperse the rioters, but they could effect nothing, and he had to content himself with hanging three of the ringleaders, on the pretext that they had burned the houses of Christians, and issuing a proclamation guaranteeing the lives and property of the Jews; he dared not offend his new subjects by open severity against the assailants of the hated race. How they fared under King John we have already seen. In the next reign,



during riots in London, Despensers, the justiciary, imprisoned five hundred Jews—men, women, and children—in order to extort a large ransom from the wealthier of them, and then abandoned the rest to the fury of the populace, who stripped and massacred them all in cold blood. Cock ben Abraham, then reputed the richest man in England, was murdered in his own house by John Fitzjohn, one of the barons, who at first seized all his goods for himself, but afterward judged it more prudent to present a portion to the Earl of Leicester and thus secure the peaceful enjoyment of the remainder. The Earl of Gloucester about the same time put to death all the Jews in Canterbury, and the Earl of Leicester destroyed the houses of those in Worcester and compelled them to receive baptism.

On the whole, however, in spite of royal extortion and popular outbreaks, the Jews had been protected in a way by the Norman sovereigns, since their first introduction into this country under William the Conqueror till the reign of Edward I., and they had amassed enormous wealth. Edward appears for some reason to have conceived a violent antipathy to them, which led him eventually to deprive himself of what his predecessors had found so convenient and inexhaustible a source of revenue. In his first year the Jews were forbidden to erect synagogues, to hold any fief or free tenement, or to demand interest for the loan of money—a provision which struck at the very roots at once of their occupation and their prosperity. Moreover, every Jewish child of seven years old was ordered to wear a distinctive badge—no trivial matter in the then state of popular feeling toward them—and every Jew over twelve of either sex had to pay an annual capitation fee of threepence at Easter. Being thus cut off from their former means of livelihood they took to clipping and adulterating the coin, a fraud not so easy to detect at a period when the silver penny was allowed to be divided into halves and quarters. In London alone 280 Jews were hanged for this offence and as many more probably in other parts of the country, their houses and goods being confiscated to the Crown. But this was not the worst. In 1287 all the Jews in England, without distinction of sex or age, were arrested and

thrown into prison on one day, and kept there till they had paid the King a fine of 12,000*l.* Three years afterward a proclamation was issued directing the whole of them to quit the kingdom within two months under pain of death. In obedience to this injunction, 16,511 exiles left the shores of England, being furnished with passports and a competent supply for their journey, but their property of every kind was confiscated to the Crown. Hume observes that “very few of that nation have since lived in England.” A century later they were expelled from France, and two centuries later from Spain. Many of the exiles from England are recorded to have perished on their voyage, some through the rapacity or hatred of the sailors, of whom several were afterward executed for the crime. There is a story told by Walter of Hemingford, with much satisfaction, of how certain Jews were persuaded by the captain of their vessel to walk on the sands at low water till the rising tide drowned them all. The monkish chronicle adds—what is happily untrue—that the captain was pardoned and rewarded by the King; on the contrary he was hanged. It may be worth while to notice in conclusion that the Jews owe in no slight measure to the enforced isolation and even persecution of their mediæval experience that internal coherence and solidarity which has hitherto enabled them to retain unchanged their national existence and character. The opinion of Spinoza [on this point is remarkable: “That the Jews have maintained themselves so long in spite of their dispersed and disorganized condition is not at all to be wondered at, when it is considered how they separated themselves from all other nationalities in such a way as to bring upon themselves the hatred of all. . . . Experience shows that there conservation is due in a great degree to the very hatred which they have incurred.” It is in accordance with this view that Professor Wellhausen, in concluding his article on “Israel” in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, avows his conviction that “the so-called emancipation of the Jews must inevitably lead to the extinction of Judaism wherever the process is extended beyond the political to the social sphere,” though he admits that centuries may be required for the

accomplishment of such a result. There is still, however, a strong — in Roman Catholic countries an insuperable—social impediment to the intermarriage of Jews

and Christians, and this must constitute, so long as it remains, a sure guarantee for the separate vitality of Judaism.—*Saturday Review*.

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FOUR POPULAR SONGS OF ITALY.

BY J. A. SYMONDS.

VENETIAN.

I.

CURSED luck, to love ; to be alone the lover !  
Then, then, the fancy flies heaven-high ; high o'er us :  
She flies high o'er us ; high as the sun above her :  
Cursed luck, to love ; to be alone the lover !

II.

All night upon my bed I toss and languish :  
For thee, my girl, I get no snatch of slumber :  
The very bed-clothes on my bed in anguish  
Wail and make clamor ; that I find no slumber.

TUSCAN.

III.

O swallow, swallow, with the sea beneath thee ;  
How fair thy feathers shine, how free they hover !  
Give me one feather from thy wings, I prithee ;  
Fain would I write a letter to my lover.  
And when I've written it and made it charming,  
I'll give thee back thy feather, swallow darling :  
And when I've written it and gilt it over,  
I'll give thee back thy feather, free sea-rover.

IV.

O love, you pass, singing, while night is sleeping ;  
I, wretched I, lie on my bed and listen :  
I to my mother turn my shoulders, weeping ;  
Blood are the tears that on my pillow glisten.  
Beyond the bed I've set a broad stream flowing ;  
With so much weeping I am sightless growing :  
Beyond the bed I've made a flowing river ;  
With so much weeping I am blind forever.

*London Academy.*

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THE SAINTS OF ISLAM.

BY W. S. LILLY.

NOT one of the least significant tokens of the widening of men's thoughts in the present age is the great and growing interest taken in the non-Christian systems which have played, and are playing, so vast a part in the career of humanity. Of all facts about our race, in any age or in any clime, the most

momentous assuredly are the religious, according to the profound saying of the Bhagavad-Gītā: "Faith is the dominant principle in man: whatever is a man's faith, that is a man's self." Hence the importance of the additions to our knowledge of the world's creeds made by the recent labors, so unwearied and often so ill appreciated, of Oriental scholars; labors of which—to give merely two instances offered by our own country—such excellent results have already appeared in the invaluable versions of the "Sacred Books of the East," due to the indomitable energy and indefatigable perseverance of Professor Max Müller, supported by the well-merited aid of the University of Oxford and the Secretary of State for India; and in the hardly less important "Oriental Series," the fruit of the unassisted enterprise and faith unfailing of Mr. Trübner. Consider for a moment what the religious condition of the world is at this moment. Let us take its population to be 1,250,000,000, which appears to be the most probable estimate. Of these, 327,000,000 are set down as Christians, using the word in its widest sense, 160,000,000 as Hindus, and 155,000,000 as Muhammadans, while Buddhists are reckoned at the astounding figure of 500,000,000. It is true that in this calculation the statistician counts as Buddhists all the population of China, a country where it is difficult to say what religion each man professes, as most of its inhabitants will with equal readiness assist at the Confucian sacrifices, or attend the Taossean ceremonies, or offer flowers before the image of the Buddha. Still, to put the case at the weakest, the great majority of them may be considered occasional conformists to the Buddhist Church, and so may be ascribed to it with as good warrant, to say the least, as that by which vast multitudes of Europeans and Americans are accounted professors of Christianity. Of all these non-Christian systems, none, perhaps, is more worthy of intelligent study than the faith of Islam. The Vedic religion, culminating in those mystic Upanishads which Schopenhauer judged "products of the highest wisdom," the "most beneficial and elevating" of philosophic works, must be admitted to be more

strangely fascinating, although we may account as extravagant the great pessimist's outburst of transcendent admiration: nor is its interest merely bygone: the leading tenets of the Vedānta are more or less known in every Indian village, and mainly supply such religious faith as the Hindus have, apart from mere caste observances. Buddhism, the gentlest, the purest, or, as the late Bishop Milman\* deemed, the holiest of all creeds save Christianity, is more winning and heart-subduing, instinct as it is with the personality of its great founder—"the nearest in character and effect, among heathen precursors of the truth, to Him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life;" and the fact, that of the three creeds claiming universality it must be held to have most nearly attained it, if judged by a mere numerical test, invests it with special claims to the attention of the student of man and of society. Confucianism is of peculiar importance to the modern world, as exhibiting the working of something very near akin to nineteenth-century Positivism, upon a vast scale and through a long succession of ages; while the doctrine of Lāotze—now, indeed, grossly degenerate, and corrupted into mere superstition and magic—is well worthy of investigation as the bold and honest attempt of a great genius, in rudimentary conditions of thought, to satisfy those cravings after something deeper and higher than the seen and visible, which are a perpetual and ineradicable fact of human nature. Zoroastrianism, again, although little more than "a fading verbal memory" in the present day, is of the highest value to hierology, as "enabling us to go back to the very heart of that momentous period in the history of religious thought which saw the blending of the Aryan

\* "There is to me always something quieter and purer, almost, if the word may be used, holier, in the traces of Buddhism than in those of any other heathen religion. Among the heathen precursors of the truth, I feel more and more that Sakya Muni was the nearest in character and effect to Him who is 'the Way, the Truth, and the Life.' There is a fierceness in Islamism, a foulness in Hinduism, but a gentleness and purity, however childish, and even perhaps almost silly, in Buddhism which is very attractive."—"Memoir of Bishop Milman," p. 203.

mind with the Semitic."<sup>\*</sup> But Islamism, if in itself less attractive than its rivals, and of less account to "the science of religion," may, for two reasons of a very practical kind, be deemed to possess a peculiar interest for thoughtful minds. In the first place, like Christianity, it has sprung from the faith of Abraham; and its relationship to the religion of Jesus Christ is not unlike that of Ishmael, the son of the bondswoman, to Isaac, the child of promise. Between the two systems there is to be traced, both in their fundamental doctrines and in their historical development, a family resemblance which is as full of instruction as is the dissimilarity, that may be traced more frequently still—as full or fuller. Then, again, Islamism is the one religion of the world, besides Christianity, which now exhibits much evidence of vitality; indeed, a comparison between it and Christianity, in this respect, will not be altogether to its disadvantage. While what once was Christendom is throwing off, almost everywhere, its public allegiance to the faith that mainly has made it what it is, is forsaking the guide of its youth, and forgetting the covenant of its God, there has been rekindled in Islām an enthusiastic eagerness, a defiant zeal of religious profession, which has singularly impressed every careful observer of Eastern life. Throughout the Turkish Empire a system of primary schools, originally intended to be as godless as the most thoroughgoing Secularist among ourselves could desire, has become an instrument of strictly orthodox Muhammadan education. The precept of the Prophet against intoxicating drink—the distinctive law of his religion, as we may account it—now receives generally a scrupulous obedience, which compares strikingly with the laxity of an elder generation. The Ramadan is strictly observed; and—singular contrast to the spectacle presented by Lent in, say, France or Italy—even those who transgress its penitential discipline pay it exterior respect, and veil in privacy their self-indulgence.† The

public offices of religion are largely attended; the holy places are thronged by pilgrims from all parts of the Muslim world; and, what is even more significant, that missionary activity which may be considered the main test "*stantis vel cadentis ecclesiæ*," is most remarkably and most fruitfully manifested. As a very competent authority tells us, "While all the temporal advantages offered by European protection and support, not to mention the direct persuasion and indirect subsidy of well-to-do missionaries, can scarcely, or indeed more truly not at all, procure a single convert from Islām to any form of Christianity, Greek, Armenian, Catholic, or Protestant, on the other hand, a reverse process yearly enrolls a very sensible number from one or another, or all of these sects, under the unity of the Green Banner. This in Turkish Asia; while from Africa reports reach us of whole Negro tribes abandoning their hereditary fetish for the religion called of Abraham; and after all due allowance made for distance and exaggeration, the current idea that the Libyan Peninsula will soon be, what its best portions in North and East already are, a land of Islam, seems by no means destitute of probability. To sum up, Mahometan fervor has first been thoroughly rekindled within the limits which its half-extinguished ashes covered a hundred years ago; and next, the increased heat has, by a natural law, extended over whatever lies nearest to but beyond the former circumference."<sup>\*</sup>

## II.

Such are some of the special claims upon our attention which the religion of Muhammad presents. In what I am about to write, it is not my purpose to enter upon a discussion of the origin of that religion, or to consider its relations with Judaism on the one hand, and with Christianity upon the other. I wish rather to point—and I can pretend to do little more than point—to a very fruitful field of inquiry in connection with it, which, as yet, has been but little explored by European scholars; I mean

<sup>\*</sup> Darmesteter, in "Sacred Books of the East," vol. iv., Intro. p. 12.

† "Le jeune du mois de Ramadhân est observé strictement par l'immense majorité des fidèles: ceux mêmes des riches qui se per met-

tent de l'enfreindre le font en secret et ne veulent pas en avoir le nom."—Dozy: *Essai sur l'histoire de l'Islamisme*, p. 508.

<sup>\*</sup> "Essays on Eastern Subjects," by W. G. Palgrave, p. 123.



its hagiology. The doctrines of Islām and its practical obligations have been copiously expounded to the Western world by many able writers. But dogma and duty are not the whole of a religion. There are in our nature needs of loving and of suffering, as well as of believing and of doing; and no faith that does not contain something to satisfy these needs could ever have wielded that vast power which, as a matter of fact, has been and is being exercised by Muhammadanism. Hence the importance of the school to which the name of Sūfis is generally given. M. Dozy well remarks: "The influence which Sūfism has exercised over the Musalman world, and which in our own days is rather increasing than diminishing, has been extremely great;" and M. de Kremer considers it "the preponderating element in Musalman civilization." Sūfism has furnished Muhammadanism with its Saints; and it is in the Saints of a religion that the spiritual instincts and characteristics of its votaries are most clearly and faithfully imaged. But the Sūfis have not been merely the Saints of Islām; they have been also its sages and its singers. Muslim poetry is, for the most part, the expression of Muslim mysticism. Muslim philosophy has sprung out of Muslim theology.

It is to the very days of the Prophet himself that we must go back for the rise of the spiritual movement which was so greatly to affect his religion; and, as Dr. Pusey has judiciously observed, the speedy growth of mystical doctrine in the thin and arid soil of Muhammadanism bears eloquent witness to the need innate in the human mind of finding some object exterior to itself, of union with God.\* It must not be forgotten, how-

ever, that there was a strong vein of enthusiasm in the Dreamer of the Desert, bald and austere as was the monotheism taught by him. Yes, and we may safely affirm a strong vein of asceticism too, in spite of the license which he permitted himself in the matter of his wives—a license to be judged rather by the Patriarchal than by the Evangelical standard, and with due regard to the habits and traditions of his age and country. Certain it is that there are passages in the Qur'ān—the transcript, be it remembered, of its author's mind—in which warrant may be found for those mystical tendencies so strongly displayed by some of the Prophet's dearest friends and companions, especially by Ali, the son of Abū Tālib, and which find their natural issue in the life of poverty, mortification, and detachment. It is, however, in Tāūs Abū 'Abdī-r-Rahmān, who died in the year 102 of the Muhammadan era, that we should perhaps discern the true founder of Islamite asceticism. The friend of Zaynu-'l-'Abidin, Ali's grandson, the pupil of Abū Hurayra, the devoutest of the Prophet's friends, and of Ibn 'Abbās, renowned alike for his profound learning and his spotless life, Tāūs was the guide and oracle of a school of disciples whom he trained in mortification, poverty, contempt of the world, and the various spiritual arts and devout practices of the contemplative life. He it was who first adopted the high cap of woollen (*sūf*) whence the religious of Islām were to derive their commonest appellation of *Sūfi*, and the *Khirga*, or long patched robe, which is their distinctive habit. Of his numerous successors whose praise fills the second of the Muhammadan centuries, some continuing to dwell at Mekka, while others carried back to their own lands the spiritual discipline

\* The following interesting remarks occur in Dr. Pusey's preface to the second part of Nicoll's Cat. of MSS. in the Bodleian: "Adnotavi præterea (quotiescunque id mihi innotuit), qui scriptores, quæve opera è Suforum scholâ profecta essent quippe quorum ingenia atque proprietates, à Tholuckio jam optimè reseratas, penitus perspectas habuisse, Christiano nomini, ut mihi quidem videtur, aliquantum saltem proderit. Eam enim doctrinam ex arido atque exili Mohammedanismi solo tam cito esse enatam, res est per se admiratione digna, quæque desiderium illud, menti humanæ ingentium, disertè attestatur, quo extra se proripitur et cum Deo rursus conjungi, necessitate quâdam naturæ,

vehementer cupit; nobis porro ob frigus illud, quo subinde opprimimur, pudorem merito incuteret alienorum fervor; multum denique interesse mihi vultum est, eos qui Mohammedanos, Persas vero præsertim, ex erroribus suis revocare studuerint, verum, quod in horum placitis insit, à falso distinguere, et pro adminiculo quodam veritatis Christianæ uti scire." I am indebted for this quotation to Professor Cowell's very valuable article on Persian Literature in "Oxford Essays," 1855, p. 162. The work of Tholuck to which Dr. Pusey refers is the very erudite "Sufismus," the edition of which before me is dated "Berolini, MDCCCXXI."

they had learned there, the time would fail me to speak. Among the most famous of them was Ibnu-'s-Semmāk, the eloquent and indefatigable preacher, whose fine saying, "Fear God as though you had never obeyed Him, and hope in Him as though you had never sinned against Him," has become widely known beyond the limits of his own communion. It was in this second century of Islām that Muslim Dervishes first received a common rule from Fudhayl Abū 'Alī Talikani of Khurāsān, who had begun life as a highway robber. The story of his conversion is worth telling. It was in an hour when he was bent upon the gratification of a lawless passion—he was concealed upon the roof of the house where the girl who was the object of it dwelt—that the verse of the Qur'ān, recited by some pious person in the neighborhood, fell upon his ear: "Is it not high time for those who believe to open their hearts to compunction?" and the words sunk into his soul, and smote him down in masterful contrition. "Yea, Lord," he exclaimed, "it is indeed high time;" and at once awaking from his dream of sin, he passed the night in profound meditation. The next morning he assumed the ragged robe of the religious mendicant, and in time became widely celebrated for his sanctity and wonderful works, and drew to himself many disciples, to whom he gave a rule of life, the original of the monastic institute of Islām. His favorite virtue is said to have been the love of God in perfect conformity with His holy will. It is related in his history, that upon one occasion, being asked by the luxurious Khalifa Hārūnu-'r-Rashīd, "Have you ever met with any one of greater detachment than yourself?" he made answer: "Yes, O Khalifa; your detachment exceeds mine, for I have only detached myself from this little world doomed to perdition, while you seem to have detached yourself from the world which is infinite and shall endure forever." The third son of this great monarch was of a very different spirit from his father. When a mere youth, Prince Ahmed, overcome by the sweetness of the life of self-renunciation, withdrew from the splendors of the Court of Bagdād, and went secretly to Basra, where he dwelt,

unknown, among the poorest of the poor, his bed a piece of matting, his pillow a stone, working with his own hands for his daily subsistence, and taking no thought for the morrow, for what was left after he had satisfied the bare necessities of the body he bestowed in alms. This St. Alexius of Islām died at twenty, his delicate frame quite worn out by his austerities. But before he passed away he sent to the Khalifa the one relic of his former rank which he had retained, a precious jewel, given him by his mother Zubayda, with the message: "He who sends thee this, wishes thee such happiness at thy last hour as he himself enjoys." Fudhayl's successor in the generalship of his order, Bishr the Barefooted, was, like himself, a reclaimed sinner. The legend tells us that his conversion was on this wise. One day, as he was walking in the streets of Bagdād, he saw lying on the ground a piece of paper, upon which was written the most holy Name of God. He picked it up, and took it home with him to preserve it from profanation, and in the night he heard a voice, "Bishr, thou hast honored my Name, and I will honor thine, in this world, and in the world to come." Next day he entered upon the life of penance. His greatest trial is said to have arisen from the praise of men. "O God," he would pray, "save me from this glory, the requital of which may be confusion in another life." The great light of Muhammadan monasticism in the third century is Dhū-'n-Nūn, the Egyptian, of whose supernatural powers such striking narratives remain, and whose singular intrepidity in rebuking wickedness in high places signally illustrates the virtues of which he is held by Muslim hagiologists to be the special type—confidence in God, and contempt of the world. His scourgings and revilings, his chains and bitter bondage, only drew from him, as his biographer relates, expressions of joy that he was counted worthy to suffer thus for God. Three things are said to have been the subject of his constant prayer—that he might never have any certainty of the morrow's subsistence; that he might never be in honor among men; and that he might see God's face in mercy at the hour of death. He was buried at

Cairo, where his shrine still attracts numerous pilgrims. In the next century we come upon the great name of the martyr Hosan-el-Hallāj. He suffered at Bagdād in the year 303 of the Hijra, "though not until he had founded a new and well-defined school of doctrine, destined to count among its professors in later times three names of gigantic reputation and influence in the East—the ascetic 'Abdu-'l-Qādiri-'l-Gilāni, the doctor Muhyi-'d-Dīn, Ibnu-'l-'Arabiyyi-'l-Magribi, and the poet 'Umar Ibnu-'l-Ridh, author of the celebrated "Divan," unrivalled in depth and beauty."\* It is related of him that "his fasts were prolonged to three or four continuous days, and were accompanied by ecstasies, in which he was often seen raised from the earth and surrounded by light." The distinctive note of his teaching was the freedom of the human will, a tenet which aroused against him much theological animosity. He was put to death with circumstances of revolting cruelty, and his last utterances amid his torments were an exhortation to those who stood around not to allow the spectacle to make them doubt of the Divine goodness: "God herein treats me as a friend treats his friend; He passes to me the cup of suffering of which He has first drunk Himself"—an enigmatical saying in the mouth of a Muslim, lending some color to the accusation of covert Christian teaching brought against the martyr.

### —III.

I cannot follow further, even in this fragmentary outline, the long catalogue of Muslim Saints. I go on to consider their doctrine, which presents a curious analogy to much that we find in the writings of Christian mystics; although, of course, differences of the most far-reaching kind also exist. I do not know where a better compendium of it, in its practical aspect, is to be found than in the *Pend-Nāma*, or Book of Counsels of

Farīdu-'d-Dīn, 'Attār, of which we owe an excellent translation, enriched with copious and profoundly erudite notes, to M. Silvestre de Sacy. The author of this poem, or, as we should rather say, religious manual in verse, was himself an eminent Saint. His biographer, Dawlatshāh of Samarcand, tells us that in the practice of the divine precepts he had no equal; that for his tender piety, his affectionate and loving devotion, he was reckoned the light of his age; that he was submerged in the ocean of the knowledge of God, plunged in the sea of the Divine Intuition. Born in the year 513 of the Hijra, the son of a rich trader in spices and drugs, he succeeded to his father's business on coming to man's estate, and prosperously carried it on, until one day, as he was standing among his bales, surrounded by his clerks and servants, a holy anchorite appeared before him, at the door, and gazed around with strange, wild eyes, which soon filled with tears. 'Attār sharply rebuked him for his seeming curiosity, and bade him go away. "That is easily done," said the Dervish; "I have little to bear along with me; nothing but this poor habit. But you—when the time comes for you to go away, with all this costly merchandise, how will you set about it? You would do well to arrange, before that inevitable hour arrives, about packing up your treasures." An old and well-worn argument, which sufficed for 'Attār, as it has sufficed for millions before and since. Was it with him as with the knight of the Arthurian romance, listening to the nun who had seen the Holy Grail:

"....and as she spake  
She sent the deathless passion in her eyes  
Through him: and made him hers, and laid her  
mind,  
On him: and he believed in her belief."

It may well have been. The word the historian uses of the ascetic signifies—"he who is illuminated," and whose light in turn attracts others. 'Attār was not disobedient to the heavenly calling. "He forsook all that he had, renounced entirely the business of the world, and betook himself to penance. From a captive fast bound in the chains of ambition and lucre, he became the prisoner of sorrow, but a sorrow which leads to

\* *Home and Foreign Review*, vol. iv., p. 571. I am glad to acknowledge my indebtedness to the very able paper on Asceticism among Mohammedan Nations—it is commonly attributed to Mr. W. G. Palgrave—whence these words are cited, and from which much of the matter of this and the two preceding pages has been obtained.

true liberty." Entering the monastery of the venerable sheikh, Ruknu'-d-Din-Asaf, who was then one of the most distinguished masters of the contemplative life, he gave himself up wholly to the things of God, and at the close of his days he was held to have attained to the highest degree of spirituality that can be reached in this world—that seventh stage described by himself in words to which I shall refer later on. We owe to him the *Lives of the Saints* of the order to which he belonged, and mystical poems which hold a high place in Persian literature. His life of piety was crowned by martyrdom at the hands of the Mogul invaders under Jengiz Khān. His *Pend-Nāma*, with which I am immediately concerned, appears to have been composed for some beloved disciple, who is addressed throughout it as "My Friend," "My Brother," and more frequently, "My Son." In reading it we are reminded at one time of the "Imitation," at another of the "Spiritual Combat," and again of the *Sapiential Books* of the Christian Canon. He begins by invoking the Name of God—the All-Bountiful and All-Merciful, essentially Holy in His Nature, and exempt by His Attributes from all imperfection. Next the Prophet is celebrated; and then there are verses in honor of the seven chief doctors of Islām. A confession of sin and prayer for pardon follows, conceived in a strain of intense realization, on the one hand, of the corruption of human nature as seen in the light of the Divine perfections; and, on the other, of the illimitable mercy of God. "Thou doest only good. We have done very wickedly. Every instant of our existence has been marked by new faults. We have never once obeyed Thy laws with a heart entirely submissive and content. A fugitive slave, I approach Thy gate. Shame hath covered my face. But Thyself hast commanded Thy servants not to give themselves up to despair.\* Thou shalt purify me from my sins before Thou turnest me again to the dust."

\*The reference is to the verse of the *Qur'ān*: "Servants of God, who have destroyed your own souls by your iniquity, despair not of His mercy: for there is no sin which He pardoneth not. He is forgiving and merciful."—S. xxxix. v. 53.

The fifth chapter treats of the battle which must be delivered to inordinate affections and corrupt inclinations, and celebrates the excellence of voluntary poverty, to which nothing is preferable, of obedience, of mortification, of detachment from all created things—the indispensable instrument of true and everlasting felicity. And so throughout the seventy-nine chapters of the work, the praises of these virtues constantly recur, and their necessity is insisted upon. The sixth chapter, upon the advantages of silence, might have been written by a Trappist. "My brother," it counsels, "if thou seekest the Lord, never open thy lips but to pronounce His commandments." "Speak not, my brother, but to set forth His praise." "Silence is the exercise of the wise." "In the multitude of words is the death of the soul." I cannot linger over the exhortations of Attār to purity of intention, to humility, to modesty—"the man who knows not how to blush belongs to the company of Satan," he avers—to patient continuance in well-doing and endurance of injury, to charity to all God's creatures, to confidence in God—"take no thought for the morrow; He who makes thee see to-morrow will take thought for its needs"—to perpetual celebration of the divine praises. All the members of the body, he points out, have their proper office of praise to Him who made it: the hand in succoring those oppressed by the weight of their burdens; the feet in visiting the afflicted; the eye in shedding tears through fear of God's judgments, or in considering the works of His omnipotence; the ear in listening to His word; the tongue in reading the precepts of the *Qur'ān*, or in reciting His doxologies. "The thought of God," he teaches, "is the true food of the soul, the only medicine for the wounds of the heart." Very striking is his chapter on that knowledge of God which is the fruit of contemplation—the name given to one devoted to the contemplative life, I may note in passing, is "he who knows the Lord Most High." This, the author insists, is the only science: he who is devoid of it is not worthy to be reckoned among men. But he who possesses it has no place in his heart, save for God only. And he goes on: "Come, I will



show thee what the world is like. It is like a phantom which a man sees in sleep. And when he awakes no profit remains to him from his sweet illusion. So, when death comes and wakes us from the dream of life, we carry away with us nothing of the good things we have enjoyed in this world." And in another place he likens the world to an outworn beauty who decks herself as a young bride and ever seeks to attract a new lover. Happy the man, he says, who has turned his back upon her and her seductions, and has bidden her an eternal divorce.

So much as to this "Book of Counsels," to which for its virility, its simplicity, its directness, its elevation, may well be assigned a high place among Manuals of Piety. To a Christian, of course, it presents one radical defect—the defect which, even before his conversion, repelled St. Augustine from certain philosophical writings, otherwise most excellent and most winning: "that the saving Name of Christ was not mentioned therein."\* But although the Name of Him by whose mission to the world was "manifested the love of God toward us" is absent from the pages of 'Attār, that love, nevertheless, is their main theme and the source of their inspiration. It will have been seen from what I have quoted from the *Pend-Nūma*, that the only worthy object of life, according to the Sūfis, is union with the Divine Essence; and in the road to this supreme goal they reckon seven stages, of which, under the designation of the Seven Valleys, 'Attār has given an account in his mystical poem, "*Mantiqu-t-Tayr*"—"The Colloquy of the Birds."† One of the birds says to the lapwing: O thou who knowest the road that leads to the palace of the Great King, tell me, dear companion—for our eyes are covered with darkness in gazing upon it—tell me how many parasangs long it is. There are Seven Valleys to pass through, replies the dear companion; but since no traveller who has arrived at that blessed bourne has ever returned, no one knows

how many parasangs long the way is. Ah, foolish one! since they have all lost themselves in a fathomless ocean, how should they come back to tell thee what they have seen? But listen. First, there is the Valley of the Quest; painful and toilsome is that valley, and there for years mayst thou dwell, stripping thy soul bare of all earthly attachment, indifferent to forms of faith or unfaith, until the light of the Divine Essence casts a ray upon thy desolation. Then, when thy heart has been set on fire, shalt thou enter the second valley—the Valley of Love—a valley that has no limits. Next is the Valley of Knowledge, which has no beginning, neither ending. There each who enters is enlightened, so far as he is able to bear it, and finds in the contemplation of truth the place which belongs to him. The mystery of the essence of being is revealed to him. He sees the almond within its shell; he sees God under all the things of sense; or rather, he sees nothing but Him whom he loves. But for one who has attained to these mysteries, how many millions have turned aside out of the way upon the road! The fourth valley is the Valley of Sufficiency,\* where God is all in all: where the contemplation of the Divinity is the one reality, and all things else, sensible or intellectual, are absorbed in nothingness. The fifth valley is the Valley of the Unity;† there the Divine Essence, independent of its attributes, is the object of contemplation. Thence the elect soul passes to the sixth valley—the Valley of Amazement; a dolorous region, where, blind with excess of light from the revelation of the Unity, it gropes its way in pain and confusion. He who has the Unity graven on his heart forgets all else and himself also. Should any man say to such an one, Art thou annihilated or existent, or both or neither? Art thou thyself or not thyself? he would reply: I know nothing at all, not even that I know nothing. I love; but I know not whom I love. I am neither Muslim nor infidel. What

\* S. August. Confes. l. v. c. 14.

† See chapters xxxviii. to xlv. I have before me the excellent edition of this poem—the Persian text with a French translation—of M. Garcin de Tassy (Paris, 1857).

\* Or, as M. Garcin de Tassy renders it, "Independence." He who attains to this stage is called by the mystical theologians of Islām 'Arif, "one who knows."

† This is also called Hāl, the state or Wajd—Ecstasy.

am I then? What say I? I have no knowledge of my love. My heart is at the same time full and empty. Last stage of all is the Valley of Annihilation of Self: of complete Poverty\*—the seventh and supreme degree, which no human words can describe. There is the great ocean of Divine Love. The world present and the world to come are but as figures reflected in it. And as it rises and falls, how can they remain? He who plunges in that sea and is lost in it, finds perfect peace.

Such are the seven stages in the scale of perfection, as the Muslim masters of the spiritual life teach; and such is the goal to which they conduct; a goal not unlike the Nirvāna of the Buddhists.† Saadi, in his Third Conference, relates an incident from the life of a widely renowned Saint, which may be fitly cited here in illustration of this teaching:

"One night Abū Yezīd Bestāmī, being alone in his cell and plunged in ecstasy, cried out in his vivid apprehension of the feebleness and impotence of human nature, 'O my God, when shall I unite myself to Thee? O God most High, how long wilt Thou leave me to consume away in this cruel separation? When wilt Thou give me the wine of Thy enjoyment?' Then a voice from out of the impenetrable abode of the Divine Majesty sounded above his head, and he heard the words: 'Abū Yezīd, thy Thou is still with thee. If thou wilt attain unto Me, quit thyself and come.'"

And so Jelāl, the great Muslim Saint and Doctor—of whom more presently—in the Mesnevi:

"One knocked at the door of the Beloved, and a voice from within said: 'Who is there?' Then he answered: '*It is I.*' The voice replied: 'This house will not hold *me* and *thee*!' So the door remained shut. The lover retired to a wilderness, and spent some time in solitude, fasting, and prayer. One year elapsed, when he again returned, and knocked at the door. 'Who is there?' said the voice. The lover answered, '*It is thou.*' Then the door was opened."

\* This is the common term among the Muslim mystics for the highest degree of the contemplative life: absolute quietism; the phrases of which are thus sung by an Arab poet, quoted by M. Silvestre de Sacy (p. 304): "Poverty is the substance; all else is but accident; poverty is health, all else is sickness; the whole world is illusion and falsity; poverty only is an excellent possession and real riches."

† So M. Renan: "Sept degrés, disent les Soufis, mènent l'homme jusqu'au terme, qui est la disparition de la disparition, le Nirvana buddique par l'anéantissement de personnalité."  
—*L'Averroès*, p. 112.

It is under this allegorical veil that the Sūfis ordinarily expound their doctrines, for the setting forth of which they find the vulgar speech of this working-day world inadequate. As Jelāl elsewhere says: "They profess eager desire, but with no carnal affection; and circulate the cup, but no material goblet; since all things are spiritual, all is mystery within mystery." Thus does he interpret the deeper signification of the four pillars of the Muhammadan faith—the great duties of worship, almsgiving, fasting, and pilgrimage:

"Oh! thou who layest a claim to Islam,  
Without the inner meaning thy claim hath  
no stability.

Learn what are the pillars of the Musulman's  
creed—

Fasting, pilgrimage, prayer, and alms.

Know that fasting is abstinence from the  
fashions of mankind,

For in the eye of the soul this is the true  
mortification.

Pilgrimage to the place of the wise  
Is to find escape from the flame of separation.

Alms are the flinging at his feet

All else beside him in the whole range of  
possibilities.

Depart from self that thou may'st be joined  
to Him,

Wash thy hands of self that thou may'st obtain  
thy prayer.

If thou fulfillst these four pillars of *Islam*,  
In the path of religion (*deen*) a thousand  
souls of mine are thy ransom!"

The following translation of one of Jelāl's odes, by the late Professor Falconer, commended by Professor Cowell as not less admirable for fidelity to the spirit of the original than for elegance of diction, may appropriately find place here as a further illustration of the teaching of Sūfism:

"Seeks thy spirit to be gifted  
With a deathless life?  
Let it seek to be uplifted  
O'er earth's storm and strife.

"Spurn its joys—its ties dis sever:  
Hopes and fears divest:  
Thou aspire to live forever—  
Be forever blest!

"Faith and doubt leave far behind thee;  
Cease to love or hate;  
Let not Time's illusions blind thee,  
Thou shalt Time outdate.

\* Translated from the Mesnevi, by Professor Cowell, "Oxford Essays," 1855, p. 177.

"Merge thine individual being  
In the Eternal's love;  
All this sensuous nature fleeing  
For pure bliss above.

"Earth receives the seed and guards it,  
Trustfully it dies;  
Then what teeming life rewards it  
For self-sacrifice!

"With green leaf and clustering blossom  
Clad, and golden fruit,  
See it from earth's cheerless bosom  
Ever sunward shoot!

"Thus when self-abased, man's spirit  
From each earthly tie  
Rises disenthralled t' inherit  
Immortality!"

This is the key to the system of the Sūfis, a system evidently imbued, and that largely, with Pantheism,\* but Pantheism of no vulgar or ignoble kind; not the Pantheism so widely spread in this nineteenth-century Europe, which is merely a bad dream of Materialism after its surfeit among the swine; but rather that higher Pantheism which is but one side of an eternal truth, distorted and exaggerated by its incompleteness; that Pantheism sung by a great poet and teacher, who—however imperfect we may account his teaching—has unquestionably done much to elevate and purify the lives of millions:

"Earth, these solid stars, this weight of body  
and limb,  
Are they not sign and symbol of thy division  
from Him?  
Dark is the world to thee; thyself art the  
reason why;  
For is He not all but thou, that hast power  
to feel 'I am I?'"

It is upon the practice of Divine Love that the Sūfis rest all morality. One of them being asked who was bad, replied, in words which recall the famous hymn of St. Francis Xavier, "Those who serve God out of fear of punishment or hope of reward." And then, the question being put to him "From what motive do you serve God?" he answered, "Out of love to Him." The practical expounders and preachers

of Sūfism are the Dervishes, the monks of Islām, whose numbers and influence are great throughout the East, and especially in Turkey, where, according to Dozy, thirty-two distinct orders of them are found.\* In Constantinople alone they have two hundred monasteries. They are also styled Faqirs, Poor Men of God, and constitute thoroughly organized bodies, minutely discriminated from each other. "Every school, every brotherhood, has its own distinctive teaching and technicalities, its peculiar practices and observances, its Saints and Doctors, great men and founders"—just like the Benedictines and Carthusians, the Franciscans and Dominicans, among ourselves. It would be impossible to enter here upon a detailed account of Muhammadan monasticism, nor can I even attempt to discuss the general character and influence of the religious of Islām. Of course the proverb *cucullus non facit monachum* has its application to them; and there can be no question that there is in mysticism a tendency toward sensuality, and that of a gross kind—*corruptio optimi pessima*. Equally unquestionable is it that the Dervishes have frequently incurred the suspicion of the ruling hierarchy of the Muslim Church.† Nor need this surprise us when we remember how Savonarola and St. John of the Cross fared at the hands of the appointed guardians of Catholic orthodoxy—how John Wesley and his companions were treated by the Anglican Episcopate. What seems to be certain is the strong consensus of opinion from those who know Muhammadan countries best, that, as Dr. Wolff expresses it, the Sūfis, in many places, "are people who really try to come nearer to God" "by a moral life, separation from the world, meditation, prayer, and reading the books of other religious sects;" that "many of them are like Cornelius, whose prayers and alms went up for a

\* The late Professor Palmer was of opinion that Sūfism "steers a middle course between the Pantheism of India on the one hand, and the Deism of the Corān on the other;" that it "is really the development of the Primæval Religion of the Aryan race."—"Oriental Mysticism," Pref. pp. ix. x.

\* Mr. Brown, in his interesting work on the Dervishes (p. 76), enumerates thirty-six, on the authority of Von Hammer; twelve dating from before the foundation of the Turkish Empire, the others of more modern origin.

† The term "hierarchy" is, perhaps, apt to mislead. The Ulemā of Islām are the Doctors of the Muhammadan law, and more like Jewish Rabbis than a Christian *clerus*.

memorial before God."\* And Professor Cowell judges that we must look to Sūfism for "that preparation of the Muhammadan mind which in due time may lead to the overthrow of Islām for a purer creed."† Putting aside that question, let me here present to my readers the following account of the admission of Tewekkul Beg into one of the Dervish orders by Moolla Shāh, a Saint and poet of some celebrity, who died in the year of the Hijra 1072 (1661-62 of our era), at Lahore, where his shrine was reared by the Princess Fātima, daughter of Shāh-Jihān. Tewekkul is himself the narrator :

"Having been introduced, by means of Akhōnd Mollā Mohammed Say'd into the intimate circle of Mollā Shāh, my heart through frequent intercourse with the Cheikh was filled with a burning desire of reaching the sublime goal [of the mystical science], and I no longer found sleep by night nor rest by day. . . . I passed the whole of that night without being able to shut my eyes, and betook myself to reciting a hundred thousand times the one hundred and twelfth chapter of the Coran.‡ I accomplished this in several days. It is well known that in this chapter of the Coran the great Name of God is contained, and that through the power of that Name, whoever recites it a hundred thousand times may obtain all that he desires. I conceived then the wish that the Master should bestow his affection upon me. And, in fact, I convinced myself of the efficacy of this means, for hardly had I finished the hundred thousandth recitation of this chapter of the Book of God, when the heart of the Master was filled with sympathy for me, and he gave order to Senghin Mohammed, his vicar, to conduct me on the following night to his presence. During that whole night he concentrated his mind upon me, while I directed my meditation upon my own heart ; but the knot of my heart was not unloosed. So passed three nights, during which he made me the object of his spiritual attention, without any result being manifested. On the fourth night Mollā Shāh said, 'This night Mollā Senghin and Sālīh Bēg, who are both very susceptible to ecstatic emotions, will direct their whole mind upon the neophyte.' They obeyed this order, while I remained seated the whole night, my face

turned toward Mecca, at the same time concentrating all my mental faculties upon my own heart. Toward daybreak, a little light and brightness came into my heart, but I could distinguish neither form nor color. After morning prayer I presented myself, with the two persons I have just mentioned, before the Master, who saluted me and asked them what they had done to me. They replied : 'Ask him, himself.' Then, addressing me, he told me to relate to him my impressions. I said that I had seen a brightness in my heart ; whereupon the Cheikh became animated, and said to me, 'Thy heart contains an infinity of colors, but it is become so dark that the looks of these two crocodiles of the infinite ocean [The mystic science] have not availed to bestow upon it either brightness or clearness ; the moment is come when I myself will show thee how it is enlightened.' With these words he made me sit in front of him, while my senses were, so to speak, inebriated, and ordered me to reproduce within me his appearance. Then, having blindfolded me, he bade me concentrate all my mental faculties upon my heart. I obeyed, and in an instant, by the divine favor and the spiritual assistance of the Cheikh, my heart was opened. I saw then within me something like a cup, turned upside down ; and this object having been turned up again, a feeling of illimitable happiness filled my whole being. I said to the Master, 'This cell, where I am sitting before you—I see a faithful reproduction of it within me, and it seems as if another Téwekkul Bēg were seated before another Mollā Shāh.' He answered, 'It is well : the first vision which presents itself to thy view is the figure of the Master.' . . . He next bade me uncover my eyes, which I did, and I then saw him, by the material organ of vision, seated in front of me. Again he made me bandage them, and I perceived him by my spiritual vision, seated in front of me just the same. Full of wonder I cried out, 'O my Master, whether I look with my bodily eyes or my spiritual vision, it is always you that I see.' Meanwhile I saw advanced toward me a dazzling figure, and upon my telling the Master of it, he bade me ask the apparition its name. In my spirit I put to it that question, and the figure answered me by the voice of the heart, 'My name is Abd Alkādir Glilāny.\*' I heard this answer by my spiritual ear. The Master then advised me to pray the Saint to give me his spiritual help and succor. I made this petition ; and the apparition said to me, 'I had already granted to thee my spiritual assistance ; hence it is that the knots of thy heart have been loosed.' Full of deep gratitude, I imposed on myself the obligation of reciting every Friday night the whole Coran in honor of this great Saint, and for two whole years I never neglected this practice. Mollā Shāh then said, 'The spiritual world has been shown to thee in all its beauty ; remain

\* Quoted by Professor Cowell, "Oxford Essays," 1855, p. 175. Mr. Brown, in the Preface to his work on the Dervishes, bears testimony that he has found those of them with whom he is acquainted "liberal and intelligent, sincere, and most faithful friends."

† *Ibid.*

‡ Called "the chapter of unity ;" it is as follows :

"Say He is God alone,  
God the Eternal ;  
He begetteth not, and He was not begotten ;  
And there is none like unto Him."

\* A great Muhammadan Saint, whom I have already mentioned at page 531. He was born in the year of the Hijra 471, and died in 561, after a life which his biographers relate to have been full from the first of sanctity and prodigy.



there seated, effacing thyself completely in the marvels of this unknown world.'

"I obeyed strictly the directions of my Master, and day by day, the spiritual world became more and more unveiled before me. The next day I saw the figures of the Prophet and his chief Companions, and legions of Saints and Angels passed before my inner vision. Three months passed in this manner, after which the sphere where all color is effaced opened before me, and then all the figures disappeared. During all this time the Master ceased not to explain to me the doctrine of the union with God and of mystical intuition. But, nevertheless, the Absolute Reality would not show itself to me. It was not until after a year that the knowledge of the Absolute Reality in its relation with the conception of my own existence came to me. The following verses revealed themselves at that moment to my heart, whence they passed unbidden to my lips:

"That this corruptible frame was other than water and dust  
I knew not: the powers of the heart and the soul and the body I knew not.  
Was is me! that so much of my life without Thee has forever fled from me.  
Thou wert I; but dark was my heart: I knew not the secret transcendent.'

"I submitted to Mollâ Shâh this poetical inspiration, and he rejoiced that the idea of the union with God was at last manifested to my heart; and addressing his disciples, he said: 'Téwekkul Bég has heard from my mouth the words of the doctrine of the union with God, and he will never betray the mystery. His inner eye is opened; the sphere of color and images is shown to him, and at last the sphere where all color is effaced has been revealed to him. Whoever after having passed through these phases of the union with God, has obtained the Absolute Reality, shall no more be led astray, whether by his own doubts or by those which sceptics may suggest to him.' '\*

#### IV.

Without stopping to comment upon this singular account, or to exhibit the curious parallelisms to it, which might be extracted from the mystical writers of the Western world, let me go on to say something in detail about the life and legend of the great Saint, Doctor, and Poet whose name I have already more than once mentioned—Jelâlu-'d-Dîn, Muhammed, Er-Rumi, commonly called by his spiritual children Mevlâna, our Lord. We are indebted to Mr. Redhouse, than whom no more competent scholar could have dealt with the subject, for a metrical version of a portion of the celebrated poem of this emi-

nent person—the Mesnevi, usually known as the Mesneviyi Sherif, or Holy Mesnevi, a work of which Professor Cowell judges that it is "in many respects one of the most remarkable productions of the Eastern mind;" that it is "unsurpassed in Persian literature for depth of thought or beauty of imagery;" that "the flow of fine things runs on unceasingly as from a river-god's urn." To his translation of the first book of the Mesnevi, Mr. Redhouse has prefixed a selection\* from the Acts of Jelâl, and certain of his ancestors and descendants, as collected by the historian El-Efâkî, a Dervish of the order founded by Jelâl, which, by the way, is still the most considerable of the religious communities of Islâm. It was under obedience to his spiritual director, Chelebi Emir 'Arif, Jelâl's grandson, that Efâkî undertook the compilation of his work, which was begun in the year 1310 of our era, and finished in 1353. It contains, as Mr. Redhouse tells us, "many hundreds of anecdotes," each "the account of a miracle wrought by the living or the dead, or the narrative of some strange or striking event"—"related to Efâkî by trustworthy reporters, whose names are generally given, and for a few of which he vouches himself as an eyewitness." Hence its great value and importance to the student of comparative hagiology.

Before proceeding to cite a few of the more characteristic portions of these Acts, I may mention that Jelâlu-'d-Dîn—the name means Majesty of the Faith—was of a family in every way illustrious, his mother being a princess of the royal house of Khurāsân, while his father, Bahâ'u-'d-Dîn (Beauty of the Faith), a lineal descendant of Abû-Bekr, the father-in-law and successor of Muhammad, holds a high place among those who, in the language of Muslim hagiologists, "attain to the Truth, and in whom are manifested the mysteries of Positive Knowledge," and whose miraculous works evidence their supernatural gifts. His birth is usually assigned to the year 603 of the Muham-

\* I translate this account from M. de Kremer's striking paper "Le Spiritualisme Oriental," published in the *Journal Asiatique*, 6<sup>me</sup> série, tome xiii.

\* My remaining references are made to this first portion of Mr. Redhouse's work, and I shall therefore give merely the page.

madan era, and 1205 of our chronology, a memorable date in English history; for it was then that John, his military power broken by the loss of Château Gaillard, and of Normandy with it, was entering upon that protracted struggle with the Church and the Baronage, which was to issue in the granting of the Great Charter and the definitive establishment of English freedom upon written law. It was the age, in the Western world, of St. Francis of Assisi, and St. Dominic, of St. Simon Stock, and St. Peter Nolasco—the heroic era of the Catholic religious orders, and the culminating time of the mediæval period. When Jelāl was five years old, his father, Bahā'u-Din—often called "the Great Master"—quitted Balkh, after denouncing the innovations in religion that had set in there, and prophesying the speedy overthrow of the kingdom. Fleeing from the wicked city, "as the Prophet fled from Mekka to Medina," Bahā betook himself to Bagdād, and there publicly rebuked the Khalifa for his evil courses, and warned him of his approaching slaughter by the Moguls. Thence he went upon the greater pilgrimage, and eventually, after various wanderings, settled in Qonya, the ancient Iconium, at the invitation of the king. It is related of him that, upon one occasion, having been invited by the monarch to survey from the terraced roof of the palace the walls and towers recently constructed for the fortification of the city, he observed: "Against torrents and against the horsemen of the enemy thou hast raised a goodly defence; but what protection hast thou built against those unseen arrows, the sighs and moans of the oppressed, which overleap a thousand walls, and sweep whole worlds to destruction? Go to, now; strive to regain the blessings of thy subjects. They are a stronghold compared to which the walls and turrets of the strongest castles are as nothing." He died in the year of the Hijra 628, in the odor of sanctity, surrounded by his disciples. After his death, Jelāl appears to have gone for several years to prosecute his studies at Aleppo and Damascus, famous seats of learning in those days. He was peculiarly devoted to the Idealistic Philosophy of which El

Gazzālī—often called the Muhammadan Plato, and judged by M. Renan "l'esprit le plus original de l'école Arabe"—had been the great exponent. Of the breadth and solidity of his acquirements in the liberal arts of the time there can be no question. His spiritual teacher was the Sheykh and Seyyid Burhānu'-d-Dīn, a former pupil of his father's, and a Saint and anchorite of great renown. From him Jelāl is stated to have received instruction in "the mysteries of mute reality and ecstasy," and, in "that knowledge, the knowledge possessed by the Prophets and the Saints, which is called the *Science of Divine Intuition*, the science spoken of by God in Qur'ān xviii. 64: "We have taught him a science from within Us." Thus, having become "perfect in all sciences, patent and occult, human and divine," Jelāl assumed the rectorship of his father's college in Qonya, where he abode until his death. And now, to give some extracts from his Acts. First, take the following, which recalls a well-known incident in the life of St. Francis:

"A party of butchers had purchased a heifer, and were leading her away to be slaughtered, when she broke loose from them, and ran away, a crowd following and shouting after her, so that she became furious, and none could pass near her. By chance, Jelāl met her, his followers being at some distance behind. On beholding him, the heifer became calm and quiet, came gently toward him, and then stood still, as though communing with him mutely, heart to heart, as is the wont with saints, and as though pleading for her life. Jelāl patted and caressed her. The butchers now came up. Jelāl begged of them the animal's life, as having placed herself under his protection. They gave their consent, and let her go free. Jelāl's disciples now joined the party, and he improved the occasion by the following remarks: 'If a brute beast, on being led away to slaughter, break loose and take refuge with me, so that God grants it immunity for my sake, how much more so would the case be, when a human being turns unto God with all his heart and soul, devoutly seeking Him. God will certainly save such a man from the tormenting demons of hell fire, and lead him to heaven, there to dwell eternally.' Those words caused such joy and gladness among the disciples, that a musical festival, with dancing,\* at once

\* The famous religious dances of the Dervishes, to accompany which Jelāl introduced instrumental music, the flute, the rebeck, the drum, and the tambourine, on account, as he explained, of "the lethargic nature" of the people of the country.

commenced, and was carried on into the night. Alms and clothing were distributed to the poor singers of the chorus."<sup>\*</sup>

Upon one occasion Jelāl is related to have silenced the frogs, who disturbed his preaching, as St. Francis silenced the birds :

"Jelāl was accustomed to go away every year for about six weeks to a place near Qonya, called 'The Hot Waters,' where there is a lake or marsh inhabited by a large colony of frogs. A religious musical festival was arranged one day near the lake, and Jelāl delivered a discourse. The frogs were vociferous, and made his words inaudible. He therefore addressed himself to them, with a loud shout, saying, 'What is all this noise about? Either do you pronounce a discourse, or allow me to speak.' Complete silence immediately ensued; nor was a frog ever once heard to croak again, so long as Jelāl remained there. Before leaving, he went to the marsh, and gave them his permission to croak again now as much as they pleased. The chorus instantly began. Numbers of people, who were witnesses of this miraculous power over the frogs, became believers in Jelāl, and professed themselves his disciples."<sup>†</sup>

Another very striking chapter from the Acts of Jelāl I must venture to quote, long as it is, because, so far as I

know, it has no parallel in hagiological literature :

"On one occasion a rich merchant of Tebriz came to Qonya. He inquired of his agents there who was the most eminent man of learning and piety in the city, as he wished to go and pay his respects to him. He remarked to them: 'It is not merely for the sake of making money that I travel about in every country on earth; I desire also to make the acquaintance of every man of eminence I can find in each city.' His correspondents told him that the Sheykhul-Islām of the capital had a great reputation for learning and piety, and that they would be proud to present him to that celebrated luminary. Accordingly, he selected a number of rarities from among his store, to the value of thirty sequins, and the party set out to visit the great lawyer. The merchant found the dignitary lodged in a great palace, with guards at the gate, crowds of servants and attendants in the courtyard, and eunuchs, pages, grooms, ushers, chamberlains, and the like in the halls. . . . He now offered his presents, and then inquired of the great lawyer whether he could solve a doubt under which he was then laboring. This he stated as follows: 'Of late I have been sustaining a series of losses. Can you indicate a way by which I may escape from that unfortunate position? I give, every year, the fortieth part of my liable possessions to the poor, and I distribute alms besides, to the extent of my power. I cannot conceive, therefore, why I am unfortunate.' Other remarks he made also to the same effect. They appeared to be lost on the great luminary, who affected to be otherwise preoccupied. At length the merchant took leave, without obtaining a solution of his difficulty. The day following he inquired of his friends whether there did not chance to be, in the great city, some poor mendicant of exemplary piety, to whom he might offer his respects, and from whom he might, haply, learn what he longed to know, together with advice that would be of service to him. They answered, 'Just such a man as thou describest is our Lord, Jelālu'd-Dīn. He has forsaken all pleasures, save only his love toward God. Not only has he given up all concern for worldly matters, he has also renounced all care as to a future state. He passes his nights, as well as his days, in the worship of God; and he is a very ocean of knowledge in all temporal and spiritual subjects.' The Tebriz merchant was enchanted with this information. He begged to see that holy man, the bare mention of whose virtues had filled him with delight. They accordingly conducted him to the college of Jelāl, the merchant having privately furnished himself with a *rouleau* of fifty sequins in gold as his offering to the saint. When they reached the college, Jelāl was sitting alone in the lecture-hall, immersed in the study of some books. The party made their obeisances, and the merchant felt himself completely overpowered at the aspect of the venerable teacher, so that he burst into tears, and could not utter a word. Jelāl addressed him therefore as follows: 'The fifty sequins

\* P. 63. It may be well to subjoin for comparison the following beautiful passage from St. Buonaventura's "Life of St. Francis of Assisi": "Another time, when the man of God was at Greccio, a live hare was brought to him, which, although it was placed upon the ground, that it might escape, if it would, at the call of the loving Father leaped of its own accord into his bosom. And he, pressing it to him with tender affection, admonished it with brotherly compassion not to let itself be taken again, and then set it free. But although it was many times placed upon the ground, that it might depart, it still returned into the Father's bosom, as if it had some hidden sense of the pitifulness of his heart. At last, by his command, it was carried safely by the brethren to a solitary place."

† P. 62. How different the spirit which breathes through the parallel passage in the "Life of St. Francis": "Because for the noise the birds made the friars could not hear each other as they said the hours, the holy man said to the birds, 'My sisters, the birds, cease your singing until we have fulfilled our duty in praising God.' And the birds hushed their singing at once, and remained silent until the office was fully said, when they received permission from the man of God to resume their song. No sooner had he given them permission than they began to sing after their wonted manner, on a fig-tree near the cell of the man of God."

thou hast provided as thy offering are accepted. But better for thee than these are the two hundred sequins thou hast lost. God, whose glory be exalted, had determined to visit thee with a sore judgment and a heavy trial; but, through this thy visit here, He has pardoned thee, and the trial is averted from thee. Be not dismayed. From this day forth thou shalt not suffer loss; and that which thou hast already suffered shall be made up to thee.\* The merchant was equally astonished and delighted at these words; more so, however, when Jelāl proceeded with his discourse. 'The cause and reason of thy bygone losses and misfortunes was, that on a certain day thou wast in the west of Firengistān (Europe), where thou wentest into a certain ward of a certain city, and there sawest a poor Firengī (European) man, one of the greatest of God's cherished saints, who was lying stretched out at the corner of a market-place. As thou didst pass by him, thou spatst on him, evincing aversion from him. His heart was grieved by thy act and demeanor. Hence the visitations that have afflicted thee. Go thou then, and make thy peace with him, asking his forgiveness, and offering him our salutations.' The merchant was petrified at this announcement. Jelāl then asked him, 'Wilt thou that we this instant show him to thee?' So saying he placed his hand on the wall of the apartment, and told the merchant to behold. Instantly a doorway opened in the wall, and the merchant then perceived that man in Firengistān, lying down, in a market-place. At this sight he bowed down his head, and rent his garments, coming away from the saintly presence in a state of stupor. He remembered all these incidents as facts. Immediately commencing his preparations, he set out without delay, and reached the city in question. He inquired for the ward he wished to visit, and for the man whom he had offended. He discovered him lying down, stretched out as Jelāl had shown him. The merchant dismounted from his beast, and made his obeisance to the prostrate Firengī dervish, \* who at

once addressed him thus: 'What wilt thou that I do? Our Lord Jelāl suffered me not; or otherwise, I had a desire to make thee see the power of God, and what I am. But now draw near.' The Firengī dervish then clasped the merchant to his bosom, kissed him repeatedly on both cheeks, and then addjed: 'Look now, that thou mayest see my Lord and Teacher, my spiritual master, and that thou mayest witness a marvel.' The merchant looked. He saw the Lord Jelāl immersed in a holy dance, chanting this hymn, and entranced with sacred music:

"His kingdom's vast and pure, each sort its fitting place finds there;  
Cornelian, ruby, clod, or pebble be thou on His hill,  
Believe, He seeks thee; disbelieve, He'll haply cleanse thee fair;  
Be here a faithful Abū-Bekr; Firengī there; at will!"

When the merchant happily reached Qonya on his return he gave the salutations of the Firengī saint, and his respects, to Jelāl, and distributed much substance among the disciples. He settled at Qonya, and became a member of the confraternity of the Pure Lovers of God.\*\*

The chapter which I shall next cite from Jelāl's Acts is interesting as illustrating his view of life and death:

"It was once remarked to Jelāl with respect to the burial service for the dead, that, from the earliest times, it had been used for certain prayers and Qur'anic recitations to be said at the grave and round the corpse; but, that people could not understand why he had introduced into the ceremony the practice of singing hymns during the procession toward the place of burial, which canonists had pronounced to be a mischievous innovation. Jelāl replied: 'The ordinary reciters, by their services, bear witness that the deceased lived a Muslim. My singers, however, testify that he was a believer in and a lover of God.' He added also: 'Besides that, when the human spirit, after years of imprisonment in the cage and dungeon of

\* Christian monk. One of the great offences of the Sūfīs in the eyes of Muslim orthodoxy is their attitude toward religions other than the Muhammadan. There is a proverbial saying, often quoted by their writers, which literally rendered means "A Sūfī knows no religion," and which their adversaries take literally, while they themselves expound it to signify, "A Sūfī thinks ill of no religion." It cannot be doubted that, at all events the more advanced of them in the mystical doctrine consider religious systems to be merely instruments whereby is expressed, faintly and inadequately at the best, celestial melody, or as the Germans would say, *Vorstellungsarten*, "modes of representation," some better, some worse, but all imperfect. I take it that Jelāl would have agreed with Mr. Tennyson:

"Our little systems have their day,  
They have their day and cease to be;  
They are but broken lights of Thee,  
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they."

Thus, while themselves scrupulously observing

the precepts of Islām, the Sūfīs regard other forms of faith with benevolence, as being also means—although, as they judge, inferior means—of attaining to the same realities which are hidden under the Muslim symbols: all true in a measure, but not the absolute truth to those who have

"attained a purer air,  
Whose faith has centre everywhere,  
Nor cares to fix itself to form."

M. Garcin de Tassy goes so far as to say, "Ils pensent que la Bible et le Coran ont été seulement écrits pour l'homme qui se contente de l'apparence des choses, qui s'occupe de l'extérieur, pour le *adhir parast*, comme ils le nomment, et non pour le *sufi* qui sonde le fond des choses."—"La Poésie Philosophique et Religieuse chez les Persans" (p. 12). I incline to think that this is too strongly put. But that is a question which cannot be discussed in a foot-note. Possibly I may have to consider it on a future occasion.

\* P. 32.



the body, is at length set free, and wings its flight to the source whence it came, is not this an occasion for rejoicings, thanks, and dancings? The soul, in ecstasy, soars to the presence of the Eternal, and stirs up others to make proof of courage and self-sacrifice. If a prisoner be released from a dungeon and be clothed with honor, who would doubt that rejoicings are proper? So, too, the death of a saint is an exactly parallel case.\*

As a fitting complement to this, take the following account of the Saint's own death and burial, which will be a fitting conclusion, too, to this paper :

"As he lay in his extreme sickness, there were earthquakes for seven days and nights, very severe, so that walls and houses were overthrown. On the seventh occasion, all his disciples were alarmed. He, however, calmly remarked, 'Poor earth! it is eager for a fat morsel! † It shall have one!' He then gave his last instructions to his disciples as follows: 'I recommend unto you the fear of God, in public and in private; abstemiousness in eating and in sleeping, as also in speaking; the avoidance of rebelliousness and of sin; constancy in fasting, continuous worship, and perpetual abstinence from fleshly lusts; long-suffering under the ill-treatment of all mankind; to shun the companionship of the light-minded and of the common herd; to associate with the righteous and with men of worth; for verily *"the best of mankind is he who benefiteth men,"* and *"the best of speech is that which is short and to the purpose."*

"The following is a prayer taught by Jelāl on his death-bed to one of his friends, to be used whenever affliction or care might weigh upon him: 'O our Lord God, I breath but for Thee, and I stretch forth my spirit toward Thee, that I may recite Thy doxologies abundantly, commemorating Thee frequently. O our Lord God, lay not on me an ailment that may make me forgetful to commemorate Thee, or lessen my yearning toward Thee, or cut off the delight I experience in reciting the litanies of Thy praise. Grant me not a health that may engender or increase in me presumptuous or thankless insolence. For Thy mercy's sake, O Thou Most Merciful of the compassionate! Amen.'

"A friend was seated by Jelāl's pillow, and Jelāl leaned on that friend's bosom. Suddenly a most handsome youth appeared at the door of the room, to the utmost astonishment of the friend.

"Jelāl arose and advanced to receive the stranger. But the friend was quicker, and quietly asked his business. The stranger answered: 'I am 'Azrā'il, the angel of departure and separation. I am come, by the Divine command, to inquire what commission the Master may have to intrust to me.'

"Blessed are the eyes that can perceive such sights!

"The friend was near fainting at this an-

swer. But he heard Jelāl call out, 'Come in, come in, thou messenger of my King. Do that which thou art bidden; and, God willing, thou shalt find me one of the patient.'

"He now told his attendants to bring a vessel of water, placed his two feet therein, and occasionally sprinkled a little on his breast and forehead, saying, 'My beloved (God) has proffered me a cup of poison (bitterness). From His hand I drink that poison with delight.'

"The singers and musicians now came in, and executed a hymn, while the whole company of friends wept, and sobbed loudly.

"His son (Sultan Veled) had been unremitting in his attentions. He wept and sobbed; he was reduced to a shadow. Jelāl therefore said to him: 'Bahā'u'd-Din, my son, I am better. Go and lie down a little. Rest thyself, and sleep awhile.' When he was gone, Jelāl indited his last ode.

"It is related that, after his death, when laid on his bier . . . as the washer, a loving and loved disciple, folded his arms over his breast, a tremor appeared to pass over the corpse, and the washer fell with his face on the lifeless breast, weeping. He felt his ear pulled by the dead saint's hand, as an admonition. On this he fainted away, and in his swoon he heard a cry from heaven, which said to him, 'Ho, there! Verily the saints of the Lord have nothing to fear, neither shall they sorrow. Believers die not; they merely depart from one habitation to another abode.'

"When the corpse was brought forth, all the men, women, and children, who flocked to the funeral procession, smote their breasts, rent their garments, and uttered loud lamentations. These mourners were of all creeds, and of various nations; Jews and Christians, Turks, Romans, and Arabians, were among them. Each recited sacred passages, according to their several usages, from the Law, the Psalms, or the Gospel.

"The Muslims strove to drive away these strangers with blows of fist, or staff, or sword. They would not be repelled. A great tumult was the result. The Sultan, the heir-apparent, and the Perwāna all flew to appease the strife, together with the chief rabbis, the bishops, abbots, and others.

"It was asked of these latter, why they mixed themselves up with the funeral of an eminent Muslim sage and saint. They replied that they had learned from him more of the mysteries shrouded in their Scriptures than they had ever known before, and had found on him all the signs and qualities of a prophet and saint, as set forth in those writings. . . . The Muslim leaders could make no answer. And so, in all honor, with every possible demonstration of love and respect, was he borne along, and at length laid in his grave. He had died as the sun went down, on Sunday, the fifth of the month Jumāda-l-ākhir, A.H. 672 (16th December, A.D. 1273), being thus sixty eight years of age."\*

—Contemporary Review.

\* P. 67.

† A playful reference to his extreme emaciation.

\* P. 93.

## THE SET-OFFS AGAINST MODERN SCIENCE.

THAT science has as much right to its airs of self-confidence, as an unparalleled series of almost unexampled successes could give it, every intelligent man will admit. In the line of its own discoveries it has achieved wonders, and the only word of admonition that it is reasonable to pronounce is, that these wonders have turned the heads of too many scientific men, and led them to claim as the province of science, what science, as they understand it, has no prospect of ever conquering at all. To illustrate what we mean by this mistaken self-confidence or arrogance of science, we will make three quotations. Two are from a book of which we said something last week, Dr. Maudsley's book on "Body and Will," of which one may describe the fault as this, that it applies the scientific method very successfully where the ordinary scientific method is appropriate, and wholly ignores—nay, resolutely denies—all facts to which the scientific methods, as men of science understand it, is wholly inappropriate. Here is one passage: "Can there be a greater absurdity, when we think of it, a more complete knowledge-annihilating device, than to pretend to keep provinces of knowledge, however acquired, rigorously asunder! To assert liberty and self-sufficingness in one science, and necessity and interdependence in all other sciences, is really the negation of all science. It is a gaping contradiction in the very foundation of knowledge, which renders any stable superstructure impossible; for how can man, being one, have real knowledge unless it is *unity* of knowledge? How make for himself a synthesis of the world, if he is required to preserve an absolute separation, an impassable chasm, between two regions of knowledge?" That represents precisely the very vice of modern science—that it will admit no paradoxes, no differences too deep for the unifying power of the human intellect, and, therefore, attempts to introduce an artificial unity into provinces which, the more we study them, the more we find to contain principles which cannot by any legerdemain of the intellect be shaded off into each other. And it is characteristic of

the arrogance of science, that it is that very same school of science—the school of physical science—which denies most peremptorily, even to the principle of uniform causation, any intuitional universality, which, nevertheless, assumes to impose that principle on the conscience and the will, against the protest of self knowledge. One would suppose that a principle which has been only empirically established, should be perfectly open to empirical exceptions. Yet, paradox being of the very truth of human life as we know it, and science, as learned from the physical provinces of existence, not enduring paradox, the whole effort of such science as Dr. Maudsley's is devoted to suppressing the evidences of paradox which abound in all human experience when candidly recorded. If we replied to Dr. Maudsley that no sensible man had ever asserted "liberty and self-sufficingness" as the principle of any science, but solely thus much—that directly you rise into the region of human action, you find for the first time, amid the most ample traces of the necessity and interdependence of the lower regions of life, a new principle of liberty, though of liberty ranging within very narrow limits, a principle of which there had been no sign in the physical region, he would, we suppose, reply that no matter how limited its range, real liberty, if it exist at all, is the negation of causation as we know it, and therefore the negation of science. To which we should rejoin—Yes, if you define science as meaning anything less than knowledge, if you define it as denoting only that department of knowledge in which uniform causation rules, of course it is so. But as you not only admit, but even assert, that our only knowledge of the uniformity of causation is purely empirical, have you the smallest right to pooh-pooh, as *a priori* impossible, a new fragment of knowledge of which it is the distinctive mark that under the same antecedent conditions you know two different actions to be equally possible?

Now, take another instance of the marvellous arrogance with which Dr. Maudsley imposes the yoke of the physical sciences on the moral order which he

is investigating. He says very justly that "if there be an intuitive truth in the hope and conviction of a future realization of lofty ideals, it does not follow that the realization will take place on earth." But then he goes on: "It is, perchance, a cosmic instinct of the matter of which we are constituted. In the countless millions of space-pervading orbs, it may have been, and may be again, the functions of many to take up the tale of organic evolution, and to carry the process to higher and higher levels—even to organizations that are utterly inconceivable to us, constituted as we are. For us men and for our salvation, the earth and its sun are all in all; but in the universe and its evolution, new heavens and new earths may be natural incidents, and the whole solar system to which the earth belongs of no greater moment than the life of the meanest insect is in the history of that system, of no greater proportion than a moment in its duration. How grotesquely ludicrous, then, the absurdity of man's vainly attempted conceptions of a great first cause or purpose of things." In other words, Dr. Maudsley scorns to attach any value to what he calls elsewhere the "evolutional *nisus*," inspiring idealism, when it happens to be found—where alone, indeed, it ever is found—in the mind of man, but is not disinclined to regard it, as appertaining intrinsically to the nature of "cosmic matter," as matter. Verily, those who ignore the paradoxes of freedom and faith are condemned by a sort of Nemesis to believe in paradoxes of their own even more astounding. What evidence is there of an "evolutional *nisus*" tending toward idealism in iron or carbon? Is "the evolutional *nisus*" which astronomers suppose to be already exhausted in the moon, only successfully imprisoned there? And why does "cosmic matter" retain idealistic aspirations in one place, and lose them in another? Can anything be plainer than that the materialist who recognizes the idealistic faith in man—as he cannot but recognize it, if he is to open his mind to facts at all—and yet ascribes this idealistic faith to "cosmic matter" as such, does so solely and absolutely because, on his theory, there is nothing better left to ascribe it to? The truth

is, however, that of idealism proper there is not a trace in the physical universe, and that if there be any "cosmic instinct" of idealism at all, it must be due to an inspiring mind in the universe, and not to "cosmic matter."

Now, take a third instance of the curious and rash arrogance of the spirit bred by the physical sciences. In last week's *Academy*, in a review of Mr. Douglas Galton's recent book by a very able student of physical science, Mr. Grant Allen, to whom we owe many original and ingenious speculations on vegetable physiology—for example, one on the origin of the strawberry—we find the following passage: "The other point" [dealt with by Mr. Galton] "is the investigations into the efficacy of prayer. These are narrated with a quaint, scientific *naïveté*, which is not intended, doubtless, to be ironical, but which is as perfect a specimen of irony, in the pure Greek sense of the word, as we ever remember to have seen. The transparent candor, reverence, and scientific precision of Mr. Galton's reasoning will prove (quite unintentionally) a thousand times more annoying to dogmatism than any other tone that could possibly have been adopted. Abuse the dogmatists can stand, but gentle persuasion and clear logic are really too trying. When Mr. Galton remarks that he has not yet examined into the truth of Father Clarke's statement that 'substantial curative effects are often produced by pilgrimages to Lourdes,' or notes the absence of any marked answer to the daily prayer 'that the nobility may be endued with grace, wisdom, and understanding,' or cites the history of English ducal houses in opposition to the belief of the Psalmist that the descendants of the righteous shall continue, while those of the wicked shall fail, he is only honestly applying the methods with which he is familiar elsewhere to the particular subject under dispute; but it is almost impossible for unscientific readers not to suspect him of intentional satire." Is it possible to imagine a sublimer tone of arrogant assumption that prayer never receives any answer, than we find here, or one which is less becoming in a writer whose mind has been educated by the study of physics and physiology? The inner

world is a sealed book, as it would seem, to the student of the modern physical sciences, who does not even know so much as this, that all Christian prayer at all events, is cast in St. Chrysostom's form, "Fulfil now, O Lord, the desires and petitions of thy servants, *as may be most expedient for them*," and that far more and far better answers to prayer come in the shape of purified desires than of granted wishes. And yet he dogmatizes on prayer with this sublime scorn for all the story of the ages. Even Mr. Matthew Arnold—whom men of science have claimed as their champion on questions of this kind—has asserted the truth of the paradox which is the very key to the efficacy of prayer—"He that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal," and has called it the sublime "secret of Jesus," "the secret by which emphatically his Gospel brought life and immortality to light." Even Mr. Arnold has declared that there is a secret life which is full of paradoxes to the man who looks only at the outward world, or even at the world of physical science, a secret life in which

the paradoxes of self-abnegation, and all that the Christian includes in the life of prayer, are not only true, but the only living truth; and yet because they do not fall in with the methods of physical science, we find the whole life of prayer laughed to scorn by the successful student of the physical sciences.

Science has had a great and glorious career. But great and glorious as that career has been, we do not hesitate to say that all its achievements put together are of infinitely less value to man than the secret which Mr. Matthew Arnold calls "the secret of Jesus"—a secret the true interpretation of which involves doubtless a great deal of theology which Mr. Arnold himself rejects, and a great deal of psychology against which both Mr. Grant Allen and Dr. Maudsley would hardly think it worth while, in their sublime arrogance, even to protest. But the study of insanity, and investigations into plant-life, even though they include the origin of the strawberry, hardly furnish a sufficient basis for the science of spiritual life.—*London Spectator*.

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#### THE HEPTARCHY OF THE CATS.

BY PHIL. ROBINSON.

NOTHING can be more unsatisfying than the poets' treatment of the splendid family of the cats. Excepting the lion, to which they do conspicuous justice, the poets have apparently no appreciation whatever of the grand parable of the carnivora. They say the tiger is very fierce, and the leopard and the panther very beautiful: but there they end. Their powerful compeers the jagua, puma, and cheetah, which complete the heptarchy—the lion state enjoying the "hegemony" of the confederacy—are not utilized, so that, virtually, the noble Beasts of Prey afford the poets no more than two similes—one of excessive cruelty, and one of personal elegance. Here and there, of course, tradition, or heraldic association, or Biblical mistranslation, tempts the poet into some oblique injustice to the proud vassals of the beast paramount—"lonely lords of empty wilds and woods"—but these aberrations do not affect their treat-

ment materially. They do not recognize apparently the nobility of this family of courageous and beautiful beasts in nature's wild-life scheme, nor appreciate the purpose they serve as the ministers of state.

Individually the tiger, leopard, and panther are each of them largely utilized, but, as will be seen, with very meagre aims and results, considering the possibilities of such a subject.

With regard, however, to this class of beautiful and dangerous beasts, it is due to the poets to point out that antiquity used "pard" for the cheetah; that tradition made the "leopard" a hybrid between pards and lions; that the "panther," a mythical beast, was imagined somewhere in the Dark Ages, and has survived as the panther of modern times; that when heraldry first commenced in earnest, the leopard was merely the lion in certain attitudes; that early writers



mixed up tigers with leopards and panthers as part of the entourage of the Greek gods; that modern zoologists are still divided as to the identity or variety of the leopard and panther; that America calls the puma a "panther" and also a mountain "lion"; that in Ceylon the panther is called the "tiger"; that in the South African Colonies the leopard is called "tiger" also; and that all over India the same native names are hopelessly bewildered among not only panthers, leopards, and cheetahs, but also extended to hyænas.

The tiger especially is a favorite image with the poets, whether "holding its solitude in desert dark and rude," "crouching to await its helpless prey," "darting fierce injections on the prey his glance has doomed," or "returning to its den before the sun may see it." But it has nevertheless only one aspect, namely, of ruthless voracity. To this every feature is made to contribute. The "tiger's plunge," from its impetuosity, is used as if denoting a malignity of purpose greater than when the royal lion does the same thing; and when it lies in ambush—a particularly leonine trick—the stratagem is condemned as savoring of treachery, though lions do it by right divine.

The tiger "formed to cruel meals," in fact, stands in the poets for the symbol of bloodthirstiness—"with fell claws full of fierce gourmandize, and greedy mouth wide-gaping like hell-gate"—

"As when some tiger, to his haunt from day  
Returns, blood-foaming, with his slaughtered  
prey.

Grim-pleased that there with undisturbed roar,  
He'll glut and revel o'er the reeking gore;  
Glances in wild fury o'er the gloomy waste,  
And growls terrific o'er its mangled beast.  
Now drags relentless down the rugged vale,  
And stains the forest with a bloody trail,"

is characteristic of a hundred other passages which are equally untrue to nature, for the tiger is not by many fathoms such a fool as to drag his prey to "his haunt," "and stain the forest with a bloody trail" (which would inevitably lead to his destruction), nor does he roar at his meals. Another popular poets' error is preserved in Montgomery, where he speaks of the tiger dragging the buffalo to his lair and "crashing through the ribs at once unto the heart," for

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this animal never commences its meal either at the heart, or, as other poets say, at the throat, but at the buttocks of the prey.

"The tigress in her whelpless ire,"  
"The cubless tigress in her jungle raving" (Byron), "The tiger dam with red fangs" (Cook)—is a very favorite simile for supreme ferocity, carried in Maxwell even to the point of suicide—

So from Euphrates' bank, a tigress fell  
After her robbers for her whelps doth yell,  
But sees enraged the river flow between,  
Frustrate revenge, and love by loss more keen,  
At her own breast her useless claws does arm—  
She tears herself.

Arcité in the "Knight's Tale" is a  
"felle tigre."

There was no tigre in the Vale of Galagher  
When that hire whelp is stole  
So cruel an the heart is this Arcité.

But after all, where shall we give the  
palm of maternal fondness?

The love of offspring's nature's general law,  
From tigresses and cubs to ducks and duck-  
lings;

There's nothing whets the beak, or arms the  
claw,

Like an invasion of their babes and sucklings;  
And all who have seen a human nursery, saw  
How mothers love their children's squalls and  
chucklings.—Byron.

Now, as a matter of fact, the tiger is not as specially ferocious animal. As the greatest authority on Indian natural history says, it is "a harmless, timid animal." It feeds on animals that are prodigiously injurious to crops, and there are on record in India the complaints of villagers on the increase of deer and wild pigs in consequence of the destruction of the tigers in their neighborhood. When it gets too feeble to catch wild animals it begins to eat tame ones, or easier victims still, the men or women who are in charge of the cattle. It then becomes, as a "man-eater," a criminal against humanity—and death cannot overtake it too soon. But it is only those who know the Hindoo thoroughly who can credit the amazing apathy of these men, even when in imminent danger. So long as it is not actually visible they refuse to take precaution against peril, and I remember during the Afghan War assisting to thrash some lazy followers in order to arouse them to a proper sense of the

necessity of saving their lives. They had squatted down to smoke by the roadside in the Khyber Pass, though they knew the enemy was lurking in the rocks above them, and in the jungle behind them, though they had with their own eyes seen the corpses of camp followers lying where they had been murdered, when they sat down to smoke. In the very same way, the herdsman comes loafing home in the twilight, singing a song of the country as he goes (to let the tiger know that he is coming probably), and suddenly out of the sugar-canes flashes the tiger and there is an end of that herdsman. But the next man will probably do the very same thing. He will take another road of course on his way home, but he will lag behind his cattle and sing to himself in the same ridiculous way, and out from under the bair-tree springs the same old tiger. Indeed, it is one of the problems of Indian administration how to keep the natives from suicide. They prefer to have half the village down with small-pox and then to carry a dead chicken round the stricken hamlet on the end of a pole, than be vaccinated. They prefer to lose a prodigious number of their acquaintances by drowning than to protect their wells. They prefer to have tens of thousands of men and women bitten by snakes in the toes and thumbs, and die therefrom, than let enough light into a hut to see the difference between fire-wood and cobras.

Not that I wish to extenuate the immorality of the tiger in eating human beings, even when it finds them lying about, so to speak, as if they were worth nothing. It is a practice that should be discouraged even more forcibly than it is. But on the other hand, it is unfair, even to tigers, to speak of them as if they were forever going about mangling. They are ferocious enough—indeed, they set the lion a very splendid example—when they are attacked and have to fight. But such ferocity is not to be spoken ill of. It is sublime heroism. The historian can give our handful of soldiers in the Indian Mutiny of '57 and '58 no further praise when he has said "they fought like tigers." The poet, therefore, who calls Bertram a tiger, because he has all the will but not half the courage to show fight against odds, does the noble beast an injustice.

Nor, in the poets, does any majesty appertain to the tiger, "that doth live by slaughter." It is "tameless" (which of course tigers are not, seeing that they have very frequently been tamed), and affords frequent similes for irresistible ferocity. But there is no dignity attaching to the beast apart from his pre-eminence in criminal fury. It is, in fact, described as rather a mean animal, toying with the kids when caught, "whetting his appetite by long restraint," and (in Spenser):

When he by chance doth find  
A feeble beast, doth felly him oppress.

They worry sheepfolds, and stalk "gentle fawns at play," and kill for killing's sake, "rooms all abroad and grimly slays."

As a grim tiger whom the torrent's might  
Surprises in some parched ravine at night  
Turns, even in drowning, on the wretched  
flocks  
Swept with him in that snow-flood from the  
rocks,  
And to the last, devouring on his way,  
Bloodies the stream he has no power to stay.

Moore's zoology, however, is often of the wildest kind; but it is strange that the notorious fact—notorious at any rate from the days of the Ramayana and Homer—that in presence of a common danger tigers and sheep lay aside their mutual antipathies, should not have made his metaphor move more cautiously. I have myself seen a tiger and a herd of cattle on the same half-acre of ground during a flood, and the tiger seemed the most ill at ease of all the company; and one poet\* at any rate bears me out:

When the storm through Indian forests runs,  
\* \* \* \* \*  
Floats far and loud the hoarse, discordant yell  
Of ravening pards, which harmless crowd the  
dell.  
The barbarous tiger whets his fang no more  
\* \* \* \* \*

To lap, with torturing pause, his victim's gore.  
Curb'd of their rage, hyænas gaunt are tame,  
And shrink, begirt with all-devouring flame.

Its appearance commands no respect from other beasts. Its eyes are "glowing flames" (Chatterton) and "fire-ball" eyes "that make horrid twilight

\* Leyden, "Scenes of Infamy."

in the sunless jungle"\* (Montgomery): they "flash" and "glare." But there is nothing of awe in the aspect of the tiger, according to the poets, except to such poor things as lambs and kids and fawns.

Its voice is "dreadful," it "growls terrific," but it has no effect upon the surrounding forests and its inhabitants, such as the lions, roar is supposed to have when they burst

From dreams of blood, awaked by maddening thirst,

When the lorn caves, in which they shrunk from light,

Ring with wild echoes through the hideous night,

When darkness seems alive, and all the air In one tremendous uproar of despair.

The "thirsting tiger's yell," "hideous howl," "voice more horrid than the groan of famished tiger leaping on its prey," and other expressions of objection to the sound, abound, but none of them give any notion at all of the supreme awfulness of the real voice in nature, that literally hushes the jungle and fairly fills the twilight with horror. Not that tigers roar much; when "with kindling flame, he hears the love-lorn night-call of his brindled dame," the tiger utters a very solemn and dreadful roar.

Is the lion or the tiger the superior in courage and strength? There is little evidence on record to help us to a decision, but all that there is is completely in favor of the tiger. The two animals have been put together to fight, but the lion has invariably declined the combat. They have accidentally got into each other's cages, and the tiger has killed the lion. Feats of strength are authenticated of the tiger to which the lion can, on evidence, lay no claim; and of the courage before man, the evidence is all on the side of the tiger. For myself, then, I give the preference without hesitation to the tiger. The poets give their preference to the lion.

For in the poets the tiger forms part of the courtier-retinue of the lion. "Gaunt wolves and sullen tigers in his

train"\*—having, as Spenser, Allan Ramsay, and others state, defeated the tiger in single combat, when the prize was the sovereignty of the animal world. Cowley speaks of the lion as thirsting for tigers' blood. Southey, imitating his fancy, does the same—and of tigers "trembling" while the lion sleeps; while several others describe the two as meeting, and the tiger giving way—

The shaggy lion rushes to the place,

With roar tremendous seizes on his prey.

Exasperate see! the tiger springs away,

Stops short and maddens at the monarch's growl;

And through his eyes darts all his furious soul, Half willed, yet half afraid to dare a bound, He eyes his loss, and roars, and tears the ground.—A. Wilson.

Yet in spite of the poets I am of opinion that a very considerable dignity attaches to the Raja of the jungles. Sportsmen know well what a solitude the tiger creates for itself by its simple presence, and what an overwhelming awe possesses all wild life when its voice is heard. The wild boar, it is true, will turn upon it, but then the wild boar is the type among the beasts of a chivalry that is Quixotic in its rashness; and the tiger by this presumptuous conduct arrives at pork that he could not otherwise have captured. But what supremacy in the world is not challenged at some time or another by foolhardy subjects or overweening rivals? Does the lion "walk his kingly path" unchallenged? On the contrary, he has to yield the path very often.

In its manner of life, lording it over the unrivalled jungles of India, there is an undoubted majesty, while its amazing physical powers bespeak the monarch of a kingdom where might is right, and beset it as the steed of Mars and the emblem of Shiva.

In metaphor, therefore, though frequently recurring, the tiger has but a very narrow range. All very bloodthirsty personages, like royal enemies of Great Britain, "daring the lion," or their soldiers—"Gallia's tigers," for instance, who "fight with tiger zeal"; or disreputable heroes of the Byronic Corsair or Moore's Ghebir type; or wicked sycophants of the powerful or oppress-

\* So Jean Ingelow:

In tangles of the jungle reed  
Whose hearts are lit with tiger-eyes.

—The Absent Letter, 4.

\* Collins.

ors of the weak, are all "tigers." So wrong itself and evil passions are symbolized by the tiger, and—the climax of insidious and abominable cruelty—the gout.\* Once only is the beast amiable, and that is in a general revolution of animal character which Darwin delightfully imagines in his "Loves of the Plants":

Charmed on the brink, relenting tigers gaze,  
And pausing buffaloes forget to graze;  
Admiring elephants forsake their wood,  
Stretch their wide ears and wade into the flood.  
In silent herds the wondering sea-calves lave  
Or nod their slimy foreheads o'er the wave;  
Poised on still wing attentive vultures sweep,  
And winking crocodiles are lulled to sleep;

and once again, when Chatterton sees them "wanton with their shadows in their stream."

But in Chatterton all things were permissible; † and Moore, perhaps, need create no surprise when he assures us that even the hungriest tiger will not eat a "Ghebir" man, knowing him to be "a thing untamed and fearless as themselves." But why does Shelley make tigers fight with sea-snakes out in mid-ocean? or Campbell absurdly sing of tigers stealing along the bank of a North American river? or why do Cowley and Byron speak of *spotted* tigers?

For once the poets have nearly managed to make a wild beast a real wild beast, and these variations from nature are as deplorable as they were unnecessary.

As I have said before, "there is no nonsense about the tiger, as there is about the lion." He does not go about imposing on poets. Wolves may, if they like, pretend that they are only dogs gone wrong from want of a better bringing up, and the lion swagger as if he were something more than a very large cat; but the tiger never descends to such prevarication, setting himself up for better than he is, or claiming respect for qualities which he knows he does not possess. There is no ambiguity about anything he does. All his character is on the surface. "I am," he says, "a thoroughgoing downright wild beast, and

if you don't like me you must lump me; but in the mean while you had better get out of my way." There is no pompous affectation of superior "intelligence" about tigers. If they are met with in jungles, they do not make-believe for the purpose of impressing the traveller with their uncommon magnanimity, or waste time like the lion in superfluous roarings, shaking of heads, or "looking kingly." On the contrary, they behave honestly and candidly, like the wild beasts they are. They either retire precipitately with every confession of alarm, or in their own fine outspoken way "go for the stranger." Nor when they make off do they do it as if they liked it or had any half mind about it—as the lion, that Livingstone tells us trots away slowly till it thinks itself out of sight and then bounds off like a greyhound—wasting time in pretentious attitudes or in trying to save appearances. They have no idea of showing off. If they mean to go they go like lightning, and don't for a moment think of the figure they may be cutting. But if, on the other hand, they mean fighting, they give the stranger very little leisure for misunderstanding their intentions.

The tiger, therefore, deserves to be held in respect, as a model wild beast, for he knows his station, and keeps it, doing the work that Nature has given him to do, with all his might. Life has only one end for him, the enjoyment of it, and to this he gives the whole of his magnificent energies. Endowed with superb capabilities for taking lives and preserving his own, he exercises them to the utmost, in this one direction, without ever forgetting for an instant that he is only a huge cat, or flying in the face of Providence by wishing to be thought anything else.

Owing to the mystery in heraldry about the identity of the leopard (for it really represents the full-faced lion), and the confusion in myths and folk lore, not only between that animal and the panther—which is allowable, seeing that science is to this day unable to decide the question of their variety—but even between the leopard, lion,\* and tiger, the poets have found in this animal, or ani-

\* Half tiger, half a snake.—*Armstrong*.

† For instance, the impossible convention of animals.

The rampyngge lyon, felle tygere,  
The bocke that skyype from place to place  
The olyphaunte and rhynocere  
Before me through the greene-woode I did chase.  
—*Parlyament of Sprytes*.

\* Thus Broome makes Achilles terrific in "A leopard's spotted spoils."



mals—libbard, pard, pardee—a thoroughly suitable subject for poetical treatment. Having no definite individuality, we can be treated very liberally as to manners, appearance, and attributes, and there is little margin for criticism of the liberties they may take.

The poets, therefore, have justification for their "leopards," inasmuch as the sources from which they usually draw their zoological information are exceptionally muddled on the question of *felis pardus*, to say nothing of the further confusion which the natural history of antiquity contributes to the general entanglement by mixing up the cheetah—the "pard" of the ancients—with the rest.

Thomson calls "the lively shining leopard, speckled o'er," "the beauty of the waste;" Wordsworth has "the lively beauty of the leopard;" Dryden, "the lady of the spotted muff;" Moore, "such beauties might the lion warm," and so on; while the other touches of nature—"elegant" "light" "of easy grace"—all connote a thing of beauty. "Freckled like a pard," says Keats, wishing to enhance the loveliness of the Lamia snake.

But why should Heber \* say "the brindled pard?" Truly says Herbert (though in another significance), "in a leopard the spots are not observed."

Otherwise they have no place in poets' nature. Keats has "pard with prying head," in a delightful phrase, and Hood speaks happily of a sound "distantly heard, as of some grumbling pard," but except Moore's absurd conceit of leopards mistaking loosened stones for prey, and

Long heard from steep to steep,  
Chasing them down their thundering way,

and one or two incidental "pards" that happen to fit into rhymes, the animal does not appear.

Yet when we remember the importance of the leopard in heraldry—when it was supposed to be the issue of a panther or lioness—and its frequent appearance in art and the fancies of antiquity, it seems somewhat curious that it should have found such scanty favor. As part

\* So Leyden also has "the brindled panther fierce."

of Bacchus's jolly retinue we meet with it in Keats and one or two other poets, while in Shakespeare, Scott, and elsewhere, allusion is made to the national "leopard." As referred to in Holy Writ in connection with the indelible Ethiopian, it receives due notice from the worthy Hindis and from Cowper as being a beast of prey, and therefore, in the days of universal peace, predestined to lie down with the lamb.

Sacred to Pan, Chief President of the Hills, and the favorite of Bacchus, its skin was once the honorable badge of priesthood; the Greek gods and Greek heroes wore it on state occasions, and it is still one of the insignia of royalty in Africa.

When the panther is mentioned by name, it generally adds something of solitude to the leopard idea. The poets' leopard is a graceful, pretty beast, fit to be a lady's pet. The panther is of a somewhat gloomier sort. It "ravens" occasionally, and is often found in the bad company of tigers, hyænas, and other beasts of reproach. A savor of covert malignity attaches to the animal.

It is still beautiful, says Dryden, "fairest creature of the spotted kind;" Shelley, "a pard-like spirit, beautiful and swift," and again, "sleeping in beauty on the mangled prey, as panthers sleep;" Wordsworth:

He was a lovely youth! I guess  
The panther in the wilderness  
Was not so fair as he,

and so with others. But even in these (Dryden's shaving a correct significance), the touch of the beast of prey is not wanting—it is fleet of foot, a thing of the wilderness, sleeping on its mangled prey—while in the majority of references it is a downright wild beast—"skulking," the guilty accomplice of wolves, "the bloody panther" (by which A. Wilson must mean the cougar or puma, or else mean nothing, for there is no large spotted carnivore in North America), "ruthless panther," "furious pard," and so forth. At sunset, it rushes out after prey "from the roots of Lebanon," ravages the red man's "fold" (in E. Cook, whom the saints preserve!); "in his desperate fierceness, defying and bold;" is found on Hydaspes' side or Eastern Indus cooling his "reeking

jaws" after "feasting on the blood of some torn deer,"

Which nigh his cruel grasp  
Had roamed unheeding in the secret shade ;

and very often besides is spoken of as a fierce carnivorous brute—which, in spite of its beauty and fragrance, the panther or leopard undoubtedly is. To kill this animal, therefore, was, the poets tell us, "the highest glory and the greatest joy" of North American foresters, and its spoils "the prime trophy" of Ethiopian spears. Somerville, therefore, includes the panther in the beasts of chase, and gives the following singular receipt for the successful hunting of the beast, though it might be objected that the carrying about of large mirrors, when out after panthers, in such scenes as they inhabit, is a cumbrous matter—

Fierce from his lair springs forth the speckled  
pard,  
Thirsting for blood and eager to destroy ;  
The huntsman flies, but to his flight alone  
Confides not : at convenient distance fix'd,  
A polish'd mirror stops in full career  
The furious brute, he there his image views ;  
Spots against spots with rage improving glow.

Another pard his bristly whiskers curls,  
Grins as he grins, fierce, menacing, and wide  
Distends his op'ning jaws ; himself against  
Himself oppos'd, and with dead vengeance  
arm'd,

The huntsman, now secure, with fatal aim  
Directs his pointed spear, by which transfix'd  
He dies, and with him dies the rival shade.

The poets, in fact, divide their leopard into two (as many sportsmen do for the sake of augmenting their trophies) so as to seem to be talking of more than one animal, reserving the leopard to convey ideas of grace without undue ferocity, and the panther for ferocity that even personal beauty does not condone. It is a "bearded" beast of "panther-peopled solitudes" (Shelley), that "howls" in the wilderness (Campbell) and dies of the sirocco in African deserts (Darwin). And indeed, in nature, it is by no means a mere plaything. For the "panther"—by which name Oriental sportsmen call larger specimens, or as some zoologists affirm the larger *species* of leopard—is very often a man-eater. And this not from the necessities of decrepitude, as with the tiger, but from choice. For the panther frequently enters huts to carry off an inmate, though the village cattle,

past which it had come, offered a less perilous capture. Its strength is surprising, for it can break the neck of full-grown cattle, and carry sheep over a wall seven feet in height. When attacked, it is, in the opinion of many sportsmen, quite as formidable as the royal wearer of the stripes. They feed only on the largest game, the sambhur stag, nilghai, cattle, horses, and man—one panther in the Gwalior State having been known to kill fifty human beings in one district. If wounded from a tree it will climb up to its assailant and attack him there, and will charge an elephant as cheerfully as the tiger.

The leopard (I am here accepting the more popular theory that there really *are* two species of the animal), though not so formidable, is still a dangerous antagonist, but, as a rule, it does not aspire to larger victims than sheep and goats, the smaller varieties of deer and antelope, calves, and, above all, dogs. Now the poets, as Broome and Somerville, seem to think the leopard looks upon the dog as its natural master and conqueror, whereas the fact is that the leopard looks upon the dog as its natural food. The leopard's taste for dogs is certainly one of the most extraordinary phenomena in natural history. We say that cats like fish and that monkeys are fond of nuts, but these are mere passing whims, caprices of the moment, compared to the constant passion of leopards for dogs. It is a very Chinaman for its delight in puppy, for it will follow a man for miles like his shadow if a dog be at his heels—and it will be a very extraordinary dog indeed if it does not at last give the leopard its chance. The best of dogs sometimes commits the indiscretion of loitering behind his master or running out of sight round a corner in front of him, and if he does this with a leopard on his track nothing more is ever seen of the dog, and nothing more heard of him but his last squeal as he is swiftly snatched up off the path and carried with a sudden rustle of foliage, down the hill-side. At night leopards will prowl round the tent, sniffing under the canvas for the dog that they can smell within, or in the hill stations will boldly come down among the houses and carry off the pet of the establishment, though servants may be moving about.

It is on record that in the station of Gumsoor not a single dog escaped! and nearly every resident of India who has ever camped out in the jungle where leopards are, or has lived in "the hills," has had some tragic experience of this mania of the leopard for dogs.

In about the same degree, but obviously for very different reasons, the monkey takes the most profound interest in the leopard, and when one is afoot the four-handed folk follow him as closely as they dare, shaking the branches in their absurd rage, chattering furiously at their enemy, and making faces at him. Sometimes, however, the leopard stops abruptly and glares at them, and the wretched monkeys, gathering overhead, get so excited in their demonstrations, that very often one of their number is pretty sure to lose its balance and tumble conveniently into the leopard's mouth.

A tradition was once widely current that the panther was sweetly-scented—says Dryden, "the panther's breath was ever famed for sweet"—and that this fragrance was so fascinating to some small animals that it enticed them to their death in the jaws of the aromatic beast.\* It is a fact, however, that the panther itself is peculiarly sensible to perfumes, and among other instances is one of undeniable authenticity of a panther being tamed with lavender water.

A part of this tradition is no doubt the existence of a mythic animal called the panthera, of which the bones were of great lustre and exquisite odor.

In metaphor these twin animals are very unfruitful in the poets' hands. As being beautiful but of faulty character, they supply the fabulist with a satire—in Dryden on the English Church, in Gay on a vain beauty, in Spenser a cruel beauty. And as being fierce, a simile for impetuous soldiery, as "the sword of the Moslem," and the British attack.

A single poet at least—Eliza Cook—mentions the "jaguar" and the "fell puma," and once by inference (in Somerville) the cheetah is indicated. But

that is all. Nor in the case of the last named is obscurity altogether unjustifiable, for, except as part of the hunting equipage of princes, Asiatic and African, or—in the case, for instance, of Semendmanik, the favorite of Akhbar—as royal pets, the cheetah is an inconspicuous animal in its own countries.

At the same time it should not be forgotten, and there was no reason why some of the poets at any rate should not have been aware of it, that the cheetah is the real "pard" of antiquity, and therefore the animal that the poets really mean, though they do not know it, when they refer to "leopards" of antiquity.

But, in the case of the other two furred princes, the truly royal jaguar, and the very picturesque and sometimes very ferocious puma—or cougar,\* Cougars deadly spring.—Mr. Hemans mountain lion or panther of Western America—such neglect is more singular. The lives of these creatures are in themselves poems, when we think of the territories they rule over, and the romances of the country—Mexican, Red Indian, Peruvian—in which they lord it, in the ruins of a desolated civilization and the midst of dwindled nations. Around these animals numerous legends have of course gathered. Thus, the jaguar and boa are supposed to have an hereditary blood-feud—a fact Shelley would have delighted to know—and the jaguar, again, will not harm children, while the pretty story of Maldonata and her puma revives the old Androcles tradition, with improvements.

"The lesser carnivora," as they are called, play a very important part in the political system of the beasts. They are the great feudatory princes or viceroys of the wild wood. Claiming kinship with royalty, they possess within their respective earldoms all the privileges of independent sovereigns, and the powers of life and death. At the head of fierce clans, they often defy the central authority, and, retiring within their own demesnes, maintain there almost royal state. Such are the puma, jaguar, leopard, and panther. The two latter are to the East what the others are to the West, and their lives, whether we con-

\* Spenser thus alludes to another tradition—the power of the panther to fascinate, like the snake, by sight—

The panther, knowing that his spotted hyde  
Doth please all beasts, but that his looks them fary,  
Within a bush his dreadful head doth hide,  
To let them gaze whylat he on them may pray.

\* Cougar's deadly spring.—Mrs. Hemans.

sider the kindliness of nature to them in their beauty and strength, or their strange immunity from harm, are equally to be admired and envied. They live, it is true, within the empire of the lion, but only as, in the days of the Heptarchy, the Mercian or the Northumbrian prince would have called himself "within the realm" of the Bret-

walda; as in the early days of France the Dukes of Soissons or Burgundy acknowledged their vassalage to Paris; or earlier still, only as Acarnania or Locris confessed the hegemony of Sparta. There is respect on both sides, and therefore a large measure of peace within the satrapies of the cats.—*Belgravia*.

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#### NAPOLEON'S MARSHALS.

If a man were asked what epoch of the past he would most gladly summon back so as to live in it, he would choose well in reviving the reign of Napoleon, and making himself an officer in the Imperial Army. To us who read of those ten sparkling years 1804-14, when the great Emperor carried the spoils of Europe to Paris, and distributed crowns and coronets, *bâtons*, estates, and even high-born brides among his victorious soldiers—it seems as if the excitement of being a French officer must have been so intense as to keep the nerves in constant thrill. A single act of bravery in the field might bring a man under the Conqueror's notice, and to win honors from his hand was a very different thing to getting them from the Republic, which he had improved away. The grotesque Governments of the Revolutionary period never made a general without bringing him to book afterward to test whether he came up to the full standard of Republican foolishness, and if he did not he was sure to feel that his head sat loosely on his shoulders. Even under the Directorate generals who returned in triumph from war had their pleasure marred by being solicited to join in political intrigues, and it made matters worse that such intrigues were often necessary to secure to them not only their honors, but their pay. At a time when it required 15,000 francs of Republican paper money to make a *louis d'or*, all grades and dignities which the Republic conferred might be compared to *assignats*: they bore no sort of specific relation to those bestowed under the old Monarchy. Napoleon, however, suddenly raised all these depreciated honors to a premium, and it was the most signal glory of his reign to have done so. He was greater as a Pacifica-

tor than as a Conqueror. To have reopened the churches, to have replaced justice on her seat, to have put an end to the reign of talkers and writers—the men who are least fitted for business, but who under Republics get a monopoly of it to the general detriment—was a mighty achievement. It set all things in order, and made France once more habitable and pleasant to dwell in. But again when Napoleon created a new aristocracy, he performed a brilliant stroke of policy. Those who have ridiculed him for it as if he had indulged in a mere piece of vanity, have not considered what were the difficulties of his position. Until he had converted his foremost soldiers into princes, dukes and counts, they could all feel that he had not done so much for them as a Bourbon King would have done; and some of them did feel it. Many were sprung from the poorest class, and the prestige of the village *seigneur* to whom they had bowed as boys, loomed very large in their memories. The character of a nation is not to be altered within a few years, because a number of ranters have declaimed about equality even to the length of proposing that all steeples and towers should be razed so that buildings might be of one symbolical height; and the persecution of the nobility during the Revolution had really added to the value of titles. Whether Napoleon wished to lessen the worth of the old distinctions, or merely to gratify his followers by placing them on a level with their former masters the nobles, his creation of a new aristocracy was a wise act, and it was immediately ratified by popular approval. Somebody jested with Ney about the new nobility having no ancestors: "*We ARE ancestors*," answered the Marshal, and this view was



so generally accepted that even when the Bourbons were restored the Imperial titles obtained full recognition. In 1815, Louis XVIII. actually created the young prince of Neufchâtel and Wagram—Berthier's son, who was but five years old—an hereditary peer of France.

Napoleon's marshals were twenty-six in number, of whom seven only were born in a rank which would have entitled them to become general officers under the old Monarchy. These were Kellermann, Berthier, Davoust, Macdonald, Marmont Grouchy, and Poniatowski, a Pole. Of the others, Murat was the son of an innkeeper, Lefèvre of a miller, Augereau of a mason, Bernadotte of a weaver, and Ney of a cooper. Masséna's father, like Murat's, kept a village wine-shop; Lannes was the son of an ostler, and was himself apprenticed to a dyer; Victor, whose real name was Perrin, was the son of an invalided private soldier, who after leaving the service became a market-crier; while Soult's mother kept a mercer's shop, and Oudinot's a small *café* with a circulating library. The marshals sprung from the *bourgeoisie* or middle-class were Serrurier, whose father was an officer, but never rose above the rank of captain; Bessières, whose father, though a poor clerk in a lawyer's office, was the son of a doctor; Suchet, who was the son of a silk-merchant; Moncey, the son of a barrister; Gouvion, who assumed the name of Saint Cyr, and whose father practised as an attorney; and Brune, who started in life as a journalist. It is curious to trace through the lives of the different men the effect which their earliest associations had upon them. Some grew ashamed of their parentage; while others bragged overmuch of being self-made men. Only one or two bore their honors with perfect modesty and tact.

The noblest character among Napoleon's marshals was beyond doubt Adrien Moncey, Duc de Conégliano. He was born at Besançon in 1754, and enlisted at the age of fifteen, simply that he might not be a charge to his parents. From his father, the barrister, he had picked up a smattering of education, while Nature had given him a talent for drawing. He looked so small and

young when he was brought before the Colonel of the Franche Comté regiment for enrolment, that the latter, who was quite a young man—the Count de Survilliers—asked him, laughing, whether he had been tipsy from “drinking too much milk” when he fell into the hands of the recruiting sergeant. The sergeant, by way of proving that young Moncey had been quite sober when he had put on the white cockade (which was like taking the King's shilling in England), produced a cleverly executed caricature of himself which the boy had drawn; upon which M. de Survilliers predicted that so accomplished a recruit would quickly win an epaulette. This promise came to nothing, for in 1789, after twenty years' service, Moncey was only a lieutenant. It was a noble trait in him that in after-years he never spoke resentfully of his slow promotion. He used to say that he had been thoroughly well-trained, and he alluded kindly to all his former officers. There is a well-known story of Napoleon being addressed by an officer who complained that he had been six years a lieutenant. “I served seven years in that grade!” was the answer, “and it has not prevented me from making my way.” This was not the spirit in which Moncey would have replied. His sense of what he had suffered himself, rather urged him to watch that no deserving officer under his orders should be kept from promotion in his regular turn. He was so gentle and just that he got surnamed the Second Catinat. Louis XIV. said of Catinat, that he was the only Frenchman who never asked anything of Government, and Moncey, like him, was no courtier in the Duc d'Antin's famous definition of that creature: “One who speaks well of all men that are up, gives the go-by to those that are down, and begs for every place that falls vacant.” After Napoleon's overthrow, Moncey's conduct was most chivalrous; he privately blamed Ney's betrayal of the Bourbons, for it was not in his nature to approve of double-dealing, but he refused to sit in judgment upon his former comrade. Marshal Victor was sent to shake his resolution, but Moncey repeated two or three times: “I do not think I should have acted as Ney did, but I believe he acted according to his

conscience and did well ; ordinary rules do not apply to this case."

The Bourbons were so exasperated that they deprived Moncey of his rank and honors, and locked him up in the State prison of Ham, nevertheless in 1823, when the expedition to Spain took place under the Duc d'Angoulême's orders, Moncey was offered the command of the 4th Corps, and accepted it without rancor. He had first won his renown in the war of 1796 against Spain, and had distinguished himself in subsequent Peninsular campaigns, so that his experience of Spanish warfare was considered, and proved in the event, to be valuable. "I am sorry there should ever have been any misunderstanding between us, sir," said the Duc d'Angoulême to him, after Moncey had forced Barcelona and Tarragona to surrender.

"There is likely to be none so long as you only employ me on soldier's work," was the Marshal's mild answer. He eventually became Governor of the Invalides, and it fell to him in 1840 to receive Napoleon's body when it was brought from St. Helena. It was remarked at the time that if Napoleon himself could have designated the man who was to discharge this pious duty, he would have chosen none other than Moncey, or Oudinot, who by a happy coincidence became Governor of the Invalides in 1842 after Moncey's death.

Nicolas Oudinot, Duc de Reggio, was surnamed the Modern Bayard. He was born in 1767, and like Moncey enlisted in his sixteenth year. He was wounded thirty-two times in action, but was so little of a braggart that in going among the old pensioners of the Invalides he was never heard to allude to his own scars. At Friedland a bullet went through both his cheeks, breaking two molars. "*Ces dentistes russes ne savent pas arracher*," was his only remark as his wound was being dressed. It was to him that an old soldier, applying for a decoration, addressed a letter beginning thus: "Marshal! under the Empire I received two wounds which are the ornaments of my life, one in the left leg, the other in the campaign of Jéna." This note used to be exhibited in the Museum of Arms, which Oudinot formed at his Château of Jean d'Heurs,

near Bar-le-Duc, a museum which has since been purchased by the city of St. Etienne. It is full of curiosities collected from battlefields, sometimes at great cost, for Oudinot never grudged money in buying mementoes of his profession. He was the most disinterested of men. After Friedland he received with the title of Count a grant of £40,000, and he began to distribute money at such a rate among his poor relations that the Emperor remonstrated with him. "You keep the lead for yourself, and you give the gold away," said His Majesty in allusion to two bullets which remained in the Marshal's body. Oudinot was a great sayer of drolleries of the Rabelaisian sort. Being temporary Governor of Madrid during the war of 1823, he was appealed to by an irascible Spanish don, who had been kicked by a French officer, and wanted reparation for his "injured honor." "*Où diable placez-vous votre honneur?*" asked the Marshal. It was Oudinot's son who commanded the expedition that was sent to Rome in 1849, to restore Pius IX. to his throne. He was a plain, soldierly man, much like his father, and once scolded M. Ferdinand de Lesseps piteously for being too charming. De Lesseps was trying to arrange a conciliation between the Roman Triumvirate headed by Mazzini and the French Government, and thereby he delayed the General's military action. At last Oudinot wrote impatiently: "I know, sir, how seductive you are; you enthralled General Vaillant, and you might talk me round if we met; but I do not want to hear you; and General Vaillant, now that he is no longer under the spell of your tongue, thinks as I do. We both protest against your baulking us any longer."

Macdonald comes next among the marshals for nobility of character. He was of Irish extraction; and, born at Sancerre in 1765, served under Louis XVI. in Dillon's Irish Regiment. The privates in that corps, like those in the old Scotch Guard, ranked as cadets, the particles *Mac* and *O'* being held equivalent to the French *De*. "We'll take it for granted you are all sons of Irish kings," said Marshal de Broglie impatiently, and wishing to cut short the arguments of a deputation of them who

claimed that the cadets of the *Ecole Militaire* could cross swords with them without derogating. The Irish were not much more popular with the French than the Swiss Guards, and had to exercise themselves in repartee in order to parry the sarcasms that were continually prodded at them. Their skill in this kind of fence gave rise to the joke that in the Irish Corps there was Tongue Drill twice a day; and Macdonald's earliest duel was with a wag, who, in allusion to an affair of honor in which two Irishmen were the principals, said "He supposed the weapons chosen were speaking trumpets." It may be doubted whether any of the Irish boys ever managed to say a smarter thing than a certain Swiss Guardsman at whom a Parsian jeered, saying: "You Swiss fight only for money, but we Frenchmen for honor." "*Parbleu!*" answered the Swiss, "each fights for what he has not got." Macdonald, however, did make a very neat hit—when hearing a crabbed general ask: "What has been the use of these Irish?" he replied with a bow: "To be killed instead of Frenchmen." This was at the time of the Republic, and a few months before Macdonald won his colonelcy at Jemmapes. The Irish Corps had just then got into a bad scrape by mutinying and killing Count Theodor Dillon, brother of their colonel, and grandson of General Arthur Dillon, who had founded the corps. T. Dillon was Brigadier-General (*Maréchal de Camp*), and the cause of his massacre was simply that in obedience to sealed instructions he had avoided an engagement with the Austrians in Flanders. A dozen of his murderers were guillotined or shot by order of the Convention, and this affair started the question as to whether the Irishmen were not guilty of *incivisme* in continuing to call themselves *Macs* and *O's* after the *De* had been proscribed from the nomenclature of Frenchmen? Nothing came of the dispute except the pleasantry of addressing some of the Irish as *le ci-devant Mac*, *le ci-devant O'*. Of course very few of these descendants of Irishmen could speak English; and this was the case with Macdonald, who only commenced studying that language seriously in 1802-3, when he had an idea that he

might become First Consul of the Irish Republic. Bonaparte was beginning then to form his huge camp at Boulogne, and Macdonald's promotion seemed to depend on nothing more difficult than the conquest of Great Britain. In 1804, however, all his prospects were suddenly marred through his generous espousal of Moreau's cause. Moreau had been banished on an ill-proven charge of conspiracy; and Macdonald thought, like most honest men, that he had been very badly treated.

But by saying aloud what most honest men were afraid even to whisper, Macdonald incurred the Corsican's vindictive hatred, and during five years he was kept in disgrace, being deprived of his command, and debarred from active service. He thus missed the campaigns of Austerlitz and Jéna, and this was a bitter chagrin to him. He retired to a small country-house near Brunoy, and one of his favorite occupations was gardening. He was much interested in the projects for manufacturing sugar out of beetroot, which were to render France independent of West Indian sugar—a matter of great consequence after the destruction of France's naval power at Trafalgar; and he had an intelligent gardener who helped him in his not very successful efforts to raise fine beetroots. This man turned out to be a police-spy. Napoleon in his jealousy of Moreau and hatred of all who sympathized with the latter, had thought it good to have Macdonald watched, and he appears to have suspected at one time that the hero of Otricoli contemplated taking service in the English army. That overtures were made to Macdonald from Pitt is very probable,\* but the truth of the matter can never be known, because there is no government that conducts negotiations of this sort with such perfect prudence and secrecy as the British—besides which, we have had no revolution here to set all our public men by the ears flinging State archives at one another in party recrimination. Macdonald would have

\* Mr. Fox, speaking on the Disabilities of Roman Catholics, made use of this expression: "They have deprived us of men like General Macdonald, many of whom might return and place their talents at the King's service, if the stigma were removed from their religion."

been more justified in returning to serve in the land of his fathers than Moreau was in taking service under Russia; but it was contrary to his nature ever to dream of such a thing. He knew that his gardener was a spy, but kept this knowledge to himself, and it was not till years afterward, when he was Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honor, under the Bourbons, that the man's name coming before him to be gazetted as Member of the Order "for an act of civic courage," he sent for him and put some questions to him. The man stammered some apologies for his former profession. "Nay," said Macdonald kindly, "you did me good service if you sent in truthful reports; but I should like to know what you are doing now before I countersign your appointment as a knight; after all, my friend, your business is not a chivalrous one."

In the upshot the ex-spy received a lump of money instead of the Cross of Honor—an arrangement which probably suited him quite as well. Doubtless his reports about his old master had been truthful enough, for Macdonald was given a command at the battle of Wagram in 1809, and for his share of this victory got his *bâton* and the Dukedom of Tarento. Napoleon, however, never forgave him from his heart, and could not forbear triumphing over him with an ill-natured allusion to *l'ami Moreau*, after the latter had been killed in Alexander I.'s service. Macdonald on his side felt absolved from all allegiance to Napoleon after the abdication at Fontainebleau, and he was not one of those who joined the Emperor during the Hundred Days, although he had a personal interview with the Emperor at Lyons.

There were other marshals besides Macdonald who had reasons to complain of Napoleon; Victor's hatred of him was very lively, and arose out of a practical joke. Victor was the vainest of men; he had entered Louis XVI.'s service at fifteen as a drummer, but when he became an officer under the Republic he was weak enough to be ashamed of his humble origin and assumed his Christian name of Victor as a surname instead of his patronymic of Perrin. He might have pleaded, to be sure, that Victor was a name of happy augury to

a soldier, but he does not appear to have behaved well toward his Perrin connections. He was a little man with a waist like a pumpkin, and a round, rosy, jolly face, which had caused him to be nicknamed *Beau Soleil*. A temperate fondness for red wine added occasionally to the lustre of his complexion. He was not a general of the first order, but brave and faithful in carrying out his master's plans; he had an honorable share in the victory of Friedland, and after this battle was promoted to the marshalate and to a dukedom. Now Victor would have liked to be made Duke of Marengo,\* but Napoleon's sister Pauline suggested that his services in the two Italian wars could be commemorated as well by the title of Belluno—pronounced in French, Bellune. It was not until after Napoleon had innocently acceded to this suggestion that he learned his facetious sister had in choosing the title of Bellune (*Belle Lune*) played upon the sobriquet of *Beau Soleil*. He was at first highly displeased at this, but Victor himself took the joke so very badly that the Emperor ended by joining in the laughter, and said if the Marshal did not like the title that had been given him, he should have no other. Wounds in vanity seldom heal, and Victor, as soon as he could safely exhibit his resentment, showed himself one of Napoleon's bitterest enemies. During the Hundred Days he accompanied Louis XVIII. to Ghent, and he figured in full uniform at the *Te Deum* celebrated in the Cathedral of Saint Bavon in honor of Waterloo.

Marshal Jourdan's dislike of Napoleon was an old feeling which dated from the days of the Republic. Jourdan was born in 1762, and went out to

\* Napoleon regarded Marengo and Austerlitz as two victories specially his own, and he would never confer the titles of them upon any of his soldiers, but he gave the name *De Marengo* to an officer named Capponi, who had fought heroically in that battle. Addressing the officer, who lay wounded on the field, Bonaparte asked him his name; and having heard it, exclaimed: "Capponi (*capon*) is no name for a bird of your sort, you shall be called Marengo." This officer was invalidated when he had reached the grade of colonel; but he has living descendants who bear the name that was given him on the battlefield.



America when quite a boy to serve under Lafayette. He came back full of Republican notions, and was elected in 1791 to the colonelship of a battalion of volunteers. He was an honest, prosy, pushing man, with a large nose, which he stroked in conversation till it glowed, for he was a long-winded talker. His soldiers bore him more respect than affection, for though he was lenient in his punishments, he would scold delinquents in long pompous periods till there was no spirit left in them. He was one of those Frenchmen who always prefaced their remarks by saying: "Shall I tell you what I did, or am going to do?" Walter Scott meeting such a one, used to relate how he had got from him a valuable recipe for weakening coffee that was too strong: "*Voulez-vous que je vous dise ce que je fais quand mon café est trop fort? . . . Eh bien! j'y mets un peu d'eau.*" Official people hated Jourdan because he had always reforms to propose—excellent, well-considered reforms, of which he carried all the details carefully drafted on rolls of paper which bulged out of the tails of his coat. His fingers were generally smeared with ink, which made Murat say that he fought all his battles on paper, which was true in a manner, for he was a first-rate military administrator, and never went into action without having thought of all the minutiae of war. There is a story of his going the round of the *cantinières'* carts before the battle of Fleurus, and vexing the souls of those ladies by his inquisition into their barrels and bottles. One of them thought to mollify him by uncorking a bottle of Chambertin in his honor; but he waved the insidious beverage away, and improved the occasion by delivering an interminable harangue against luxury, saying that a general ought to drink no better wine than his soldiers. When he had finished, a tall drum-major raised a laugh by exclaiming: "Who is to drink the good wine then? Hand me the bottle." Jourdan was elected to the Council of Five Hundred under the Directorate, and was the originator of the law which regulated the Conscription, and which with occasional modifications remained in force for more than seventy years. He naturally disapproved of Bonaparte's

*coup d'état* at the 18th Brumaire, which swept him from his seat in the Assembly; but his garrulous protests on behalf of Republican liberty cannot be remembered with much sympathy, when it is borne in mind that he subsequently became an Imperial Marshal, a Senator and Count, then a peer of France under the Restoration, and finally Governor of the Invalides under Louis Philippe. Jourdan served all Governments without giving a heartfelt loyalty to any; he was one of those Frenchmen—and they are too common—who fly principles inflated like big balloons when there is anything to be gained by the display, but who cannot find enough of the balloon silk to make a party cockade of, when that cockade becomes compromising.

A man like him in versatility, but not in general character, was Augereau, Duc de Castiglione. Augereau was of all the marshals the one in whom there is least to admire; yet he was for a time the most popular among the marshals, having been born in Paris and possessing the devil-may-care impudence of Parisians. He was the son of a mason and of a street fruit-vendor, and he began life as apprentice to his father's trade; but he soon left it to become a footman in the Marquis de Basompierre's household. Losing his situation for excess of gallantry toward his mistress's maid, he took service as a waiter at the Café de Valois, one of the gambling-houses of the Palais Royal; but here again he made too free with some damsel connected with the establishment, and was literally kicked out. On the day when this misadventure befell him he enlisted, and soon proved a capital soldier; but his character was only good in the military sense. Drinker, gamester, swaggerer, swearer, *puellis idoneus*, a dark-eyed jackanapes of a fellow, who cocked his hat and twirled his mustache, he seemed to have nothing about him, except bravery, to mark him out for future distinction. He had that regard for truth which is shown by keeping at a respectful distance from it; and no Gascon ever blew his own trumpet with such cool and noisy persistency. He was thirty-two when the Revolution broke out, and was then wearing a sergeant's *chevrons*; in the following year he got a commission;

in 1793 he was a colonel; in 1795 a general. His rapid promotion was not won by valor only, but by sending to the War Office bombastic despatches in which he magnified every achievement of his twenty-fold, and related it with a rigmarole of patriotic sentiments and compliments to the Convention. There is a story of General Wolfe dining with Pitt before he set out for Canada. After dinner, being excited by wine, he drew his sword and stamped about the room, spouting in such Homeric style that Pitt was dismayed, and began to doubt whether he was fit to hold an important command. Augereau's talk and manner when he had to deal with civil commissioners, deputies and such people, were even more exuberant than those of Homer's heroes; but during the Revolutionary period Frenchmen's minds were attuned to brag, and for a long time Augereau's valuation of himself was accepted without discount. Madame Tallien used to say that with the exception of Murat none of the new generals could march into a drawing-room with such an air of victorious self-possession as Augereau. At one time he wore his hair dressed in the Hussar fashion, in plaited tails weighted with *cadennettes* of lead, which fell over his forehead and the sides of his face, and must have made him look like a savage.

Writing a vile hand, and without any knowledge of spelling, he used to get his despatches indited for him by educated subalterns; but in conversation, being a Parisian, he never perpetrated such deplorable *cuirs* and solecisms as his friend Masséna, whose semi-Italian jargon came upon Parisian ears like a nutmeg-grater.

There was one great point of resemblance between Augereau and Masséna: they were both inveterate looters. In 1798 when Masséna was sent to Rome to establish a Republic, his own soldiers were disgusted by the shameless way in which he plundered palaces and churches, and he actually had to resign his command owing to their murmurs. Augereau was a more wily spoiler, for he gave his men a good share of what he took, and kept another share for Parisian museums, but he always reserved enough for himself to make his

soldiering a very profitable business. To his eternal disgrace, he robbed the châteaux of Breton noblemen during his campaign in the Vendée, and he stripped some village churches of relics which were their pride; but he was so ignorant of the value of things which he took, that he sold pictures, jewelry, and silver plate to Jews for anything that was offered him in ready money. Upon one occasion he was finely caught. Returning from Spain, he brought with him a robe, all incrustated with diamonds and rubies, which had been stripped from a statue of the Blessed Virgin in a Biscayan church. Rolling up this precious garment under his cloak, he went with it by night to the house of his favorite Jew receiver in the Rue Quincampoix. The Jew was out, but his wife sat at the receipt of custom, and she at once pronounced that the jewels on the robe were sham. "*Ah! ces brigands de prêtres!*" exclaimed the disgusted general. "I will allow you ten louis for the lace," continued the Jewess, and a bargain was concluded on those terms; but some months afterward Augereau ascertained beyond doubt that the jewels had been genuine, and he went off in fury to make the Jewess disgorge; she did nothing of the sort, but looking hard at him said, "We'll have the jewels appraised in a court of justice, if you like." The hero slunk out in that state of mind defined by La Fontaine: "*Honteux comme un renard qu'une poule aurait pris.*"

It was politic of Napoleon to make of Augereau a marshal-duke, for apart from the man's intrepidity which was unquestionable (though he was a poor general), the honors conferred upon him were a compliment to the whole class of Parisian *ouvriers*. Augereau's mother, the costerwoman, lived to see him in all his glory, and he was good to her, for once, at a State pageant, when he was wearing the plumed hat of a Senator, and the purple velvet mantle with its *semis* of golden bees, he gave her his arm in public. This incident delighted all the market women of Paris, and helped to make Napoleon's Court popular; but in general respects Augereau proved an unprofitable, ungrateful servant. He was one of the first marshals to grumble

against his master's repeated campaigns, and he deserted him in 1814 under circumstances which looked suspicious. Napoleon accused him of having let himself be purposely beaten by the Allies. After the escape from Elba, Augereau first pronounced himself vehemently against the "usurper;" then proffered him his services which were contemptuously spurned. The Duc de Castiglione's career ended then, for he retired to his estate at Houssaye, and died a year afterward, little regretted by anybody.

Masséna, who had been born the year after Augereau, died the year after him in 1817. He too had enlisted very young, but finding he could get no promotion had asked his friends to buy his discharge, and during the five years that preceded the Revolution, he served as potman in his father's tavern at Leven. Re-enlisting in 1789 he became a general in less than four years. After Rivoli, Bonaparte dubbed him "The darling of victory;" but it was a curious feature in Masséna that his talents only came out on the battlefield. Usually he was a dull dog with no faculty for expressing his ideas, and he wore a morose look. Napoleon said that "the noise of canon cleared his mind," endowing him with penetration and gayety at the same time. The din of war had just the contrary effect upon Brune, who, but for his tragic death, would have remained the most obscure of the marshals, though he is conspicuous from being almost the only one of the twenty-six who had no title of nobility. Brune was a notable example of what strong will power can do to conquer innate nervousness. He was the son of a barrister, and having imbibed the hottest revolutionary principles, vaped them off by turning journalist. He went to Paris, and was introduced to Danton, for whom he conceived an enthusiastic admiration. He became the demagogue's disciple, letter-writer, and boon companion, and it is pretty certain that he would eventually have kept him company on the guillotine, had it not been for a lucky sneer from a woman's lips which drove him into the army. Brune had written a pamphlet on military operations and it was being talked of at Danton's table, when Mdle. Gerfault,

an actress of the Palais Royal, better known as "Eglé," said mockingly: "*Vous serez général quand on se battra avec des plumes.*" Stung to the quick Brune applied for a commission, was sent into the army with the rank of major, and in about a year, through Danton's patronage, became a brigade-general; meanwhile poor Eglé, having wagged her pert tongue at Robespierre, lost her head in consequence. Brune showed a splendid nerve in action, but he suffered tortures in his first battles, for the noise of cannonading and the sight of blood made him sick. Every time a field-piece was discharged near him, he felt a shock in the pit of the stomach which would have made him bend double with pain if he had not stiffened his legs in the stirrups and thrown his body rigidly back. To do this, however, it required such an amount of nervous tension, that sometimes his muscles remained as if paralyzed for hours. At the battle of Arcola, where his masterly command of a division helped to win the day, the rebound of a cannon-ball threw a clod of earth into his face and knocked him, blinded, off his horse. His sword got snapped as he fell, but he continued to grasp the hilt so tightly that his fingers seemed to be clamped round it. For more than half an hour they would not relax, and all this time, while the mud was being washed out of his eyes, his teeth were set as in lock-jaw. These symptoms of physical distress, like Nelson's tendency to sea-sickness, were never quite overcome, but in time Brune was able to conceal the outward signs of them. He also learned to master a quick temper which in his youth made him boil up like *soupe au lait* on the slightest provocation. While he was Governor of the Hans Towns (1807), the Burgomaster of Hamburg once had audience of him to explain why certain orders which he—the Marshal—had issued were not being obeyed. The German plodded on heavily in his explanation, and every now and then Brune, without saying a word, poured himself out half a tumbler of water and drank it. At last the Burgomaster, pausing, stretched out his hand to the decanter and said: "Will you allow me?" "Hold!" exclaimed Brune,

"we had better ring for a fresh supply. I always pour down water when I feel a fire rising, which might explode!" Brune enjoyed the Emperor's esteem, but was no favorite of his; and he never got a dukedom because Napoleon, remembering the extreme Terrorist opinions which he had once professed, was resolved that he should make application to be ennobled before such an honor were conferred upon him. This Brune would never do; and it is probable that had a dukedom been tendered to him, he would have declined it by way of showing that his Republicanism was not extinct. On this point, however, one need not feel too sure.\* During the Hundred Days Brune was put in command of the troops in the south of France; and soon after Waterloo he was massacred by a Royalist mob at Avignon. He had first been asked to cry "*Vive le Roi!*" and declined; he was then called upon to cry "*A bas l'Empereur!*" but answered with spirit: "The Emperor is low enough now; this is not the time when I can say aught against him." He was struck on the head with a shutter, and dropped on one knee. "To have escaped a hundred deaths for this!" were his last words as his enemies despatched him.

The marshal on whom ducal honors seemed to sit almost queerly was François Lefèbvre, Duc de Dantzig. He was born in 1755, the son of a miller, and was a sergeant in the French Guards at the time of the Revolution. He had then just married a *vivandière*. The anecdotes of Madame Lefèbvre's incongruous sayings at the Consular and Imperial Courts are so many as to remind one of the proverb *On ne prête qu'aux riches*. Everything that could be imagined in the way of a *lapsus lingue* or a bull was attributed to this good-natured Mrs. Malaprop, whose oddities amused Josephine, but not always Napoleon. At a state dinner, a footman upset a dish of asparagus over the Duchess's yellow satin lap. "*Imbécile!*" exclaimed the lady, at the

full pitch of her voice; then perceiving the dismay of the man, she relented, and broke into a loud laugh. But the affair ended badly, for the footman—a new servant probably—began to laugh too, upon which the Emperor made an angry sign to the majordomo, and the fellow was shoved out of the room, never to appear in it again. Lefèbvre's speech was not so uncouth as his wife's, for he was naturally taciturn; but he was a man of very simple tastes, who could never accommodate himself comfortably to the luxuries of a high position. Madame Récamier said that he smelt horribly of garlic. At the Emperor's coronation, having to wait for about an hour in the cathedral before the Court arrived, he drew a hunk of bread with a slice of cheese from the pocket of his gold-laced coat, and offered to share these dainties with the other marshals.

The popular account of the incident which reached Napoleon's ears was that the Marshal had regaled himself with onions. Once Lefèbvre fell ill of ague, and his servant, an old soldier, caught the malady at the same time. The servant was quickly cured; but the fever clung to the Marshal till it occurred to his energetic Duchess that the doctor had blundered "*comme un âne*" by giving to a marshal the same doses as to a private soldier. She rapidly counted on her fingers the different rungs of the military ladder. "*Tiens, bois! en voilà pour ton grade,*" she said, putting a full tumbler to her husband's lips, and the Duke having swallowed a dozen doses at one gulp, was soon on his legs again. "T'as beaucoup à apprendre, mon garçon," was the lady's subsequent remark to the astonished doctor.

Napoleon was a great stickler for appearances, and for this reason loathed the dirtiness and slovenliness of Davoust. Madame Junot in her amusing "*Memoirs*" relates that the Duc d'Auerstadt, having some facial resemblance to Napoleon, was fond of copying him in dress and manners: but she adds that Napoleon himself was very neat.\* This may be a matter of opin-

\* Marshals Pérignon and Grouchy got no titles from Napoleon, but both were of noble birth. The former was a viscount and received a marquise from the Bourbons. Grouchy was born heir to a marquise.

\* The uniform which Napoleon habitually wore was that of Colonel of the Foot Chasseurs—a green tail coat, with red facings, cut away in front so as to show a white vest. His cocked



ion. The Emperor took snuff which he carried loose in the right pocket of his white cashmere waistcoats, so as not to be troubled with snuff-boxes, but the arrangement caused his vest to be smeared with brown stains. He also had a superstition about wearing on great occasions the particular gray overcoat and hat in which he was dressed at Austerlitz: consequently on the days when his marshals looked their best, he, the Emperor, was most shabby. He must have taken a great deal of wear out of all his overcoats and hats, for the three of each that used to be exhibited in the Musée des Souverains were all in sorry condition, the coats very greasy about the collars and cuffs, the felt hats all scabbied by marks of sun and rain.

A marshal, however, had no excuse for being untidy. Davoust had been at Brienne with Bonaparte, and had thus a longer experience of his master's character than any of the other marshals. Had he been wise he would have turned it to account, not only by cultivating the graces, but by giving the Emperor that ungrudging, demonstrative loyalty which Napoleon valued above all things, and rewarded by constant favor. But Davoust was a caballer, a grievance-monger, and a *grognaard*; and it must have been rather diverting to see him aping the manners of a master at whom he was always carping in holes and corners. On the other hand, it must be said that Davoust proved faithful in the hour of misfortune, and did not rally to the Bourbons till 1818; that is, when all chances of an Imperial restoration were gone; moreover, every time he held an important command he did his duty with courage, talent, and fidelity. His affected brusqueness of speech was an unfortunate mannerism, for it made him many enemies, and sometimes exposed him to odd reprisals. While he was Governor of Poland he once flew into a temper with a young officer of the Polish Legion, Ladislas Czartoriski, abusing him and his forefathers for several generations up: "Your father must have been a mule, your grandfather an idiot," etc. Czartoriski took this to

heart, and some young French officers determined to teach the Marshal a lesson. Davoust often gave dinners to which two or three subalterns were generally invited, and it was his custom to question these young men with paternal bluntness about their families. At his first dinner after the Czartoriski business, he greeted one of his subaltern guests in his usual way by saying, "Well, young man, how's your father?" The youngster assumed a sorrowful expression and muttered that his father was better, but still confined in a *maison de santé* (lunatic asylum). "*Ah! diable!*" said Davoust, and turned to another guest, but with the same result, for this one too pretended that his father was in a lunatic asylum. Davoust frowned, guessing a plot had been hatched; so looking hard at the third subaltern who came up to make his bow, he said: "How does madame, your mother, bear the affliction of having an imbecile husband?" It so happened that this young man knew nothing of the plot, and he became almost idiotic with surprise when the Marshal roared: "Now be off, all of you, and put your heads in cold water; my doctor shall examine you all to-morrow morning, to see whether your pates are cracked like your fathers."\*

The roughness of tongue which was affected in Davoust was natural in Soult. This marshal had an excellent heart, but he could not, for the life of him, refrain from snarling at anybody whom he heard praised. The proverb about bite and bark might have been invented for him, as the men at whom he grumbled most were often those whom he most favored. He was once breakfasting with Berthier and the latter's *aide-de-camp*—a grave young man who did not utter a word during the meal. Afterward, while coffee was

\* It is impossible to translate the following dialogue, because there is no English equivalent for the slang term in it. A staff captain named Bethmont was sent to Davoust with some despatches from Ney. Davoust took no notice of him for a quarter of an hour, then turned sharp round, saying: "*Qu'est-ce que vous fichez ici?*" Bethmont delivered his despatches with a bow: "*Maréchal on m'a fichtu l'ordre de vous ficher ces dépêches, et si vous n'avez pas deréponse à me ficher, je ficherai mon camp.*"

hat, which Béranger mentions as a "*petit chapeau*," was really an enormous headdress—as large as a Court footman's.

being taken, a discussion arose between the marshals as to the color of the facings in a certain regiment during the Consulate. Berthier pointed to his aide-de-camp: "There's Garaud can tell us; he served in that very regiment;" and the officer thus appealed to pronounced against Soult by the one word: "Red." Years later Garaud's name was mentioned before Soult, upon which the veteran remarked coolly: "Ah, I remember Garaud, he's a chatterbox." Soult was born in the same year as Napoleon, 1769, and outlived all his brother marshals, dying in 1852, when the Second Empire was already an impending fact. He had been a private soldier under Louis XVI., he passed through every grade in the service, he became Prime Minister, and when he voluntarily resigned office in 1847, owing to the infirmities of age, Louis Philippe created him Marshal-General—a title which had only been borne by three marshals before him, Turenne, Villars, and Maurice de Saxe. But these honors never quite consoled Soult for having failed to become King of Portugal. He could not stomach the luck of his comrade Bernadotte, the son of a weaver, who was wearing the crown of Sweden. There is an admirable sketch of Soult under the name of Coton in Balzac's "Madame Marneffe." He was not a model of chivalry, for he made his large fortune by lootings from Spanish convents; but he deserved Napoleon's praise of being the first tactician in the French army, and he was a most able administrator. His political connection with Guizot was of great service to the latter, but it was only maintained by continual forbearance on Guizot's part, and by systematic amiability on Louis Philippe's. At Cabinet Councils he was always threatening to give his resignation. On day coming with the draft of a Bill for some piece of army reorganization, he was so incensed at his colleagues not accepting the measure *nem. con.* that he threw the Bill into the fire. Louis Philippe lifted it off the logs with the tongs, saying with a laugh: "*Pas d'infanticide, mon cher Maréchal.*" When speaking before the Chambers of Peers and Deputies, Soult often excited amusement by stumbling over gram-

matical rules, and by losing his temper if there was too much noise. In the midst of a parliamentary tumult he obtained silence by bringing down his fist with three or four thumps on the ledge of the tribune and bawling: "*Mille tonnerres!* is that row going to stop?"\*

Bernadotte, whom Soult envied, had some affinities with M. Grévy. This President of the Republic first won renown by a parliamentary motion to the effect that a Republic did not want a president; so Bernadotte came to be a king, after a long and steadfast profession of Republican principles. Born in 1764, he enlisted at eighteen, and was a sergeant-major in 1789. He was very nearly court-martialled at that time for haranguing a crowd in revolutionary terms. Five years later he was a general, and in 1798 ambassador at Vienna. The Emperor Francis II. put a droll affront upon him at a Court reception. The foreign ambassadors being all present, His Majesty asked them one after the other: "How is the King your master?" When he came to Bernadotte, he inquired, amid hardly suppressed titters: "How is the Republic, your mistress?" Soon afterward Bernadotte provoked a street riot by hoisting the tricolor outside his house; and being unable to obtain reparation for broken windows, demanded his passports. He disliked Bonaparte, mistrusting his ambition, and he refused to abet him on the 18th Brumaire; what is more, he continued, even after he had accepted the title of Prince de Ponte Corvo, to declare that he regretted the downfall of the Republic. For all this, he seconded Napoleon to the utmost of his ability in war, and was not requited with the confidence which he deserved. He was an able, thoughtful, hardy, handsome man, who, having received no education as a boy, made up for it by diligent study in after-years; and no man ever so well corrected, in small and great

\* It is said that the words Soult actually used were: "*Sacré tonnerre! avez vous fini de gueuler?*" but they were amended by Dupin, President of the Chamber, for the *Moniteur's* report. If *gueuler* was really the term employed, there was classical precedent for Gambetta's famous apostrophe to some electors of Belleville in 1881: "*Tas de gueulards!*"

things, the imperfections of early training. Talleyrand said of him: "C'est un homme qui tous les jours apprend et désapprend." One thing he learned was to read the character of Napoleon and not to be afraid of him, for the act which led to his becoming King of Sweden was one of rare audacity. Commanding an army sent against the Swedes in 1808, he suspended operations on learning the overthrow by revolution of Gustavus IV., against whom war had been declared. The Swedes were profoundly grateful for this, and Napoleon dared not say much, because he was supposed to have no quarrel with the Swedes as a people; but Bernadotte was marked down in his bad books from that day, and he was in complete disgrace when in 1810 Charles XIII. adopted him as Crown Prince with the approval of the Swedish people. Bernadotte made an excellent king, but remembering his austere advocacy of republicanism, it is impossible not to smile and ask whether there is not some truth in Madame de Girardin's definition of equality as *le privilège pour tous*.

"You are very conservative, sir," said a Frenchman to the late Duc de Luynes.

"So would you be, my friend, if you were Duc de Luynes," was the answer. Supposing Bernadotte had been born De Bernadotte and had been a colonel instead of a sergeant-major at the time of the Revolution, would he have adopted the tricolor cockade, and have made his way to a throne with it? When he was starting for his adopted country, he said rather naively to Cambacérès:

"We all said very foolish things when we were young."

"No matter the animal you ride, provided he brings you safe to the hill-top," answered the arch Chancellor pointedly.

Napoleon always valued Kellermann as having been a general in the old Royal Army. Born in 1735, he was a *Maréchal de Camp* (brigadier) when the Revolution broke out. The Emperor would have been glad to have more of such men at his Court; but it was creditable to the King's general-officers that very few of them forgot their duty as soldiers during the troublous period

when so many temptations to commit treason beset men holding high command. Grouchy, who in 1789 was a lieutenant in the king's body guard, hardly cuts a fine figure as a revolutionist accepting a generalship in 1793 from the Convention which had beheaded his king. He was an uncanny person altogether; the Convention having voted that all noblemen should be debarred from commissions, he enlisted as a private soldier, and this was imputed to him as an act of patriotism; but he had friends in high quarters who promised that he should quickly regain his rank if he formally renounced his titles; and this he did, getting his generalship restored in consequence. In after-years he resumed his *marquisate*, and denied that he had ever abjured it. Napoleon created him marshal during the Hundred Days for having taken the Duc d'Angoulême prisoner; but the Bourbons declined to recognize his title to the *bâton*, and he had to wait till Louis Philippe's reign before it was confirmed to him. Grouchy was never a popular marshal, though he fought well in 1814 in the campaign of France. His inaction on the day of Waterloo has been satisfactorily explained, but somehow all his acts have required explanation; he was one of those men whose records are never intelligible without footnotes.

Ney also belonged to this category, and surely his friends had little cause to complain of his being shot, seeing how much his execution helped to clear his character. Imagine Ney having been suffered to live, and dragging about with him like a *forçat's* shot for the rest of his life the opprobrium of his conduct in 1815. He had deserted Napoleon, he had paid his court with fulsome adulation to the Bourbons, and when sent against Napoleon he had vowed to bring him back like "a wild beast in a cage." It was worse than a crime—it was a folly in the Bourbons to let the remembrance of these turpitudes be put away by a sentence of death which raised Ney to the rank of a martyr. Berthier, like Ney, owes much as regards reputation to his sudden death. He was found lying dead under a balcony at Bamberg, in Bavaria, and it has never been ascertained whether he fell

by accident, or committed suicide, or was thrown down by murderers. Popular opinion adopted the story of four masked men having killed him, and he shared in the sympathy bestowed on Brune, though in truth his desertion of Napoleon, who had always treated him as a close friend, is not pleasant to read of. One cannot think without emotion of the fallen Emperor at Fontainebleau bursting into tears when Berthier left him, promising to return, but showing by his looks that he had no intention of keeping his word.

But how many of the marshals remained faithful to their master when his sun had set? At St. Helena Napoleon alluded most often to Lannes and Bessières, who both died while he was in the heyday of his power, the first at

Essling, the second at Lützen. As to these two Napoleon could cherish illusions, and he loved to think that Lannes especially—his brave, hot-headed, hot-hearted "Jean-Jean"—would have clung to him like a brother in misfortune. Perhaps it was as well that Lannes was spared an ordeal to which Murat, hot-headed and hot-hearted too, succumbed. It is at all events a bitter subject for reflection that the great Emperor found among his marshals and dukes no such friend as he had among the hundreds of humbler officers, captains, and lieutenants, who threw up their commissions sooner than serve the Bourbons; and among the poor *grog-nards* who, even when he had nothing to give, would have been ready to die for him.—*Temple Bar.*

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#### A PICTURE OF ENGLAND A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

ENGLISHMEN are always anxious to know what their neighbors think of them, and this was as true a hundred years ago as it is to-day. It is remarkable to find how intelligent and correct are many of the accounts of England and English manners written by foreigners in the last century. The French newspapers before the Revolution were particularly well supplied with information regarding England. In them are to be found few of those blunders and misapprehensions which in our day are so freely scattered up and down the columns of the Paris journals. To one who wishes to make himself merry with mistakes in the titles of our statesmen, or in the manners of the Lord Mayor, the files of such a paper as the *Mercure de France* during the last quarter of the eighteenth century would be dull reading. He will discover no mention of Lord Pitt or Lord Fox; all is monotonously correct, and even the inner mystery of baronets seems to have been known to the staff of the *Mercure*. The secret, however, died with them; it is not often in a modern paper that Mr. Gladstone is to be found without "Lord" before him, while Sir Peel, and later M. Baconsfield, were of constant occurrence. If the Parisian press has of late occa-

sionally avoided some of the more obvious mistakes concerning the Lord Mayor, the provincial papers fully keep up the old traditions. During the general election of 1874 a Marseilles journal informed its readers that Admiral Ward Hunt had accepted "the portfolio of Marine," "Le General Gathorne Hardy" that of War, and that in the City three Conservatives had been elected, "et Sir Goschen d'être Lord Mayor." The intelligent journalist no doubt conceived a lurid picture of a general election and its horrors, and how the turbulent *Commune de Londres* had seized the occasion given by the prevailing confusion to appoint Sir Goschen to the highest office of the State. The whole paragraph ended with a somewhat enigmatical statement concerning "Grox"—an appellation which internal evidence seemed to settle beyond doubt was intended for Sir Richard Cross. The concise and well-chosen accounts of debates in Parliament or the clear and ample reports of the progress of Warren Hasting's trial which appeared in the *Mercure de France* are a strange contrast to the hopeless confusion of the telegrams from London in the French papers of to-day. The explanation is perhaps to be found in the cosmopolitan spirit of the *ancien*



*régime*. The French noblesse were fond of travel, and the succeeding waves of Anglo-mania brought them in crowds to London. But all this changed at the Revolution; the French *bourgeoisie* is essentially uncosmopolitan and stay-at-home, and democratic France has shown itself perfectly indifferent whether it mangles or not the titles of our nobility.

An excellent Guide to London and its Environs, in two volumes, was published in Paris about the year 1785; this work is beautifully printed, well arranged, has some excellent plates, and is for matter exactly what a Guide should be. The information is correctly and simply put, and there is a good deal told concerning the pictures then to be seen in London; it, however, never oversteps the limits of the guide book, and thus there is not much of interest concerning politics or society. A direction given at the beginning is amusing; it shows that then, as now, Frenchmen never learned English. All visitors are advised to write out on a card in plain letters "Drive me to furnished lodgings;" this will avoid, it is said, what is too frequent an occurrence with strangers in London—having to sleep all night in your postchaise on the first evening of arrival. An elaborate description of English habits and customs, full of curious gossip, social and political, was printed in London in 1789. It is called "A Picture of England. By M. d'Archenholz, formerly a Captain in the Service of the King of Prussia. Translated from the French." The work is characteristic of the age when the Philosophers sought political perfection in England; all is admiration for English liberty. The picture drawn shows most sides of life in London and the manners of most classes of the community, and may be considered as in the main accurate. The first feeling which arises on its perusal is a sense of wonder at how little we have changed in nearly a hundred years, and of perplexity in discovering that half the things we regard as inventions of modern times were to be found then. There is nothing more common than for people to say that the love of cold water, now the mark of an Englishman, is of very late growth—a recent importation from India, a custom unknown

even to our grandfathers. Such, however, is not the case. M. d'Archenholz speaks of the custom with all the chastened sorrow usual to a foreigner on touching a subject so repulsive: "The English are still very fond of cold baths. There are a prodigious number of these in London, where one may bathe daily at the rate of a guinea per annum. The practice is much recommended by the best English physicians. The ancient Romans were also very much addicted to it." The genesis of the cold bath is then traced. The passage ends thus: "Septimis Severus made use of a cold bath daily, and as he resided a long time in Britain, it is probable that he introduced the practice into that island. The Saxons borrowed the custom from the ancient Britons." The newspapers of London were even then subjects for the wonder of the intelligent foreigner. The contrast between the English and Continental journals seems to have been as marked then as now. The prodigious number of advertisements is astonishing, as is the number of copies printed each day. The drawback to the great spread of journalism is in the class of idlers it created. "Among these may be reckoned the paragraph writers who go to the coffee-houses and public places to pick up anecdotes and the news of the day, which they reduce into short sentences, and are paid in proportion to their number and authenticity." Matrimonial advertisements were by no means unknown, though they had not a journal to themselves. The game seems to have been played exactly as it is now. There are the members of the demi-monde who advertise that they are "rich, young, and handsome;" there are the "young men bred in the country" who answer them; there are the male advertisers who "boast of their good sense and inclination to consult the will of their wives;" and there are also those who insert "such advertisements for pastime." We have outlived at least the former of the following forms of publication: "The public papers abound with offers of large sums to those persons who have sufficient interest with the great to procure lucrative employments; to this transaction inviolable secrecy is always pledged.

Many authors also insert criticisms in them on their own works, and next day attack their own judgments under a feigned name. Their sole aim is to make a noise and to be known, and they often attain it." The saturnine character of the English is thus accounted for: "It is to this passion among the English for reading daily a prodigious number of newspapers and political pamphlets that their extreme gravity and insociable disposition ought to be attributed. In general nothing is more difficult than to make an Englishman speak: he answers to everything by *yes* or *no*; address him however on some political subject and he is suddenly animated; he opens his mouth and becomes eloquent, for this seems to be connected from his infancy with his very existence. A foreigner will find himself exactly in the same predicament after a long residence in England. . . . Nothing but politics is heard in any society, they talk of nothing but about meetings to consider the affairs of the State, deputations to present petitions, remonstrances, etc."

The same contrast as at present between the mean exterior of a London house and its handsome inside existed a hundred years ago. The following account of an interior is enough to make half South Kensington burn with envy: "No part of Europe exhibits such luxury and magnificence as the English display within the walls of their dwelling-houses. The staircase, which is covered with the richest carpets, is supported by a balustrade of the finest Indian wood, curiously constructed, and lighted by lamps containing crystal vases. The landing-places are adorned with busts, pictures, and medallions; the wainscot and ceilings of the apartments are covered with the finest varnish and enriched with gold bas-reliefs, and most happy attempts in painting and sculpture. The chimneys are of Italian marble, on which flowers and figures cut in the most exquisite style form the chief ornaments. The locks of the doors are of steel damasked with gold. Carpets, which often cost £300 apiece, and which one scruples to touch with his foot, cover the rooms; the richest stuffs from the looms of Asia are employed as window curtains; and the

clocks and watches with which the apartments are furnished astonish by their magnificence and the ingenious complication of their mechanism." Registry-offices for servants are counted among the wonders of London which are unknown to foreign cities, showing that they are no modern invention; and the writer takes from the Americans the honor of having invented the "Corner" by his account of the operations of a great London merchant in alum, which finally caused that gentleman's ruin.

A general survey of the "Picture of England" would at first sight give one a wrong impression of the progress made by our great grandfathers. The account must in no way be taken to include all England. It is in reality only London that M. d'Archenholz describes, and the great city was, we know, a hundred years ago far more advanced in civilization than the rest of the country. The contrast between town and country was far greater then than now. The good eating to be obtained in the London chop-houses is acknowledged, and the author tells how foreigners become reconciled to the cleanliness and plenty of England. Perhaps, however, the most entertaining description of the London taverns is to be found in a little poem called "The Art of Living in London," published about the same date, where we are told how to choose our wine, and where the Muse

Stops at the Bull and warmly recommends  
This frugal house to all her frugal friends,  
Where every day with decency you dine  
On two good dishes and a pint of wine.

Or else she

Points to the Dog, where in the strictest sense  
We're served with decency at small expense.

One cannot resist transcribing two lines on porter from the same poem; they are equal to anything in the "Rejected Addresses":

Wherever Britain's powerful flag has flown  
There London's celebrated porter's known.

Besides, "The Art of Living in London," there are of course countless interesting sources of information as to the condition of London a hundred years ago; but such accounts have never the peculiar interest which attaches to what is written by a foreigner.

Before leaving the subject a means of comparing the London of 1710 with the London of 1790 may be suggested. Gays "Trivia," though it was in his own day regarded as his greatest work, is now little read. Still it gives in full-

bottomed wig dress an account of London and its streets in the time of Anne. It is curious to notice how much more nearly the London of 1790 resembles the London of our own day than that of the reign of Anne.—*Saturday Review*.

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LITERARY NOTICES.

RECENT FICTION.

A NEWPORT AQUARELLE. Boston: *Roberts Brothers*.

THE INVISIBLE LODGE. From the German of Jean Paul Friederich Richter, by Charles T. Brooks. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

MASTER BIELAND. By Berthold Auerbach. New York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

A TRAGEDY IN THE IMPERIAL HAREM AT CONSTANTINOPLE. By Leila Hanoum. Translated from the French by General R. Colston Bey, late of the Egyptian army. New York: *W. S. Gottsberger*.

THE PRICE SHE PAID. A Novel. By Frank Lee Benedict. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

A WASHINGTON WINTER. By Mrs. Madeline Vinton Dahlgren. Boston: *James R. Osgood & Co.*

THE FATE OF MARCEL. A Novel. By Caleb Harlan, M.D. Philadelphia: *J. B. Lippincott & Co.*

ALTIORA PETO. A Novel. By Laurence Oliphant, author of "Irene McGillicuddy," "Piccadilly," etc. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

AMONG THE LAKES. By William O. Stoddard. New York: *Charles Scribner's Sons*.

ASIDE from the flood of cheap publications ground out from the mills of Harper, Munro, etc., the novels recently published have not been as numerous as we are accustomed to at this season of the year. We may add, too, that they have not been, on the whole, notable for excellence, though our readers will find one or two in the list given above fairly representative, and amply worth reading. "A Newport Aquarelle" is issued anonymously, but *on dit* that it is the work of a daughter of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe. It is a charming trifle, and sketches with a good deal of vivacity and lightness of touch current phases of life at the most aristocratic of our watering-places. The author shows herself an adept in social knowledge, and has keen insight touched with a delicate sense of humor. The motive of the

story is pleasing, but reaches no subtle issues. It is just as well, perhaps, in these days of subjective novel writing to have occasionally one that contents itself with being a pretty little love romance. The heroine, *Gladys Carleton*, though unknown to herself in love with her cousin, permits herself to be inveigled into an engagement with an Englishman, who pretends to be a man of rank and wealth. Just at this time her cousin, her true love, who has just "struck it rich" in a Colorado silver mine returns to Newport, and discovers that his sweetheart has entangled herself with an impostor. Without revealing the fact to his lady-love, he induces her to run off and get clandestinely married to him. This escapade becomes a sort of "buffer" between herself and the humiliation which otherwise she would have felt. The reader will find pleasure, on the whole, rather in the grace and dexterity of the literary work than in the substance of the story.

Richter's "Invisible Lodge" is by far less well known to the cultivated public than some of his other romances. The "Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces," "Hesperus," and "Titan," have been long since translated into English, and read with delight, not unmingled with pain, for Jean Paul, "the Only One," as the Germans fondly call him, exacts a price for the pleasure he bestows. His style is rugged, involved, complex, and obscure to the last degree. The thought, too, is often so inconsecutive that the mind is fatigued in grasping the connection, even after the verbal and rhetorical difficulties have been fully unravelled. One cannot help comparing Richter with the other great German humorist, Heinrich Heine, who alone rivals his fame on the great Germanic muster-roll of genius. Heine is keen, sharp, direct, and his thoughts strike the mark like thunderbolts. His humor is so interpenetrated by a piercing and agile wit, that it is made luminous through and through. His style, too, has a dazzling simplicity unapproachable of its kind. Jean Paul, on the other hand, is vast and vague, and though a Titan among Titans, his head is hidden among the clouds, where we can only follow him by the trail of glory which breaks through the rifts. It is by the imagination only that we can seize him, and for the unimag-

inative reader he is mysterious as the Sphinx. To the reader, however, who brings a little imaginative sympathy to the riddle, his conceptions are transfigured into such phantasmagoria of the ideal world, as stand almost alone in literature, as the Germans well typify in the title they give him. Uncouth and difficult of access as he is, he nobly repays the mental toil of the student. It seems that "The Invisible Lodge" was the cradle of his subsequent romances, and that it was the work which first made his countrymen recognize that another great genius had arisen among them. It is believed that Richter designed this novel to embody his own spiritual history. For example: to one character he gives his ideal life, his dreams and aspirations; to another he gives his satire and humor, his sharp sense of the discrepancies and the inconsistencies of life; and in another the events of his life were clothed in a poetic garb. Of course it must be understood that in a romance of this character the story goes for nothing. The habitual novel reader would find in it little but weariness and tedium. The whole significance is its faithfulness in expressing the higher life of a great soul. Such a spiritual autobiography, however, appeals to one's thought and imagination with great charm. Though "The Invisible Lodge" even more than "Titan" and "Hesperus" is irregular and inartistic in form, it shares with these books the glory of being a great creation, full of joyous or melancholy humor, as the case may be, deep pathos, and subtle abounding thought.

"Master Bieland" shows the genius of Auerbach in its decadence. It was, we believe, the last work of the hand which showed such splendid powers in "The Villa on the Rhine," and "On the Heights." The strong and delicate imagination, the deep insight and true pathos which Auerbach shows at his best, are lacking in "Master Bieland." The tools of his craft are here used with a feeble and faltering grip. The story seems to be designed to show the industrial conditions of Germany after the Franco-German war, and the lesson to be drawn is that the apparent prosperity which came with the payment of the French milliards really resulted in the disorganization of labor and industry, and the beginning of an epoch of commercial dishonesty. Side by side with much that is sweet, sound, and homely in German life, we have a disheartening picture of petty jealousies, rivalries, meannesses, and business frauds. *Master Bieland*, the central figure, is a knave, a shoemaker who has become a leading manufacturer, and yields to the temptation of increasing his profits by selling worthless goods. Finally "he comes to grief" by the inevitable laws of trade, and is forced to become a workman

again, while his business is conducted by his leading employes as a co-operative concern. Some of the pictures of life are charming and instinct with that sweet homeliness which Auerbach is famous for; but, on the whole, the book may be called a failure. One practical lesson, which the author may have had in view, is the enforcement of the belief that in co-operation may be found the true solution of industrial ills. Both the previous volumes are printed in the Leisure Moment Series.

To those who enjoy the pictures of the crime, tragedy, voluptuousness, and unbridled passion of Oriental life, the book by Leila Hanoum, entitled "A Tragedy in the Imperial Harem at Constantinople," will be fascinating. It is stated by those who lived in the East a dozen years ago, that the facts stated in the book are essentially true, and that it is not a work of the imagination. Leila Hanoum is a well-known personage, a Greek lady, who enjoyed for a number of years the dubious honor of being the wife of a Turkish pasha, but who finally escaped and went to reside in Paris. The story of this lady is crowded with such remarkable and often times repellent details, that we cannot undertake to indicate them more than to say that it consists of the train of events in Turkish court-life, which finally ended in the suicide, some say the assassination, of Abdul Aziz, for which crime the great Turkish premier, Midhat Pasha, was tried a year or two since by the very sovereign whom he helped to raise to the throne. One could almost fancy he was reading a new story from the "Arabian Nights," if it were not for the fact that this has an air of terrible reality. Certainly, no better illustration could be furnished of "The Unspeakable Turk," as Carlyle calls the Moslem in Europe. General Colston is the translator, and furnishes also a preface and notes, which are very useful in elucidating the narrative.

Mr. Frank Lee Benedict's new novel, "The Price She Paid," is a pleasant, agreeable story, but without any salient points. The story is strictly conventional, and at no point does it strike any of the deeper issues of life, or deal with subtleties in character. We do not find in this author's books anything to stimulate the imagination or to touch the heart and sympathies. But he has a neat workman-like knack in turning a plot; his dialogue is bright, crisp, and telling; and his personages are naturally and easily painted, even if they do not reveal much to us. There are only four people of much importance in the story: *Phyllis French*, who owns a fine farm in Pennsylvania; a brilliant young New York girl, who goes to spend the summer with her; the brother of the latter, a handsome fellow, who looks on flirting as the occupation of life; and



*Denis Bourke*, an educated and accomplished Irishman, who has turned farmer. With the sayings and doings of these people, Mr. Benedict makes up a readable comedy with a dash of mystery and adventure in it. No one, however, we fancy, would call it a strong novel. It is merely a well-told story of American life, with sufficient animation and movement, and at no time dull. This judgment, we take it, will not apply to every American novel.

Mrs. Madeline Vinton Dahlgren attempts to give in "A Washington Winter" a graphic picture of life at our National Capital, and allows us to understand, indeed, by innuendo that her characters and incidents are drawn from life. We should hate to accept the literal truth of this statement. The social life which she reveals to us is too-much like a caricature; or, if her types are truthfully delineated, she has maliciously refrained from presenting any of the brighter and nobler aspects of society in a city which is more cosmopolitan and socially cultured than any other in the United States. That our political conditions sometimes breed such gross and brutal developments as are to be found in this book is indeed true; but Mrs. Dahlgren's fault is in giving such a predominant color to her work, that the impression is left that political life at Washington is all compact of knavery, charlatanism, self-seeking, parvenuism, and corruption. This view is very well for the newspaper correspondent or penny-a-liner to take, who needs to sell a sensational article to buy his breakfast with; but the novelist should be a more truthful and accurate observer of facts. A treatment similar to this would easily transform any social cultus in the world into a coarse and vulgar human menagerie, best typified by swine and wolves. It is true that there are a few redeeming characters; but from malice aforethought or lack of art, they are not presented with such strength and vividness as to lighten the picture. The most striking figure in the book is the vulgar, uneducated Western statesman, who belongs to the school of "practical" politics, who has a fervent belief in the lobby, and thinks everything is entitled to a cash equivalent. We might almost say of the people of the book, "*Ex uno disce omnes*." While Washington life may be a captivating field for the satirist, it needs a far more delicate and discriminating touch than is shown by Mrs. Dahlgren in "A Washington Winter."

Dr. Caleb Harlan's "Fate of Marcel," hardly needs a preface to make us believe that he is far more an adept in writing prescriptions than in reproducing the life of men and women in fiction. We do not wish to be unkind, but it must be said that novel-writing is a fine art of which this author does not know

even the primary conditions. The style and method of construction would have suited the taste a hundred years ago, but the present age has passed out of the literary period, when goody-goody talk, windy platitudes, and characters stalking on stilts meet the tastes of novel readers of either the higher or lower orders. Even the genius of Jane Austen or of Mme. D'Arblay would fail to make the old-fashioned method interesting nowadays. Dr. Harlan's intentions are excellent, but it seems to us that he succeeds only in producing a very dull story, with only an occasional glimpse of nature and truth in its presentation of life.

To Mr. Laurence Oliphant's last novel of "Altiora Peto" we must render warm and unqualified admiration. As a literary expert in the art of telling a brilliant, symmetrical, well-sustained story he stands high among the ranks of English fictionists. To the novel-reader, who looks for the fascination and amusement of a striking pictorial method, racy wit and humor, and a wide social knowledge, his book will offer many attractions. To the thinker, who loves to ponder the problems of the age, "Altiora Peto" will also have its answering charm. Not contented with telling a delightful story, Mr. Oliphant uses his book as a vehicle of his opinions on many social, religious and philosophical questions, and presents a stalwart arm and practised weapon in battling against Agnosticism and that social philosophy which looks on life as a balance of compromises. This injection of philosophy into the novel is managed, however, with much skill and becomes such a part of the very pith and framework of the book, that it does not seem to us inartistic, or indeed possible to be omitted from the scheme. The central woman-figures are for the most part Americans. There are two very charming girls from California, one a million-heiress and the other her friend, who change personalities, the latter passing for the plutocrat. These young women, though frank and innocently free in their manners, have beauty, brains, and nobility of character, and move through English society triumphantly. The most striking personage in the book, and the *deus ex machina* of the plot, is an ancient Yankee spinster, who is unique in her quaintness of character and strange mixture of keen practical sense with spiritual exaltation. The heroine of the book, who gives title to it, is the author's vehicle for giving outlet to many of his theories of human life and duty, but is so far from being a feminine prig, that she is a very charming young lady. These characters are curiously mixed in a very tangled imbroglio with Italian adventurers, English women of the highest rank, lords and lordlings, aesthetes, and dynamite conspirators. It is a

complex web, but the author has all the threads perfectly in hand. Mr. Oliphant's pictures of English society are almost painful. If we accept them without reserve, we shall believe that good society in England is an *olla podrida* of reckless professional beauties, æsthetic shams, vulgar parvenus, wives who look on intrigue as a necessary excitement, and women in themselves virtuous who only shrug their shoulders good-naturedly at the vices of those they admit to their houses and tables. As much as we admire the literary skill and satirical pungency of these pictures, we do not like to give them full credence.

We have rarely if ever read a more bright, thoroughly well-conceived book for boys than Mr. Stoddard's "Among the Lakes." It is manly and breezy in tone, and the author proves that he knew accurately the public he writes for. To be thoroughly in sympathy with boy life and to remember how boys feel and what motives sway them is not given to many men, even of those who write for boys. The boys in this book fish, row, sail, hunt, get into merry scrapes, visit their city friends and receive visits from them in a style which makes one almost long to be a country-boy again. The story is full of humor, realism, and brightness from the first page to the last.

MARY LAMB. By Mrs. Anne Gilchrist (Famous Women Series). Boston: *Roberts Brothers*.

It is not easy to detect the reason justifying the classification of the sister of Charles Lamb among famous women. True, her name lives in literature, but very much for the same reason the name of Mrs. Jane Welsh Carlyle will live, that she was so intimately connected with a great man. True, Mary Lamb contributed to the "Tales from Shakespeare," and wrote, we believe, some books for young people, but certainly this does not entitle her to a place in the feminine literary galaxy. The principal interest of Mary Lamb's life was of a domestic and personal character. A great tragedy overshadowed the life of herself and her brother Charles. During a spasm of madness, she killed her mother, and this dreadful fact, instead of separating her from the world and secluding her in a madhouse, awoke in her brother's mind a more deep and devoted tenderness. He took on himself the responsibility of watching and guarding her forlorn and maimed life, and the affection between them deepened into a pathos and devotion very touching. Mary Lamb lived with her brother till the time of her death, and though their means were very limited, there was a sweet and tender charm about their household, that made it a favorite resort with all of

Charles Lamb's literary friends—Coleridge, Southey, Wordsworth, Judge Talfourd, De Quincey, Proctor, Coventry Patmore, Hazlitt and others. All these great men learned to love Mary Lamb no less than they did her brother, and they found in her an appreciative friend and correspondent. The memorials of her life have perhaps as much interest in her letters as in anything that touches her directly and solely. Another fact which gives point to her biography, is that such a work must always be in large degree a biography of Charles Lamb, the purest and most delicate of English humorists, though far from being the greatest. The lives of the brother and sister were essentially one. They had the same friends, the same tastes and sympathies, did much literary work in common, and his life was buoyed up by her quick appreciation and forethought, while she fenced away from him many a care and annoyance. Mrs. Gilchrist's book, for this reason, is also in great part a record of Charles Lamb's life and literary career. While Swift and Sterne, though widely different from each other, were writers of much greater range and force, Charles Lamb occupies a quaint and unique place. His humor was playful, sweet, and harmless, without a touch of cynicism, without a taint of impurity. He was never in any large sense a man of the world. His acquaintances lay entirely in literary circles, and indeed he seems to have shrunk from studying the darker and deeper shades of society, which come of its seamy side, an acquaintance which gives such significance and breadth to the pictures drawn by the later humorists, Thackeray and Dickens. Even Lamb's style is bookish, without any of that virile grasp of the language of every-day speech, which gives such strength and directness to expression. Without attempting to enter into any further analysis of Charles Lamb's characteristics as man and writer, we have but to say that the book under review gives a very interesting picture of him and of the burdens of his life, which he carried so patiently and lightly before the world, and that it recalls reminiscences of a very gifted group.

WHAT SOCIAL CLASSES OWE TO EACH OTHER. By William Graham Sumner, professor in Yale College. New York: *Harper & Brothers*.

This is a small book, but it is packed full of meaty, vigorous, and sensible thinking. The chapters were originally contributed as a weekly series to the pages of *Harper's Weekly*, and their issue in book-form is a boon to the public. Professor Sumner's name is a guarantee of the soundness and vigor of anything he may write, and we believe that no more con-

scientious and judicial reasoner can be found in the United States than himself on the line of subjects which he has made a specialty. We have rarely, if ever, read a book which compacts so much radical sense in such lucid and simple language. After the great mass of platitudes, sentiment, and wild rubbish which has been talked and written on the various social and industrial problems of the time, this little book comes like a burst of sunlight. We wish a copy could be put into the hands of every thinking man in America, for it would help to clear up cloudy and sophistical reasoning on subjects where false conclusions tend to disturb the practical harmony of things to a dangerous degree. The title accurately expresses the purpose of the book. The author states in the clearest manner the duties and responsibilities of the different classes of society; where they begin and where they end; where they unite and where they clash with each other. In forming opinions on such themes, the mind is so apt to be biased and colored by personal passions and interests, that the world is full of monstrous theories which, if permitted to ripen into action, would dislocate society. The ease with which demagogues and sophists can get a following on such important matters by pandering to class selfishness, constitutes the peril of the situation. Professor Sumner has wisely written in this little book, not for hard-headed scientific thinkers, familiar with all the subtle bearings of the social problem, but for the lower intellectual orders—for laborers, mechanics, and operatives. The language is the simplest Saxon, without technicality or artifice; and every sentence bristles with an incisive thought, that tells like a rifle bullet. He shows conclusively that society as now constituted and in its present ordering has all the elements of its own salvation; and that while certain legislative limits may be wisely set to corporate rights and the encroachments of capital, that these do not sensibly alter the scheme which has grown naturally out of the conditions of things. He shows how labor may protect itself by the enforcement of individual responsibility and the cultivation of self-respect and personal ambition; how all the plans of the so-called philanthropists are full of folly both in principle and result; and that labor-reform, as taught by most of the writers and speakers in favor with the working classes, is windy and senseless talk. These short essays cover so much ground in their brief space, that it is not practicable for us to give more than a very general idea of Professor Sumner's conclusions. We can only reiterate that a book better worth reading and pondering has rarely been published.

POLITICAL ECONOMY. By Professor Arthur Latham Perry, of Williams College. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This is an old book practically rewritten and enlarged, so that it may be called a new work. Originally published in 1865, the author has recast and added to the original to make it represent his matured conclusions. What is new in the book, representing the substance of the points of divergence from other writers on economics will be found under the captions of "Value," "Rent," and "Land." On these divisions of the science he has much to say which is novel and suggestive. Our author, however, concedes that his views on these subjects were suggested by Bastiat's "Harmonies of Political Economy," and it may be as well to say that no writer since Adam Smith has done more to stimulate and suggest than Bastiat. In the first chapter Professor Perry sketches the history of thought on those relations of human society which, under the hands of Adam Smith, were erected into something very like a science. This shows the slow evolution of principles, and the reader will find it useful in elucidating what comes after. The second chapter, which is also introductory, carefully circumscribes the field of the science, and defines its conditions. It seems to us from a cursory reading that the author states the facts and laws of economics, which are generally accepted, with clearness, and that he has added something likely to stimulate readers to a fresh survey of some of the important branches of the study.

#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

THE London *Athenaeum* has just printed a batch of letters which passed between Mrs. Leigh, Lord Byron's sister, and Lady Byron just before and during their bitter estrangement. These letters show conclusively that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's extraordinary story about the true inwardness of the Byron imbrolio was entirely without foundation.

THE French school at Athens, which has been making excavations on the island of Delos, lately uncovered near the Theatre of Apollo a private house, probably of the Alexandrine period. Thus far a court surrounded by pillars and by twelve rooms has been revealed. The floor of the court is a beautiful mosaic, in which appear fishes, flowers and other ornamental designs. The gate of the house and the street leading to it have also been dug out, and an entire quarter of the ancient city may possibly be discovered as the excavations advance.

AN official report on the Italian Press, lately published, furnishes us with the following statistical particulars: About 1378 papers and periodicals are published in Italy. Lombardy has the largest number, 217, and the province of Rome comes next with 210. Tuscany, Piedmont, and Campania, have each a little over 150. The other provinces follow in a declining scale from 100 downward. The Basilicata, a province of the former Neapolitan kingdom, has only five. The city of Rome itself publishes 200, Milan 141, and Naples 120. In all Italy 160 papers appear daily, 112 twice or thrice a week; 537 are weekly periodicals. There are 200 purely political journals, 58 politico-religious, 69 purely religious, 194 deal principally with economical or agricultural subjects, and 83 are humorous. The oldest paper in Italy is the *Gazzetta di Genova*, which was established in 1797. In the year 1881, 166 new journals and periodicals were started, 323 in 1882, and 34 since the beginning of the present year. Naturally, many disappear as fast as they come into existence; often the first number is the last.

THE Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung* reports an interesting manuscript discovery. The Munich antiquary, Herr Karl Fr. Mayer, found a few days ago, in the library of the former Carthusian monastery at Buxheim, a volume which had evidently been bound in the monastery itself. The first and last leaves were pieces of a parchment MS. which had no connection with the contents of the volume, and had unfortunately been cut down to suit its size. Examination showed that they contained about four hundred lines of an old German poem, "König Rother," of which only one other MS. copy exists, so far as is known, at the Heidelberg Library. The Buxheim fragment, which Herr Mayer believes to belong to the close of the 13th century, varies considerably from the Heidelberg MS.

THE *Papier Zeitung*, of Berlin, states that the establishment of David, the well-known Paris bookbinder, supplies at the utmost 1000 book-covers during any one year, the charge for each cover ranging, however, from sixteen shillings to five pounds. A second Paris artist, M. Lortie, lately supplied the bindings for two octavo volumes of La Fontaine's Fables at the price of £400, the order being executed for an American bibliophile.

M. TOURNEUX has returned from Russia with a hitherto unknown MS. of Diderot of miscellaneous jottings on philosophy, politics, and art. M. Tourneux purposes to publish selections in some review.

SEVERAL months ago 1300 copies of a little reading-book including also lessons in arith-

metic were sent from London to Barcelona for use in Protestant schools. The exercises in reading were the Gospels, without note or comment. At the Custom-House in Barcelona an exorbitant duty was demanded of the owner, who refused to pay it. It was then proposed to sell the books, but the authorities decided that they could not be sold without violating the supreme law of the land. The English Consul interposed with an offer to pay all costs and ship the books back to London, but he was told that his proposition came too late and that the books must be burned. And publicly burned they were in Barcelona on July 25th. A local paper, the *Publicidad*, makes this comment on the affair: "We are such barbarians here that we burn the Holy Gospels merely because they might be read by Protestants. As Spaniards we blush with shame, as Liberals we are enraged, as freemen of this nineteenth century we turn for consolation to an approaching future."

MR. GLADSTONE, in explaining why the English Government paid a pension of \$1250 a year to Prince Lucien Bonaparte, paid a glowing tribute to the pensionary. "He has devoted his life," said the Prime Minister, "to the purposes of philological inquiry, and when he had a considerable fortune—which is not now the case—he spent upon these inquiries sums very much larger than the trifling amount which, beginning at seventy years of age, he can hope to derive from this pension. Not only in the collection of books, but largely in the printing and gratuitous distribution of books to all students of philology and to every great institution connected with it, the funds which Prince Lucien possessed were largely and liberally expended. I believe there are no less than 160 of these operations of printing which he has executed in other and happier days at his own expense. Among them he has printed the Gospel of St. Matthew in twenty-nine dialects and languages, for the accuracy of every one of which he is personally responsible, and which represents absolutely his own work. He has printed 'The Song of the Three Children' in eleven dialects of the Basque language; and he has printed the 'Parable of the Sower' in seventy-two European languages and dialects. Many years ago the University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of Doctor for his distinguished services, and I believe there is hardly a country in Europe in which honorary distinctions have not been awarded to him."

M. EMILE OLLIVIER, who aspires to be at once politician, author, journalist and musician, is about to come before the public as the author of a pamphlet treating of the leading questions that have arisen in France between the Church



and the State. Some of the questions thus treated are the suspension of the salaries of the Church officials and the character of the books to be used in the schools. The title of the pamphlet will be: "Is the Concordat Respected?" and from M. Ollivier's past position will probably attract considerable notice in France. He is understood to take a position of violent hostility to the present Government.

A MONOGRAPH on Lucas Cranach, the painter and the friend of Luther, by M. B. Lindau, has been published in Leipzig. Albrecht Haller's diaries of his travels in Germany, Holland and England, in 1723-27, with notes, edited by Ludwig Hirzel and accompanied by a hitherto unknown poem by Haller, of the year 1721, have just been published. After a long seclusion in the Brera library in Milan, these diaries of a celebrated Bernese poet of the last century have been brought to light. While not remarkable for literary or poetic merit, they contain curious and interesting historical and descriptive details.

ACCORDING to the *Cornhill*, the Parisian daily, *Le Temps*, "affects translations of English novels, as being of a higher moral tone and more in harmony with its Protestant principles than most of the works of contemporary French writers. Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Hawthorne, Mrs. Gaskell, Miss Braddon, Wilkie Collins, Rhoda Broughton, Henry James, etc., have seen many of their works translated in this journal."

THE manuscripts relating to Ireland in the portion of the Ashburnham collection purchased by the English Government are, it is stated, to be deposited, by direction of the Lords of the Treasury, in the library of the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin, where they are to be accessible to those who desire to consult them, under the requisite regulations. Among these manuscripts is the old Irish liturgical volume known as the Stowe Missal, preserved in an ancient metal casket.

M. JULES LECLERCQ, the distinguished Belgian traveller, arrived in New York on Thursday, August 9th, on his way to Mexico, which he is about to visit under the introduction of General Grant, who has furnished him with letters. M. Leclercq's published works embrace a volume of travel in Norway, one of a visit to the Fortunate Isles, one describing a tour to Iceland, and one giving an account of the author's summer spent in America in 1876. The last-named volume will probably appear shortly in an English version. M. Leclercq is a keen observer of men and things, and we may doubtless look for an instructive and racy volume from his pen on Mexico. Before returning to Europe, it is his purpose to spend

some time in the United States, revisiting some of the places described in his "Un Été en Amérique," and extending his acquaintance with our country. The very friendly spirit in which he has written of our country and of our institutions will secure him a hearty welcome here. M. Leclercq is the translator of Anderson's "Norse Mythology" into French.

#### MISCELLANY.

OXFORD DURING THE CIVIL WAR.—There has perhaps never existed so curious a spectacle as Oxford presented during the residence of the king at the time of the civil war. A city unique in itself became the resort of a court under unique circumstances, and of an innumerable throng of people of every rank, disposition, and taste, under circumstances the most extraordinary and romantic. The ancient colleges and halls were thronged with ladies and courtiers; noblemen lodged in small attics over bakers' shops in the streets; soldiers were quartered in the college gates and in the kitchens; yet, with all this confusion, there was maintained both something of a courtly pomp, and something of a learned and religious society. The king dined and supped in public, and walked in state in Christ Church meadow and Merton Gardens and the Grove of Trinity, which the wits called Daphne. A Parliament sat from day to day; service was sung daily in all the chapels; books both of learning and poetry were printed in the city; and the distinctions which the colleges had to offer were conferred with pomp on the royal followers, as almost the only rewards the king had to bestow. Men of every opinion flocked to Oxford, and many foreigners came to visit the king. There existed in the country a large and highly intelligent body of moderate men, who hovered between the two parties, and numbers of these were constantly in Oxford—Harrington the philosopher, the king's friend, Hobbes, Lord Falkland, Lord Paget, the Lord Keeper, and many others. Mixed up with these grave and studious persons, gay courtiers and gayer ladies jostled old and severe divines and college heads, and crusty tutors used the sarcasms they had been wont to hurl at their pupils to reprove ladies whose conduct appeared to them at least far from decorous. Christmas interludes were enacted in Hall, and Shakespeare's plays performed by the king's players, assisted by amateur performers: and it would have been difficult to say whether the play was performed before the curtain or behind it, or whether the actors left their parts behind them when the performance was over, or then in fact resumed them. The groves and walks of the colleges, and especially Christ Church meadow and the

Grove at Trinity, were the resort of this gay and brilliant throng; the woods were vocal with song and music, and love and gallantry sported themselves along the pleasant river banks. The poets and wits vied with each other in classic conceits and parodies, wherein the events of the day and every individual incident were portrayed and satirized. Wit, learning, and religion joined hand in hand, as in some grotesque and brilliant masque. The most admired poets and players and the most profound mathematicians became "Romancists" and monks, and exhausted all their wit and poetry and learning in furthering their divine mission, and finally, as the last scenes of this strange drama came on, fell fighting on some hardly-contested grassy slope, and were buried on the spot, or in the next village churchyard, in the dress in which they played Philaster, or the court garb in which they wooed their mistress, or the doctor's gown in which they preached before the king, or read Greek in the schools.—*John Inglesant in Macmillan's Magazine.*

**BATHING.**—From an article in the *London Lancet*, we extract the following: "All are agreed that bathing is a healthful practice: first, because it is cleanly; and, second, because it is a precautionary measure against risk to life by drowning. We are fully prepared to indorse the proposition that boys should be allowed to bathe as often and as freely as may be practicable. It is, however, necessary to raise a protest against the recklessness which too commonly attends the recourse to bathing as an exceptional, or at most a seasonable, exercise by those who are, though eager, perhaps, not always physically fit, to bathe. There is, practically, less danger in bathing all the year round than in doing so only at certain periods. When to begin bathing? In what weather to bathe? and under what conditions of the bodily state to bathe? are questions of considerable perplexity, and by no means always easy to answer. The general rules which should guide the judgment are, doubtless, in the main physiological—that is to say, they relate chiefly to the functions of life and their healthy performance. Obviously it is not right to dare the dangers of a "chill" either when undressing or by immersion in the cold water. Speaking generally, the "reaction," on which everything depends, will take place in proportion to the healthy circulation of the blood and the natural heat of the body when the bath is taken. If there be much moisture on the surface, it is difficult to tell what the actual temperature of the organism really is. In most cases a sweating surface indicates some measure of exhaustion already set in. In any case it is unwise to bathe when copious perspiration

has continued for some hour or more, unless the heat of the weather be excessive or the sweating has been induced by loading with clothes rather than by exertion. When much perspiration has been produced by muscular exercise, it is unsafe to bathe, because the body is so fatigued or exhausted that the reaction—that is, the return of the momentarily displaced blood to the surface—cannot be insured, and the effect may be to congest the internal organs and notably the nerve centres. It is from congestion of the nervous centres we get cramp, so often fatal in bathing. The fact of the "reaction" does not, of course, constitute the whole phenomena of bathing; but it is so important and comprehensive that we may take this as the point on which everything turns. Conditions under which a vigorous return of blood to the surface cannot be confidently counted upon are not favorable to bathing. If, therefore, the weather be "chilly," or there be a cold wind so that the body may be rapidly cooled at the surface while undressing, it is not safe to bathe. Under such conditions the further chill of immersion, in cold water will take place at the precise moment when the reaction consequent upon the chill of exposure by undressing ought to occur, and this second chill will not only delay or altogether prevent the reaction, but convert the bath from a mere stimulant to a depressant, ending in the abstraction of a large amount of animal heat and congestion of the internal organs and nerve centres. The actual temperature of the water does not affect the question so much as its relative temperature as compared with that of the surrounding air. Practically, there ought to be a good deal of difference between the two, the water being much lower than the air, and the body being—without great or long persisting perspiration—much warmer than the water, of course, but not so much warmer than the atmosphere as to be chilled by undressing. In short, the aim must be to avoid *two* chills; first, from the air, and second, from the water, and to make sure that the body is in such a condition as to secure a quick reaction on emerging from the water, without relying too much on the possible effect of friction by rubbing. Thinking these brief hints out it will be obvious that both weather and wind must be carefully considered before bathing is commenced, and that the state of the organism as regards fatigue and the force of the circulation should also be considered, not merely as regards the general habit, but the special condition when a bath is to be taken. These precautions are eminently needful in the case of the young or weakly.

**HOW TO COOK ROAST BEEF.**—Happy little couples, living in little houses with only one little servant—or, happier still, with no servant

—complain of their little joints of meat, which, when roasted, are so dry, as compared with the big succulent joints of larger households. A little reflection on the principles applied in my last to the grilling of steaks and chops will explain the source of this little difficulty, and I think show how it may be overcome.

I will here venture upon a little of the mathematics of cookery, as well as its chemistry. While the weight or quantity of material in a joint increases with the cube of its through-measured dimensions, its surface only increases with their square—or, otherwise stated, we do not nearly double or treble the surface of a joint of given form when we double or treble its weight; and *vice-versa*, the less the weight, the greater the surface in proportion to the weight. This is obvious enough when we consider that we cannot cut a single lump of anything into halves without exposing or creating two fresh surfaces where no surfaces were exposed before. As the evaporation of the juices is, under given conditions, proportionate to the surface exposed, it is evident that this process of converting the inside middle into two outside surfaces must increase the amount of evaporation that occurs in roasting.

What, then, is the remedy for this? It is twofold. First to seal up the pores of these additional surfaces as completely as possible, and secondly to diminish to the utmost the time of exposure to the dry air. Logically following up these principles I arrive at a practical formula which will probably induce certain orthodox cooks to denounce me as a culinary paradoxer. It is this. That *the smaller the joint to be roasted, the higher the temperature to which its surface should be exposed.* The roasting of a small joint should, in fact, be conducted in nearly the same manner as the grilling of a chop or steak described in my last. The surface should be crusted or browned—burned, if you please—as speedily as possible in such wise that the juices within shall be held there under high pressure, and only allowed to escape by burst and splutters, rather than by steady evaporation.—*Knowledge.*

A CREE INDIAN DANCE.—A writer in the *London Spectator* thus writes of a religious dance among the Crees in the north-west of Canada: "I saw a religious dance among these people; the spectacle was so atrocious that I nearly fainted. The object was to test the endurance of their young fighting men. A large conical tent, supported by a central pole, was erected, of which one side was occupied by a band of drummers and by the chiefs; the other side was left an open space, for the administration of the proposed test of manly virtue. The performance began by a chorus of tremendous

shouts and outcries from the men around, to an accompaniment of prolonged tomtomming on the drums. The men were got up in wonderful style, some painted in colored stripes to resemble tigers, with scalps dangling round their waists and wrists, and tomahawks hanging in their belts. Their extremities were covered with Indian leggings, faced with beads and porcupine quills. Their faces were painted in all the colors of the rainbow, and a good many more. After a short silence, a young man came forward, about twenty years of age. Him they seized, and immediately cut a slit through each breast, and then passed through this hole a stout stick. To these sticks they fastened ropes, the other ends of which were firmly tied to the central pole of the tent. The young man then went to the extremity of the rope and leaned back with his whole weight, being supported by the sticks through his breast. He pulled the flesh right away from his bones, and in that awful position, without a cry escaping him, he began to dance to the thundering music of the band. He continued dancing forty-five minutes, when he fainted. Fifteen others then passed through the same ordeal, who were thus admitted as braves of the tribe. The trial was somewhat varied for some of them, by setting them to pull guns through the grass while harnessed in the same frightful fashion, or by swinging them to trees with hooks fastened in their backs."

THE TERRORS OF COLOR.—There is nothing at Fairford so splendid in color as certain of these persecutors, except in the unrestored portions of the West window. It was, of course, intended that there the horrors of hell should be represented in all the terror of reality. But the artist certainly allowed himself some expression of grim humor—not altogether irreligious. No less obvious is the enjoyment he must have taken in the color of the flames and of the evil spirits in the midst of them. It is this same love of color that accounts for the delight the mediæval artist invariably took in dragons and devils and hell-fire itself. At Fairford, in the tracery openings above the lights which contain the figures of the persecutors, little devils are appropriately lodged where in the ordinary way little angels would likely be found. They haunted my memory for some time after I saw them—not as anything very terrific, but as bits of beautiful color. Many and many are the beautiful fiends to be met with in old windows—black and brown and purple devils, dancing in the midst of ruby flames, with beads of white eyes that look cruel, white carnivorous teeth, or yellow tusks; devils that are themselves apparently red hot; devils green and gray, possessed of an iridescent and unholy kind of

beauty; devils blue and beautiful enough to scare away from the beholder blue devils less tangible that may have had possession of him. Beauty of color apart, these crude conceptions of the Evil One strike us nowadays simply as grotesque. Yet they were doubtless very real to the men who drew them, and sometimes there is a grimness about them that is impressive even yet. In a church at Beauvais there is a window in which the struggle of a woman with the fiend is represented with tragic energy. It sets one wondering who this poor creature was, wrestling in the arms of the Evil One? Did she escape, or was she dragged down?—*Magazine of Art.*

SEBASTIAN BACH IN MUSICAL COMEDY.—A side of Sebastian Bach's character that has hitherto been realized only by the initiated few has been exhibited in the most unequivocal manner by the publication of an English version of his two "comic cantatas." Those who are led by a want of familiarity with Bach's works to consider him a dry old composer will not easily be persuaded to believe that these sparkling and genial compositions are indeed by him. The style, it is true, strikes connoisseurs as being wonderfully modern; here are no miracles of contrapuntal ingenuity, no massive fugues, but all is simple and easily intelligible, besides being full of humorous points which lie wholly in the music. For the words have little enough of wit or even fun in them, at all events in their translated form, so that the word "comic" is strictly applicable to the music alone. The "coffee cantata" is short and slight in construction, the music, with the exception of a single final chorus, being divided between two soloists, a soprano and a bass, who represent a domineering father and a wilful daughter, whose craze for the then newly-introduced beverage of coffee gives the cantata its name. The "peasants' cantata" will probably find more popularity than the first, from its greater variety. The soloists are the same, soprano and bass, but the chorus is more freely introduced. The printing might have been more correct, but notwithstanding this, all praise is due to Mr. Samuel Reay, the editor, for having placed these charming little works within reach of all admirers of the master.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

A CEYLON COFFEE ESTATE.—The coffee-trees were all planted in rows, each about six feet apart and stretching right away up the hill-side. The tree rather resembles the laurel in foliage, but is not allowed to attain any height, being topped down when four feet high. The coffee-tree takes three years after planting before it will yield fruit, and requires shelter from the wind and a good soil to make it bear well. We were informed that the young

plants are put out in holes eighteen inches deep and wide, which are previously filled in with good jungle mould, the greater portion of the soil of Ceylon being naturally poor. The jungle is, in the first place, felled by Singhalese contractors—this race being famed for their skill with the axe—toward the end of the year, and is generally finished and ready for burning by March. The great forest "burns" are one of the most curious sights in Ceylon. Imagine torches being applied to a hundred acres or so of felled and lopped trees which have become as dry as tinder from exposure to a burning sun. The tremendous blaze which instantly ensues, and the dense clouds of smoke forming and hanging over the scene like a pall, are something astonishing and can be seen for miles around. The following morning nothing is to be seen but cinders and charred logs, the sole remnants of former forest giants, destroyed by the ruthless hands of the enterprising planter to make room for the coffee or tea plant. The operation of planting is usually finished by the month of August if the season is favorable, but diseased and sickly plants have to be constantly replaced by fresh ones till no vacancies are to be seen. In the second year the planter gets a very small crop called the maiden-crop, and in the third year the estate is said to be in full bearing, when the pulping-house and other necessary buildings have to be erected. The berry, when ripe, resembles the ordinary cherry in shape and color, and appears in crimson clusters on the trees, delighting the eye of the anxious proprietor. In every berry are two beans, which are pulped out by machinery, the beans disappearing into the fermenting cistern, and the husk into the pulp-pit, where it accumulates for manuring purposes. The beans are suffered to ferment for thirty-six hours, and are then drawn into the washing cistern, where they are thoroughly cleansed with spring water, whence they are carried to the "barbacue," an open space paved with cement or asphalt, where they are spread on matting, fully exposed to the rays of the sun, to dry. When the drying operation has been repeated three or four times, the "parchment," as it is called, is sewn up in stout bags and despatched by bullock-carts to the nearest railway station, whence it is sent on as quickly as possible to Colombo, where it is again thoroughly dried and the parchment skin removed by a "peeler;" it is then put through a winnow, which takes off a delicate skin still remaining, called the "silver-skin," and it is then called "clean coffee," which, after being separated into various sizes, is at length fit to be shipped to the home market, and is usually packed in casks for the voyage.—*Cassell's Family Magazine.*





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## PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT.

### AVERAGE WEIGHT OF MEN.

THE average weight of 20,000 men and women weighed at Boston in 1864 was : Men, 141½ pounds ; women, 124½ pounds. At the recent Cincinnati Industrial Exposition the Department of Scientific and Educational Appliances detailed a clerk to record the weights of Western men and women. The number weighed was 22,115, and the total weight was 3,072,306 pounds. The men weighed numbered 7467, weighing 1,150,108 pounds. The women weighed numbered 14,668, weighing 1,922,198 pounds. The average weight of each man was 154.02. The average weight of each woman was 130.87. The average weight of 141 men from Ohio was 157.38 ; the average weight of 179 women was 133.26. The average weight of 124 men from Southern Indiana and Illinois was 158.52 pounds ; the average weight of 193 women was 133.55. The average weight of 114 men from Kentucky was 158.32 pounds ; the average weight of 188 women was 133.76.

POPULATION OF LONDON.—London, as it is to be consolidated by Parliament, will have a population of 4,764,312, equal to the combined population of the cities of New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Providence, Brooklyn, Chicago, New Orleans, Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Baltimore, or, to put it by States, a population as great as that of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Minnesota.

RAILROADS MADE IN 1882.—The *Railway Age* publishes a summary of railway construction in the United States for the year 1882. The account covers only the main track, and shows the construction in States and Territories. On 342 lines the aggregate is 11,343 miles, or about 2000 miles more than in 1881, which exceeded any previous year by 2000 miles. The construction is divided as follows :—Five New England States, 53½ miles ; four Middle States, 131½ miles ; five Middle Western States, 207½ miles ; eleven Southern States, 1490½ miles ; four in Missouri River belt, 2063½ miles ; five in Kansas belt, 2157½

miles ; five in Colorado belt, 1165 miles ; six in Pacific belt, 1020 miles.

QUICKSILVER.—During the last thirty years the California quicksilver mines have produced 100,222,267 pounds, of which 67,306,800 pounds were exported. California produces one half of all the quicksilver in use throughout the world. The Rothschilds control the Austrian and Spanish mines.

IVORY.—One hundred and twenty-nine tons of ivory, at the recent sales in London, brought, on an average, £750 per ton. A large proportion were small tusks, showing how many elephants are destroyed in early youth. It is estimated that the 5286 tons of ivory imported into Great Britain during the nine years from 1873 to 1881 represent 296,016 pairs of tusks. Hence, at this rate of destruction, the trade in real ivory seems to be on the decline, and that in celluloid increasing.

BEDDING PLANTS.—The fashion of bedding plants of different colors in carpet patterns has been developed in English gardens, under conditions of warmth and moisture which are unknown in this climate. In the short, hot and dry summers of the United States, striking effects in this formal and artificial style of planting have not yet been attained, but every year the florists are sending out new plants obtained by careful hybridizing and selection, with a view to produce varieties with bright-hued foliage and fast colors under our trying sun. It is in stylish summer resorts that the lawns are most profusely ribboned, embroidered and emblazoned with floral bravery of this sort. From Newport comes the account that 20,000 plants of a single variety have been ordered for one mass of color on the grounds of a swell villa. The shortest name yet invented for any one of these 20,000 specimens is *alternanthera parychoides major*, but all this name has not yet discouraged the little plant from gleaming very brightly in crimson and gold. The casual statement that this bed of *alternantheras* will cost \$2000 adds a slightly prosaic and commercial flavor to the story, but then decorations of this class are more widely appreciated when they are known to be expensive.

**INCREASE OF POPULATION IN PARIS.**—The population of Paris has outgrown the means of locomotion, so that now the leading thoroughfares are blocked up with vehicles of all sorts, and the workmen are obliged to remain in central parts of sections, where living is expensive and the surroundings unhealthy, because of the difficulty and cost of conveyance to a place of business. Formerly the omnibuses conveyed 30,000,000 passengers a year, now 200,000,000, the population having increased at the rate of 60,000 a year. To remedy this state of things a system of underground railways is to be constructed, modelled on that of London.

**UDOLPHO WOLFE'S SCHIEDAM AROMATIC SCHNAPPS.**—It is scarcely necessary to call attention to an article so universally recognized as that of the Schiedam Schnapps. Its virtues have long since asserted themselves in cases to which it is peculiarly adaptable, and the immense sales effected throughout the markets of the world prove that it has intrinsic merit. It has been pronounced by scientists to possess the qualities of a gentle stimulant and fine invigorant, and careful analyses have proven that it is entirely free from all adulterating ingredients.

**THE PEABODY BEQUEST.**—From the 18th annual report of the trustees of the Peabody bequests in London, it appears that 7829 rooms, occupied by 14,604 persons, have been provided for the laborers of the metropolis, and that 33 blocks containing 1885 rooms will be opened during the present year. The vital statistics of the Peabody buildings are striking. The birth-rate of the past year was 45.04 per 1000, which is 10.74 per 1000 higher than that of all London for the same period. The death-rate was 18.42 per 1000, which is 2.98 per 1000 lower than London. The infant mortality was 137.41 in each 1000 births, or 13.59 per 1000 below that of London.

**REVENUE AND DEBT OF PARIS.**—Paris has a revenue of \$51,000,000 a year, half of it from the "octroi," and spends about the same sum. Of this the debt takes \$19,800,000, police \$4,700,000, roads \$4,000,000, water \$2,300,000, schools \$4,040,000, buildings \$1,080,000—about as much as Philadelphia—public charities \$3,675,000. The city property is estimated at \$200,000,000, nearly half waterworks, and the debt is £350,000,000.

**PONIES FOR CHILDREN.**—A Texas paper describes an 8000-acre ranch in that State entirely devoted to the breeding of ponies for children. The breeding stock consists of seven Shetland

stallions and forty-five mares, all thoroughbred, and 200 small spotted pony mares. These little ponies range over the prairies like sheep, and are described as very gentle.

**MONT DE PIETE.**—The greatest pawnbrokers' shop in the world is the Mont de Piete, in Paris. It charges only one and a quarter per cent a month, and it does a business of over 30,000,000 francs a year.

**ERUPTION OF MT. ETNA.**—Mt. Etna, now in eruption, is situated in the northeastern part of the Isle of Sicily, near the coast, and but a short distance from the flourishing town of Catania. Its summit is 10,874 feet above the level of the sea, but the mountain has not less than eighty secondary cones, all of which at irregular intervals discharge lava, cinders, and ashes. More than sixty eruptions of Mount Etna are recorded in history, the most disastrous of which occurred in 1792, 1811, 1819 and 1832. Unlike most volcanoes, which break out only occasionally, Etna is never entirely quiet, but its eruptions have never been as serious as those of Vesuvius, and the Sicilians have generally managed to move away in time to avoid its full force.

**COST OF LIVING AMONG FRENCH WORKMEN.**—Some one in France has made an estimate of the average cost of living among the working classes in that country, and he finds that the expenditures of sixteen families, fairly representative of different orders of laboring people, varied from \$223 to \$600 per annum. House accommodations, as a rule, claimed 15 per cent of the total expenditure, clothing 16 per cent, and food 61 per cent, 8 per cent being reserved for miscellaneous purposes. In the matter of food he found that the highest expenditure registered was 72 per cent, and this item of expenditure was thus distributed: 33 per cent for bread, 14 per cent for meat, 13 per cent for milk, 24 per cent for groceries, and 16 per cent for miscellaneous aliments. The greatest expenditure upon bread in any individual case was 48 per cent.

**STEWART'S CRYPT.**—The A. T. Stewart crypt under the Cathedral at Garden City, Long Island, has just been finished at the cost of over \$35,000. It is eighteen feet high, has two large windows and a strong iron door, and contains two stone sarcophagi for the reception of the remains of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart. If Mr. Stewart's body ever was found it has been kept a secret; but the fact that Mrs. Stewart and Judge Hilton have personally supervised the construction of the crypt leads to the belief that it is available.

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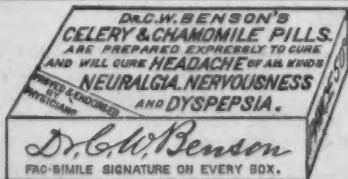
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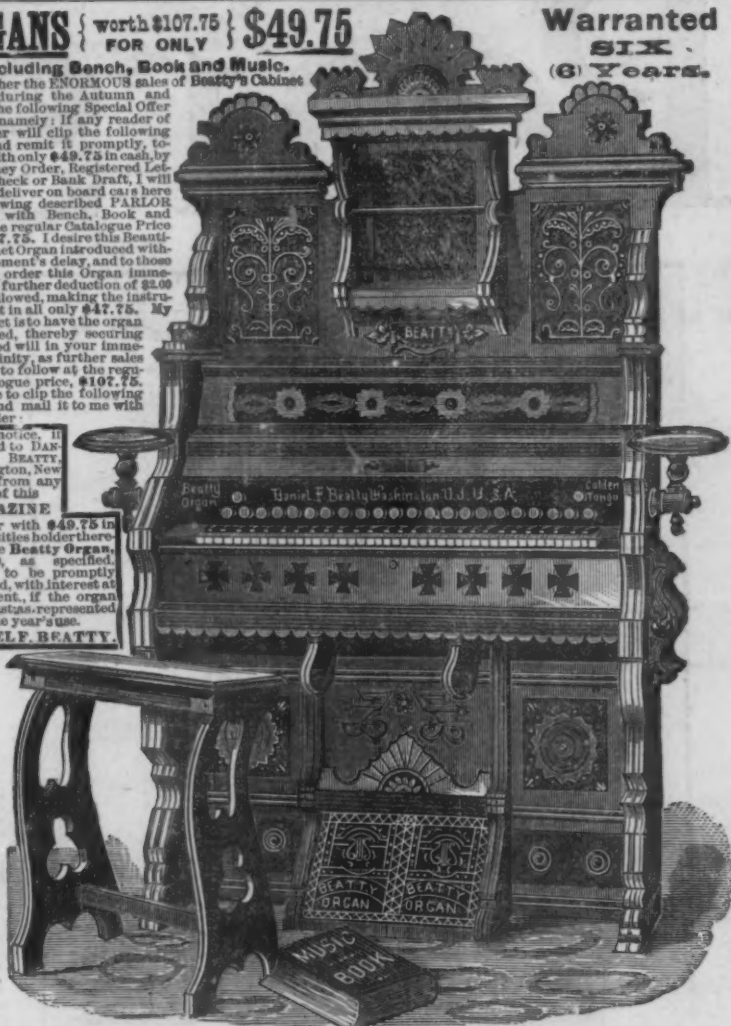
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"I was examined by Professors L— and W—, and also by Dr. E—, and up to the middle of March last they all regarded my case as hopeless.

"At present I have about given up all medicines and rely upon the 'Compound Oxygen' alone. I am now on the second supply of the 'Compound Oxygen,' and consider myself well on to a complete cure."

"L. F. CLARK."

### BREAKING UP COLDS.

If the action of our Treatment never went further than to arrest and break up colds, it would be one of the greatest boons to humanity. Nearly all acute diseases which run swiftly to a fatal termination have their origin in colds. We have no hesitation in declaring that if Compound Oxygen were resorted to immediately on discovering that a cold had been taken and was centering itself on the chest, deaths from pneumonia would be of rare occurrence. The results which have followed the use of our Treatment in hundreds of cases warrants us in making this strong declaration, and we would be lacking in duty to the public were we not to make known as widely as possible an easy and almost certain means of preventing the development of this often fatal disease, and of other diseases, which, if not checked, slowly undermine the health and shorten life.

From a letter received last February from a lady in Salem, Mass., we take the following, in evidence of the prompt action of Compound Oxygen in cases of colds:

"When I last reported, I had a very severe cold, and two days afterward I had pains in the front part of the right lung half of one day, which the Compound Oxygen promptly removed. After that I steadily improved; appetite returned as before the cold, and it is now better than it has been since using your Treatment. \* \* \*

"During the use of the first Treatment, I hardly knew what it was to feel tired. A friend, who is often at our house, said, one day, 'I have not seen you look or act tired once since you used the Compound Oxygen,' to which I replied, 'I have not, and go up-stairs as briskly at 3.30 P. M., as I go down in the morning at 6.30.'

"I am quite well satisfied with what the Oxygen has done for me this winter, for I never did less coughing; the colds have been diminished at least one-half in severity; appetite vastly superior to what it has been at other similar seasons, and respiration improved. I have also broken up two severe colds for my youngest boy, a lad of sixteen, who always has had an inflamed throat and fearful cough. I do not think he has coughed once this winter."

A lady writing from Mifflinburg, Pa., says:

"My health is so much better that I can do my own work and am able to attend church every Sabbath and go to evening entertainments, etc., which I never expected to do. Have been using Compound Oxygen for severe colds, on my boys this winter, and it has acted like a charm. I feel very grateful for what the Compound Oxygen has done in my case."

Another patient says, in a letter dated last March:

"My general health is good; while all around me are suffering from colds, I have escaped having any, and this is the first winter since I can remember that I have not had a severe cold, ending with a cough that always lasted several weeks. This I attribute to the use of Compound Oxygen, as I have used no other preventive."

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature, and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use.

DEPOSITORY IN NEW YORK.—Dr. John Turner, 862 Broadway, who has charge of our Depository in New York city, will fill orders for the Compound Oxygen Treatment and may be consulted by letter or in person.

DEPOSITORY ON PACIFIC COAST.—H. E. Mathews, 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, will fill orders for the Compound Oxygen Treatment on Pacific Coast.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN,

G. R. STARKEY, A. M., M. D.  
G. E. PALEN, Ph. B., M. D.

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